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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AFTER THE RAIN—The future (pretty bleak) as interpreted by John Bowen in a drama that is interesting and most capably performed. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter's first full-length play, written a decade ago, is obscure but interesting enough if you are one of the author's disciples. The American cast isn't too successful in portraying the various English types on view, and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is only intermittently satisfactory. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5960. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

BLACK COMEDY—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

HALFWAY UP THE TREE—Peter Ustinov's dishevelled comedy about the generation gap, which comes alive when the playwright cuts out philosophizing and gets down to old-fashioned farce. Anthony Quayle, Eileen Herlie, and Graham Jarvis head a worthy cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

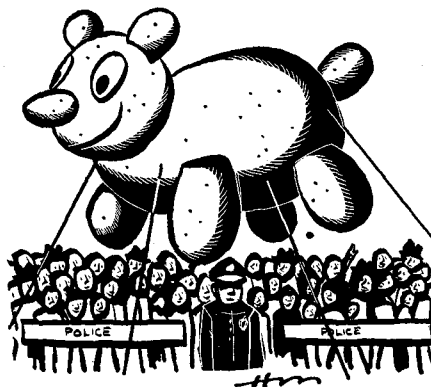
JEWISH STATE THEATRE OF POLAND—An eight-week engagement of two plays presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. Jacob Gordin's *MIRELE EFROS*: Thursday, Nov. 23, and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 28-Dec. 2, all at 8:30. . . Bertolt Brecht's *MOTHER COURAGE*: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Through Sunday, Dec. 10.)

MORE STATELY MANSIONS—A turgid, awkward melodrama salvaged—unsalvaged, actually—from a manuscript that Eugene O'Neill thought he had torn up. Ingrid Bergman, Colleen Dewhurst, and Arthur Hill head the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE 90 DAY MISTRESS—A vacant little comedy about a young woman who likes her affairs to terminate after three months, because she feels that the old magic goes out of them if they last any longer. Walter Abel is the only asset. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PROMISE—A slow-moving Russian drama by Aleksei Arbuzov, translated by Ariadne Nicolaeff, which takes a young woman and her two suitors from the Leningrad of 1942 into the more livable world of 1959. The production is heavy-handed, and so, alas, is the acting. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Gig Young figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger, played by Barbara Ferris. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WHAT DID WE DO WRONG?—Hippies vs. the older generation in a comedy by Henry Denker that has only one advantage—the presence of Paul Ford, who is superbly funny as the put-upon parent of an exasperating child. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and

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It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Kathleen Dabney make something worthwhile of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CACTUS FLOWER: Betsy Palmer (who has just succeeded Lauren Bacall) and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER**: Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

MUSICALS

HALLELUJAH, BABY!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks are fine in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HENRY, SWEET HENRY—A musical about a phantasmagorical musician who is chased by a couple of pubescent girls while he is chasing older girls. A dull business in which Don Ameche, Lord have mercy on him, is featured. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St., PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ILLYA DARLING—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—THE APPLE TREE: A triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Sue Anne Langdon and Alan Alda. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Thanksgiving Day and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 25.) . . . **CABARET**: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

. . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway head the all-Negro cast that has taken over here. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **DO! DO!**: Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reenacting fifty years of happy married life. Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae play the matinee performances. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **NAME**: This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broad-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

way at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

SOMETHING DIFFERENT—A comedy written and directed by Carl Reiner, with Bob Dishy, Gabriel Dell, Linda Lavin, and Claudia McNeil. Previews through Monday, Nov. 27. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 28. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees the first week on Thursday at 2:30 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN—Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Beatrice Straight in a play by Edward Albee adapted from a London play by the late Giles Cooper. The director is Peter Glenville. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 28. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Thursdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

APA-PHOENIX—The opening performances of this season's four-play repertory. Michel de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE**, translated by George Hanger. Previews Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 30, at 7:30. Additional performance Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. ... George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**. Preview Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. Opening on Tuesday, Dec. 5. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER DRAMA COMPANY—Paddy Chayefsky's **THE TENTH MAN**, with John Kerr, Muni Seroff, and Boris Tumarin. The second of two plays in this year's American Playwrights Series. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8089. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Lillian Hellman's **THE LITTLE FOXES**, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of **DON GIOVANNI**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 8:30: **THE GONDOLIERS**. ... Saturday, Nov. 25, at 4 and 8:30: **PATIENCE**. ... Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3 and 7:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. ... Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 28-29, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. ... Thursday and Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30: **IOLANTHE**. ... Saturday, Dec. 2, at 4 and 8:30: **THE GONDOLIERS**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ETHEL COLT—In a two-week engagement of "Take It from the Top," her one-woman show of songs. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinees Sundays at 3. Final performance Sunday, Dec. 3.)

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CURLEY MCDIMPLE—A musical by Mary Boylan and Robert Dahdah. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A player may raise as often as he wants, until all the players have called, following his raise. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Thanksgiving Day at 6 and 9. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HAIR—This musical about tousled young hopheads in this city is the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Galt MacDermot's score (as performed by a rock quintet), Ming Cho Lee's setting, and the book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado all rate high. The company, under Gerald Freedman's direction, make as attractive a bunch as you're likely to meet. Even though the hippie atmosphere grows tiresome after a while, the show is still one of the most original in town. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

I MUST BE TALKING TO MY FRIENDS—Micheál MacLiammóir, who is probably Ireland's foremost actor, tells the story of Irish literature, acting out copiously illustrations from the work of its wits, poets, dramatists, and other writers. The result is a most stimulating and often moving evening. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IN CIRCLES—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS—Irene Papas in an English version by Minos Volanakis of Euripides' play, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in

this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialed in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 6. Matinees Sundays and Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

SCUBA DUBA—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

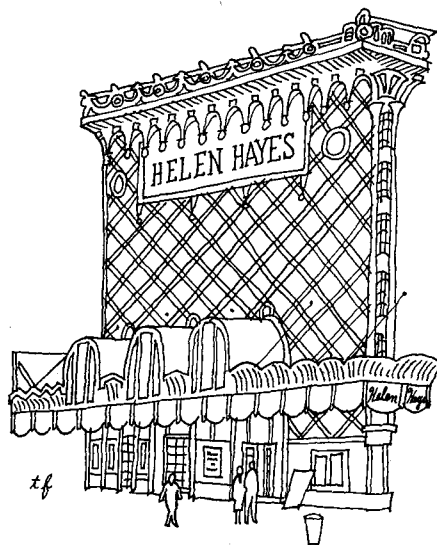
THE TRIALS OF BROTHER JERO AND THE STRONG BREED—These one-acters introduce a fine Nigerian playwright named Wole Soyinka. The first is a satiric comedy about a self-described "prophet," the second a tragedy about a self-deceived schoolteacher who becomes the scapegoat for a New Year's ritual in a jungle village. The production is the first for a new Negro repertory company, under Cynthia Belgrave's direction, and it makes a triumphant beginning. The acting, especially that of Afolabi Ajayi, Harold Scott, and Yvette Hawkins, is excellent. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

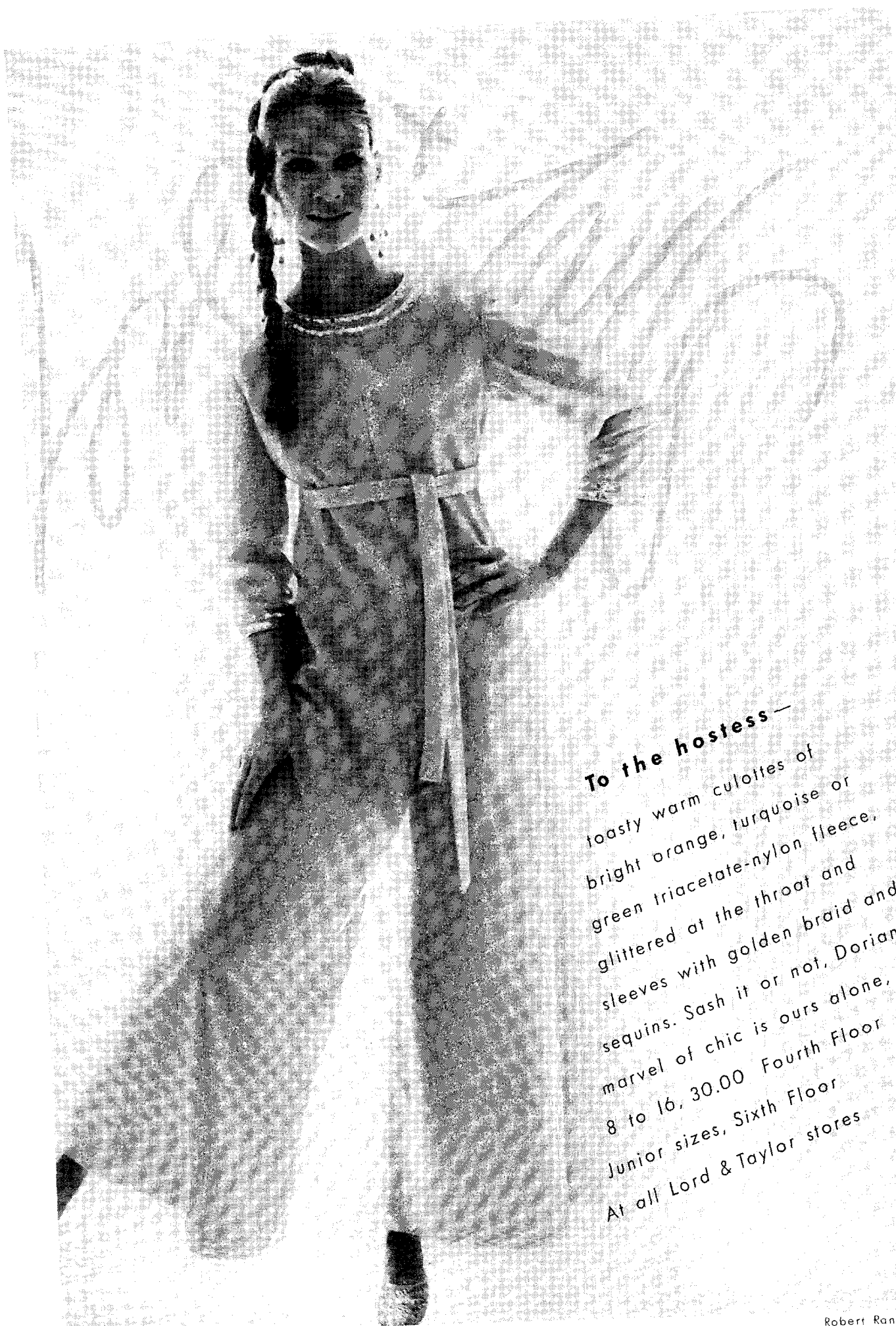
WALKING TO WALDHEIM AND HAPPINESS—A pair of tiresome ethnic items by Mayo Simon, but Aline MacMahon gives a good performance as an all-purpose Jewish mother in the first, and Jacob Ben-Ami gives an extraordinary performance as a cranky old man on the brink of senility in the second. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:15: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," an unnamed Balanchine ballet (premiere), "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony." ... Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Narkissos," "Pas de Deux," and "Scotch Symphony." ... Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse." ... Sunday, Nov. 26, at 1:15: "Jewels." ... Sunday, Nov. 26, at 7:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," the unnamed Balanchine ballet, "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony." ... Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," the unnamed Balanchine ballet,





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and "Firebird."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8:15: "Dim Lustré" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Narkissos," "Pas de Deux," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 10—Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30: "Concerto," "Undertow," "Harbinger," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8:30: "Dances Concertantes" (New York première), "Billy the Kid," "Las Hermanas" (American première), and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30: "Concerto," "Echoing of Trumpets" (company première), "Sargasso," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30: "Dances Concertantes," "At Midnight" (première), "Ricercare," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30: "Peter and the Wolf," "Rodeo," and "Concerto."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Echoing of Trumpets," "Las Hermanas," and "Helen of Troy." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

MANHATTAN FESTIVAL BALLET—"Designs with Strings," an unnamed Sokolow work, "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

DON REDLICH—With his dance company and Gladys Bailin. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, at 8:30.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—"Scramble," "Place," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—George Kirby will reopen the Royal Box on Friday, Nov. 24, as a playground in which, during dinner and supper, he will recall to mind (optically and acoustically) some of the show-business characters he has known—an exhibition that can be pretty funny. Mary Lou Collins will do the chirping; the Lee Evans orchestra will be its usual well-organized self. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—New York, New York, it's a wonderful town, and here assembled are some of the impetuous people who keep it going. Pir Marini's minute dance band takes the stand at nine and hangs on until two, though never on Sunday, never on Monday.

DELMONICO's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein Ernie Warren's intent little band puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the staff has agreed to keep the place open until early in the morning. The staff includes Lester Lanin—in person, not in effigy. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They stick around every night until well after the theatre. Between sets, Ellen Harwicke does some neat voice-and-piano work. She is invisible Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper,

there is Katyna Ranieri, a soprano in the classic manner—poised, puissant, lyric, lithe. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte purr on and on through the night. Closed Sundays... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room... ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linziger Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Bob Crosby, non-playing manager of his Bobcats, is making a largely sentimental journey to New York, even though Yank Lawson's trumpet solos still breathe eternal fire. Matty Mattlock, Bob Wilber, Lou McGarity, Bob Haggart, and Dick Hyman are also aboard. They all ascend to this splendid pulpit at nine. A foursome reports for duty, though, as early as seven. The silent night is always Sunday.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Buddy Morrow and his Night Train Orchestra, plus a crew called the Wind Jammers, are on deck now, and on Friday, Nov. 24, the place will be taken over by Al Hirt, whose band is jazz with Christmas decorations. Eight until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Were it not for Patachou, whose soprano is available in the Maisonette during dinner and supper, one would never know of the sad, glad, mad hearts that beat under the unrevealing exteriors of a million Parisians. The George Cort orchestra and Quintero's assortment of Latin lovers, which mount guard the whole evening, see to it that everyone gets the proper amount of exercise. Sundays are ceded to a Lester Lanin middle-of-the-road orchestra, which is in action from five until ten... ¶ La Boite is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Ernest Schoen and the piano of Jules Kuti. They muse from seven-thirty until one, and stay away Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Everything calamitous happens to Phyllis Diller, who nevertheless is able to stand up and talk about it twice a night in the Empire Room, at dinner and supper (though only at six and eight-thirty on Thanksgiving Day, so the kids can get to bed on time). The orchestra of Charles Turcamo supplies the dance music throughout the evening. No Sunday sessions... ¶ Wining and dining never cease in the various layers of Peacock Alley, where the dance trio of Horace Diaz murmurs respectfully from eight to one weekdays, from five to ten Sundays (it stays home Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thanksgiving Day) and where there is likewise piano on its own, beginning at cocktail-downing time every day but Saturday and Sunday, from one to nine on Thanksgiving Day.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands and the floor are big, and the aura is bland. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays and Thanksgiving Day begin at three-thirty.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, is the other evening keyboard man. Francis Thorne, returned from his ten-year sabbatical in Rome, does the cocktail set—five-thirty to eight-thirty. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day... ¶ **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance music; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is vestigial here. No music Mondays. ... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week, including Sundays (from seven to twelve). The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Thanksgiving Day. ... **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): Early to rise (healthy, wealthy, and wise) is the triad of Billy Rubenstein, which reports Mondays at eight-thirty; other times, a threesome, of lesser note and notes, performs—sometimes with hammers and tongs. Allan Haig's Arcadian piano improves the dinner hour, six to eight; his week's work is Monday through Friday. The landscaping is Early Tibet. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A preview of the Broadway steak house of the nineteen-seventies. In the upstairs inglenook, Charles De Forest, seated at his piano, does those special night-owl-calling-into-night-owl ballads. Nine until two every evening but Sunday is his stint. ... **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, an opulent sort of pergola, goes in for modest dancing from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to one-thirty. (The early set is omitted on Saturday, and all music is omitted on Sunday.) The neat means to this end is a threesome paced by the nimble piano of Joan St. James. The menu is nearly invisible. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays. ... **MICHAEL MANN'S**, 1101 Second Ave., at 58th St. (758-2411): No helicopters allowed, but a certain segment of the jet set seems to be taking off or landing every few minutes. Unperturbed by the uproar, Ralph Strain plays his knowledgeable piano for his own segment of the same set. Nine to three, except Mondays, is his career.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sound on Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of

discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving Day. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night but Sunday and Monday. ... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. ... **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): In this stately mansion, the six Talbot Brothers, who were for so long the total night life of Bermuda, do their final Sunday musicale, five until nine, on Nov. 26. Wednesday through Saturday each week, a brace of Hungarian zimbalon-and-violin players disport themselves from six until nine-thirty. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner plays his final piano études in the Casino-on-the-Park on Friday, Nov. 24, six-thirty until one. ... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad, on the Bosphorus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): An architectural fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Felipe Gayo, who sets to between seven and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. Closed Thanksgiving Day. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this ornamental countinghouse, George Feyer is at his drop-stitch piano from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): A visa is required for all passports, but American money is accepted at par. What it will buy is a view of individualists, rugged and quite otherwise, engaged in their nocturnal pastime of being alone with their thoughts and their dance steps. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them (the Wild Ones) looking remarkably like us earthlings. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. ... **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Mostly, the music comes straight out of a wall socket and burnt to a brilliant crisp, but occasionally live people (right now, Kai Winding's quartet, which is poised between jazz and romance) take over. The nourishment for the inner person is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays. ... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Below the surface of unsuspecting Earth and behind a plain, unmarked envelope of a door exists Atlantis, filled with eternal youths and maidens, all in garb of the twenty-first century and executing the footsteps of the same era. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. ... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Listen, children, and you shall hear (the minute you open the door) the midnight ride of musicians who have worked themselves up into a frenzy that equals the frenzy of the strobe lights flickering over a scene of youthful revelry. The bands begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are augmented by rhythm-

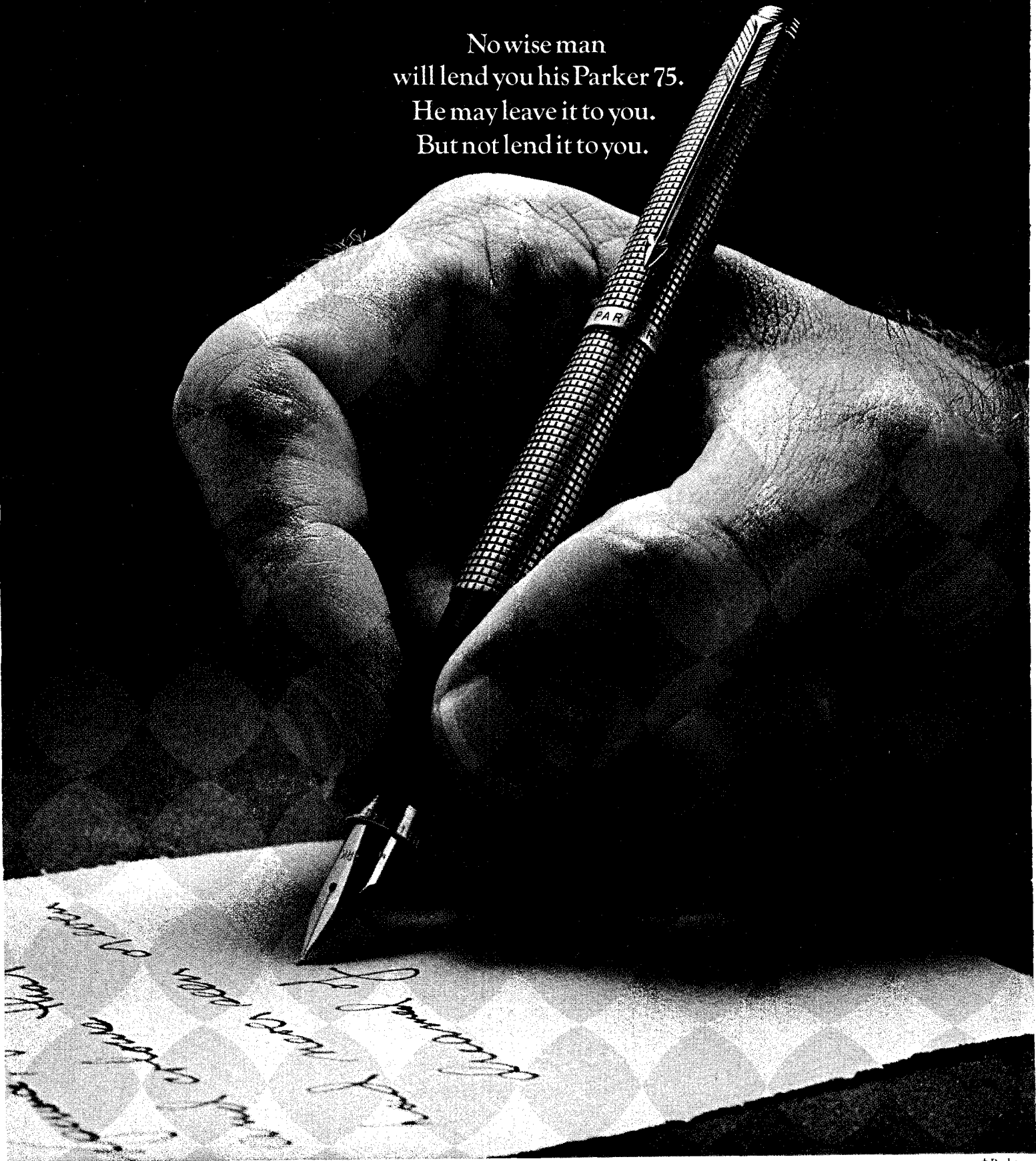


Blessed they were, with a supremacy of love
That could not dwell with others
in mortal courtyards;
And so Shah Jahan built for his Mumtaz Mahal,
His obsession, his Heavenly bride,
the most perfect of all places.
The Gardens of Shalimar.

There he dwelt with her, united in devotion,
Each merging in the heart of the other, until,
though she parted with life itself,
She left him not; thus he built again for her,
This time the last most perfect place:
to shelter the source of his well-being
Her monument, The Taj Mahal.

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He may leave it to you.
But not lend it to you.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and-blues chanters). No drinking privileges. ... **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The scene is the Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirling discs on the walls and the whirling discs on the turntables, but the *prime* mover is the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which is both Bach with a beat and rock with a bleat. It stays home Sunday and Monday, but everything else keeps whirling those nights. ... **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): What happens here—lights! camera! action!—is all in the laps of the Mods, who make excellent and amusing use of their materials, both human and inanimate. As much for watching as for dancing. Thanksgiving night will be assigned to Muddy Waters and His Blues Band—a fine touch of reality amid all the airy make-believe. Eight-thirty until three or four is the nightly rule. Alcohol is off limits. ... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 53th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite viable late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Ray Charles, whose songs are as much heart as they are soul, as much commotion as emotion, is the whole deal, aside from the set of acolytes who comprise his floor show. Dancing, and no nights off. ... ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Garden of Eden, and garden of Eves. Amidst their beguiling revelry stand the Vagabonds, whose song recital is rather Punch-and-Judy, plus another singing squadron called the Dolphins. Twice a night, and in perpetuity, is the house rule. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In Julius Monk's new revue, "Four in Hand," the Age of Elegance meets the Age of Eloquence head on, and interesting indeed is the collision. Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Liz Sheridan, wits who have worn Monk's-cloth before, are the deft and Delphic oracles. The orchestra is the blithe double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally blithe piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine until eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 12 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. They're old enough now to go with girls, and three lithe ballerinas have been assigned them. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Alejandro Manzana's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): In the last analysis (or maybe terminal analysis) is the state in which Joan Rivers, a talkative girl, conducts a most modern Hamlet soliloquy. She opens fire around ten, or nine-thirty on Friday and Saturday. Closed Sundays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. ... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quartet of Gary Bur-



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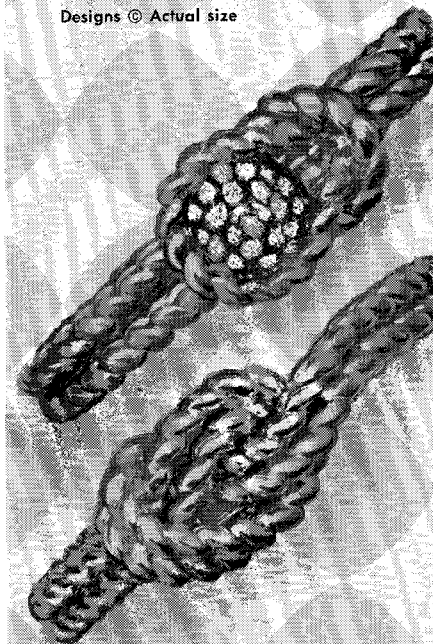
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton, which is an institution for advanced thinking, closes its stay on Sunday, Nov. 26; João Gilberto, that soft-spoken player and architect of what is best in Brazilian music, departs the same evening. On Tuesday, Nov. 28, the foursome of Roland Kirk, who would like to be a one-man band, moves in. Mondays, as always, are assigned to the uproarious detail owned and operated by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The tremendous hands of Willie the Lion Smith, spanning not only the eighty-eight notes of his piano but the entire history of American jazz, enlighten the Top of the Gate after the dinner hour every night but Monday. They work in concert with the hands of Don Ewell, his worthy sidekick. . . . The lower floor offers, every Monday, the Latin hipster musicians garnered by Symphony Sid, and—the rest of the time—Nina Simone, her sidemen, and her whither-and-why arias, to say nothing of Montego Joe's rambunctious band. They take leave on Sunday, Nov. 26. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, are allotted to Ahmad Jamal's quartet. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano, inside the oval bar, leaps with joy as it runs swiftly through the night, and his two aides keep with him stride for stride. Fran Thompson, the solo pianist, reports at nine-fifteen, the Taylors a bit later. Dining. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A wharf where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by Art Farmer's quintet. Every Monday, though, Sun Ra's mystic Oriental ragtimers take over. On Tuesday, Nov. 28, Blue Mitchell's quintet will replace the Farmers. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones, who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. Jaki Byard is his chief assistant. Mondays, the gang is off duty. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday through Sunday every week, seventeen men on a dead man's chest (i.e., the band led by Duke Pearson); every Monday, Howard McGhee's equally strong band. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Just before he could be turned into a legend, Tal Farlow has reappeared, again with the magical guitar, the unorthodox fingering, the living-and-breathing sound that made him famous. His partners are Johnny Knapp on piano and Lyn Christie on bass. Nourishment and late hours; no music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and the like. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon. Ruth Crews, a contender for the heavyweight belting crown, is in action each Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York is here engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Sundays, a five-to-nine matinee is added. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): A Village coffeehouse usually to be relied upon for the quality of its personnel, which is, at the moment, the Electric Flag, a group that comes equipped with a rock and a roll and is headed by Mike Bloomfield. You may be of two minds about the comic turn known as the Times Square Two. The Flag will be hauled down on Sun-

day, Nov. 26; the Two stays on a while. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.

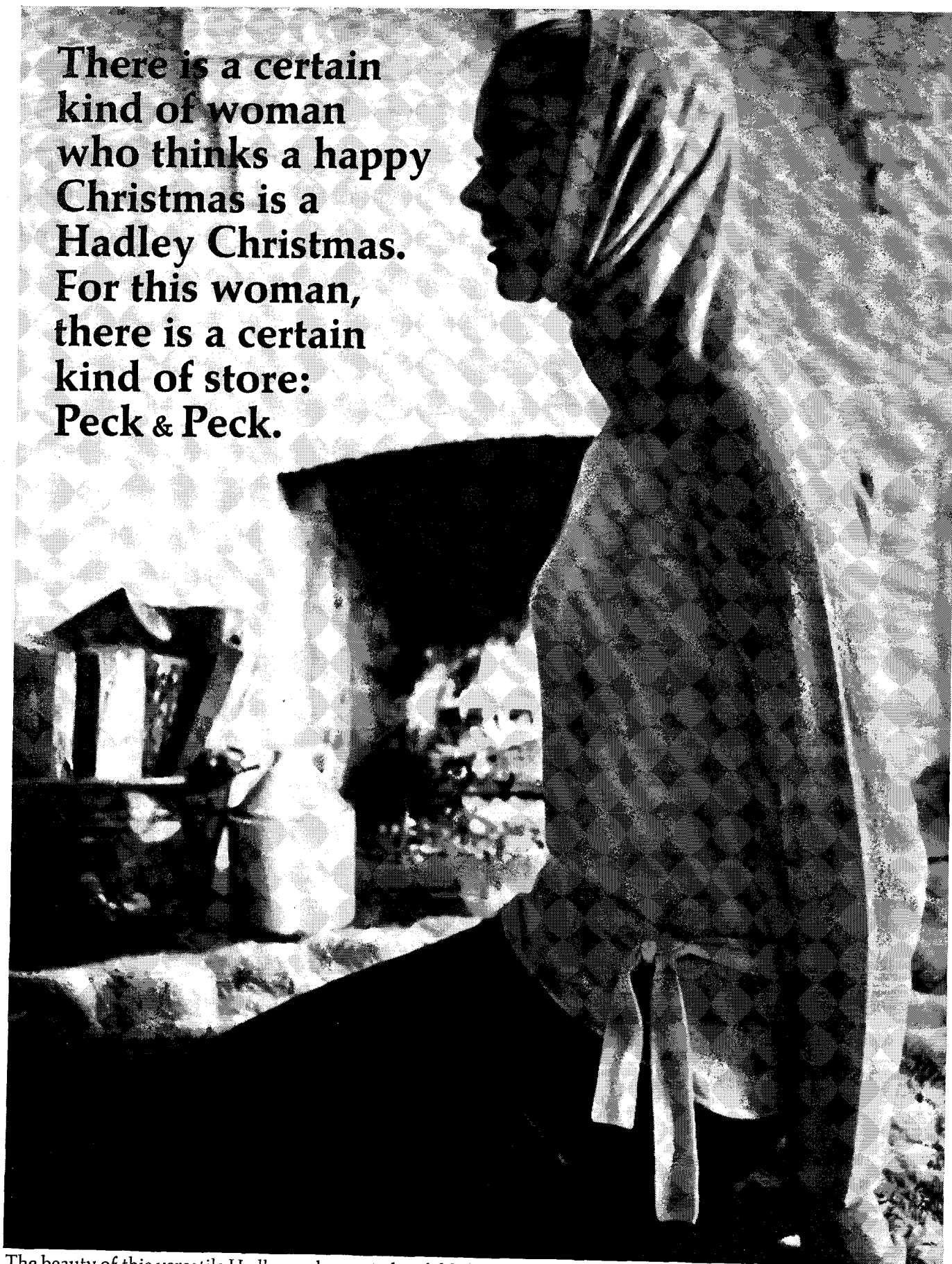
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

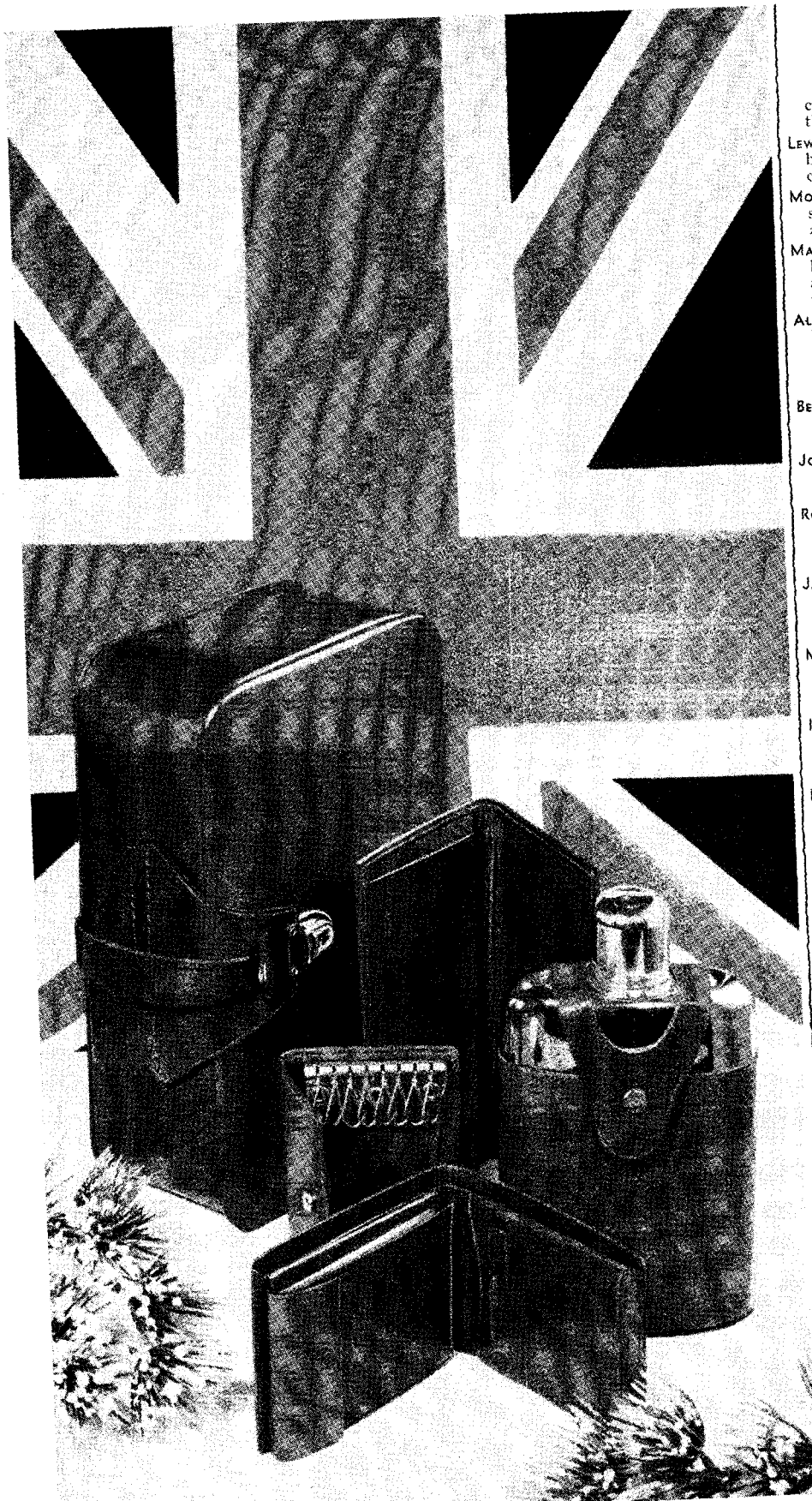
- BILLY APPLE**—Seven objects made from brightly colored neon tubes and carrying a six-month guarantee, by an ex-chemist from New Zealand; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- SHUSAKU ARAKAWA**—Abstract compositions that adapt diagrams and contain words; through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25.)
- SAUL BAIZERMAN** (1889-1957)—Seven large hollow-metal figurative reliefs in hammered copper, done in the thirties and forties; through Dec. 9. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)
- FRANÇOIS AND BERNARD BASCHET**—Musical sculptures (ding, dong) by brothers working together; through Dec. 16. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ERICH BRAUER**—Dreamlike paintings of figures in symbolic landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ROBERT BREER**—Self-propelled Styrofoam floats, covered with aluminum, plastic, or painted paper, whose movement is hardly perceptible; through Dec. 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ALEXANDER CALDER**—Drawings, recently unearthed, mostly from 1930-31, and twelve wire sculptures by the famous mobile-maker; through Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
- WILLIAM COPLE**—Figurative paintings referring to titles of poems by Robert W. Service, by a Surrealist inclined toward Pop; through Dec. 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)
- CORNELLE**—Paintings by a primitivist Expressionist affiliated with the Dutch Cobra group; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- WILLEM DE KOONING**—Paintings and drawings since 1963, including the well-known series of paintings on doors, by the leading American Action painter; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)
- KHOREN DER HAROOTIAN**—Bronze sculptures in an antique mode; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
- JOHN DOBBS**—Paintings and drawings of social satire and commentary; through Dec. 9. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)
- JEAN DUBUFFET**—Gouaches and drawings on the theme of "Paris Circus;" through Dec. 16. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JARED FRENCH**—Very large pen-and-ink drawings interpreting Greek mythology; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Nov. 24.)
- FRANK GALLO**—Figurative sculptures, including seductive female nudes, done in epoxy resin; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JUAN GENOVÉS**—The first exhibition here of this Spanish artist, whose theme is crowds in which individuals are picked out; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)
- CLEVE GRAY**—A series of large Abstract Expressionist paintings on the subject of Ceres; through Dec. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JACOB GROSSBERG**—Eighteen Abstract sculptures in welded steel; through Dec. 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)
- O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI** (1906-56)—A cross-section of works done between 1931 and his death, by a "magical" painter of New York scenes who was prominent in the thirties and forties; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)
- CHARLES HINMAN**—Shaped canvases of large

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color areas that stand away from the wall; through Dec. 7. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

LEWIS ISELIN—Portrait and figure sculptures in bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

MORTON KAISH—Paintings of interiors, landscapes, and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

MARISOL—Painted wood-sculpture portraits of heads of state, including L.B.J., de Gaulle, and Franco; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON—Paintings and graphics by a veteran Abstractionist; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Twentieth-Century West, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD MEADOWS—Recent brass sculptures in Abstract figurative themes; through Dec. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Paintings, gouaches, and two large bronzes, all of birds; through Dec. 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY MOYER—Still-lives, figures, and landscapes by the current director of the American Federation of Arts; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JACK NELSON—Sculptural constructions featuring boxes, drawers, and assemblages; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL NOBLE—Abstract sculptures carved in marble; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Large paintings by a color-field artist who has switched to horizontal bands; through Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI—Stainless-steel sculptures and silk-screen prints by a British artist; through Dec. 16. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR PASMORE—Constructions and paintings done in the past two years by a leading British Abstractionist; through Dec. 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GABOR PETERDI—Paintings and a portfolio of prints; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Borge-nicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

REGINALD POLLACK—Recent landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

RICHARD POUSSETTE-DART—Lyrical paintings by a first-generation American Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NOEL ROCKMORE—Paintings of fantasies incorporating a wide variety of techniques; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

DANIEL SCHWARTZ—Oils, watercolors, and sculptures of teen-agers in expressive postures; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

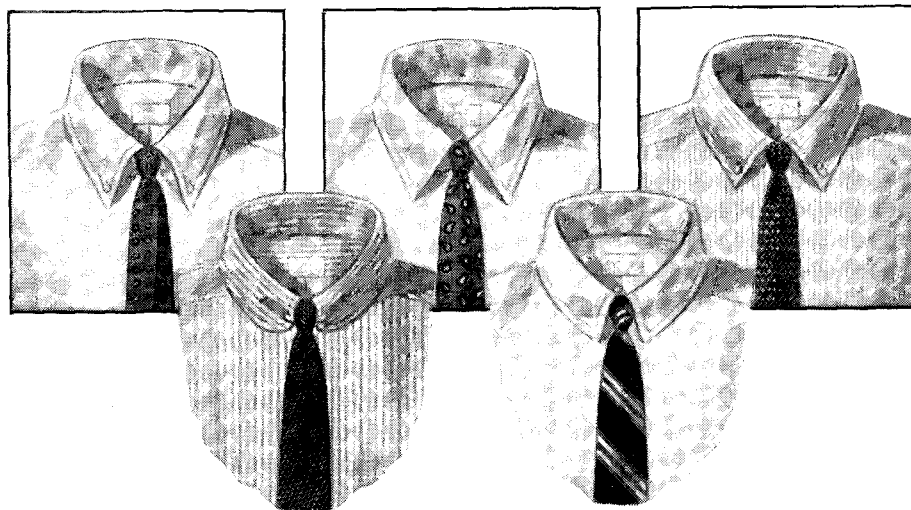
AUDREY SKALING—A series of painted wood sculptures entitled "Decoys," accenting primitive forms; through Dec. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—An exhibition of etchings and lithographs that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Broadly painted nudes and landscapes; through Dec. 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRVING R. WILES (1861-1948)—Seventy paintings and drawings by an artist with some resemblance to Sargent; through Dec. 9. (Chapelier, 22 E. 80th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Over fifty paintings of the Adirondacks by nineteenth-century artists, including Homer D. Martin, James M. Hart, and David Johnson; through Dec. 7. **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Forty-eight works, many by celebrated figures of the New York art world, such as Red Grooms, Elaine de Kooning, Jack Levine, Robert Indiana, Saul Steinberg, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn,



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and Andy Warhol, expressing, in the degree that the artists' styles permit, political protest and a hope for a better world; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, noon to 8.) . . . ¶ Thirty-six posters by Chagall, Albers, Johns, Baskin, and other painters, commissioned under the List Art Poster Program; through Dec. 8. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8.) . . . **SCHUELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Figurative paintings of the fifties by, for instance, Hartigan, Freilicher, Lester Johnson, Ben Johnson, and Jan Müller; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS: GROUP SHOW—About sixty sculptures, oils, prints, watercolors, and drawings owned by the gallery, by, among others, Chamberlain, Nevelson, Francis, Jenkins, Gorky, and Lester Johnson; through Dec. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS: GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Landscape drawings by French artists, from Corot to Giacometti and Balthus; through Saturday, Dec. 2. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: "Concrete" paintings by a group of Zurich artists working in the tradition of Mondrian and van Doesburg; through Dec. 9. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25.) . . . **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: French, Italian, and English drawings from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; through Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Afro, Lanyon, and Manrique; through Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and eight drawings, watercolors, and pastels, including six by Watteau, two by Delgas, and examples by Turner, Cézanne, and Italian Old Masters, from the National Gallery of Ireland, in Dublin; through Dec. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Middelendorf II; through Sunday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Seventeen important paintings and sculptures (on loan from the Guggenheim Museum) by twentieth-century European masters—Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Braque, Brancusi, Klee, and others. . . . ¶ A review of feminine fashion, from an English robe of 1735 to a black patent-leather minidress of, needless to say, the moment; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and sixty-one oils, drawings, watercolors, and prints covering forty years of Raphael Soyer's preoccupation with New York City life, its street scenes, underprivileged people, and particularly young working women; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Soyer show (ending Saturday) at the Associated American Artists Galleries, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Realistic and Impressionist prints by twenty-five German artists from the middle of the nineteenth century to the First World War, including Max Liebermann, Adolph von Menzel, and Lovis Corinth; through Dec. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic ar-



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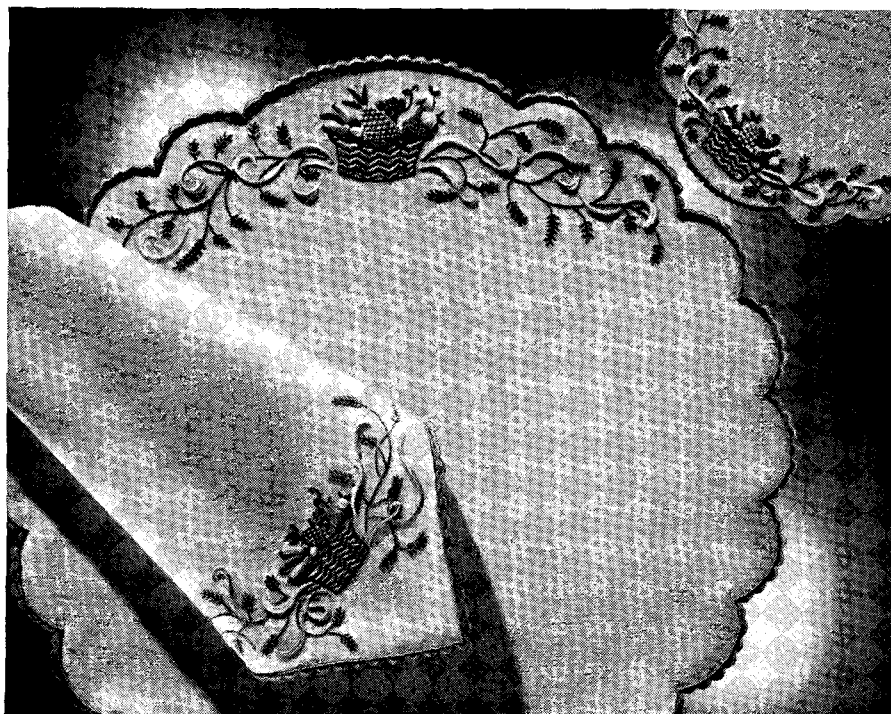
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rangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by more than a hundred contemporary Americans and Canadians, including Baskin, Peter Blume, Calder, Dickinson, Gabo, Gwathmey, and Leonid; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition in America of Japanese art of the Heian period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of Chinese sculptures (one, of a frog, is three thousand years old), vessels, plaques, pottery, and some paintings, representing animals and birds; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Art in Series," by such artists as Jensen, Johns, Kelly, Poons, and Rauschenberg; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31. . . . Paintings by Leopoldo Presas, an Argentine artist who favors motifs that include women and religious episodes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D. The show consists of archeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps. Through Feb. 18. . . . Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting passages from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan exhibition of Swiss drawings, from the Holbein brothers of the sixteenth century to the Giacomettis, father and son, of the twentieth; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings by nineteenth-century folk artists of the Greater New York area, including James and John Bard, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Bradley; through Dec. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of items made with paper (furniture, flooring, festival and carnival decorations), gathered from all over the world; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and twenty items of African tribal sculptures, including odd examples and rare types in addition to classical styles; through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

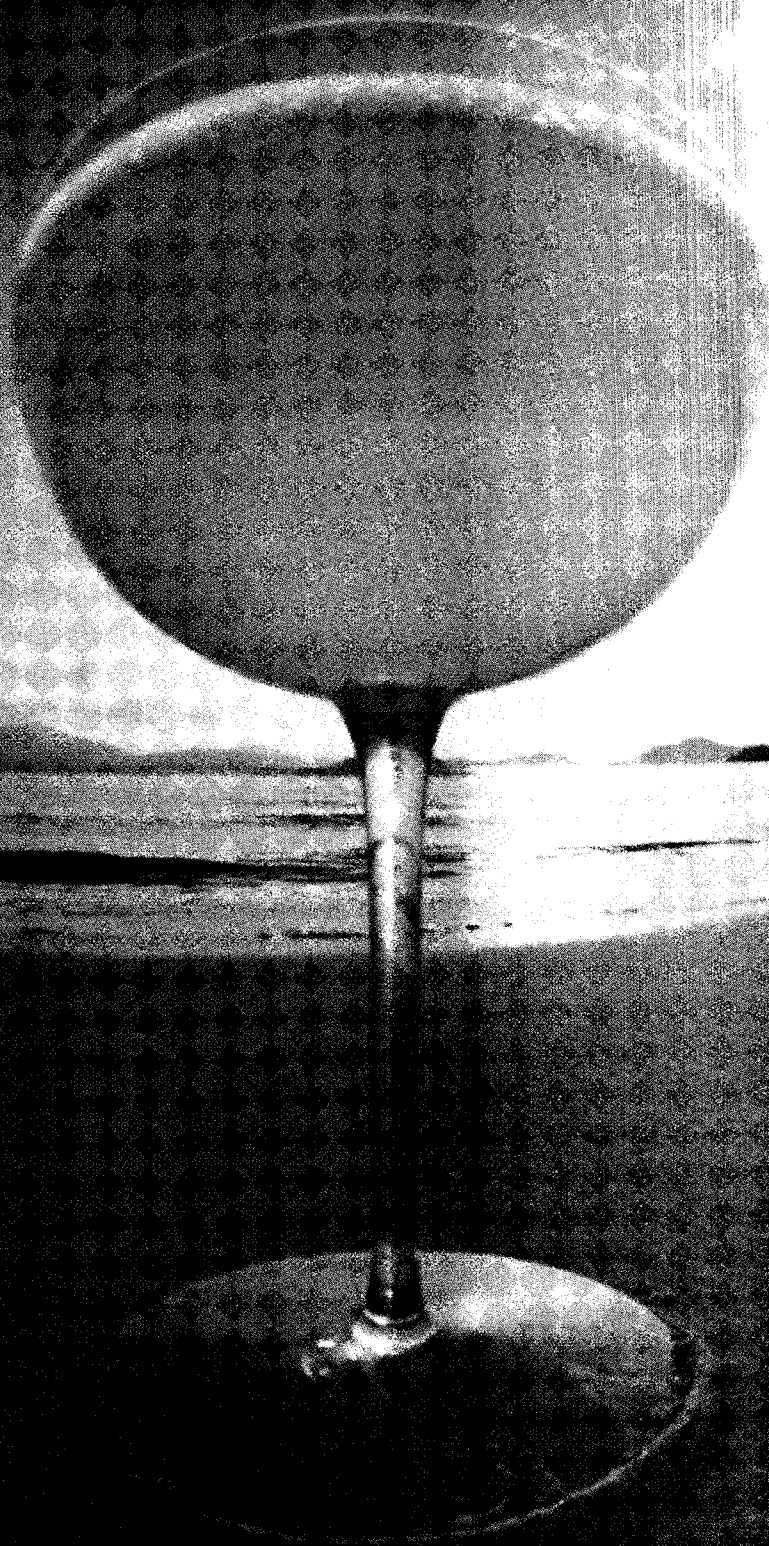
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

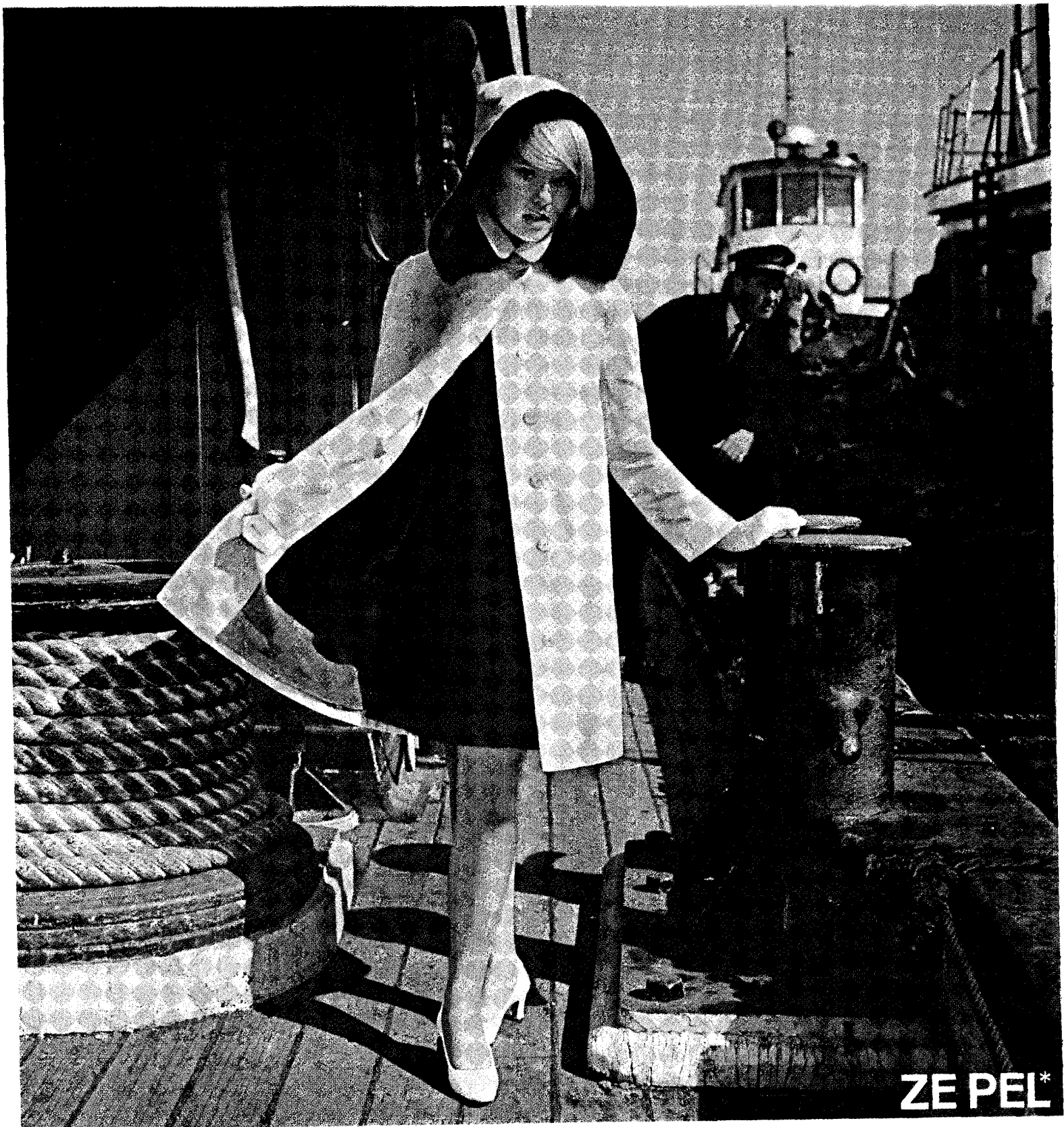
METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Teresa Berganza, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . Friday, Nov. 24, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: "La Ventana,"

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danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Paul Franke, and Ron Botcher. . . . Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Monday, Nov. 27, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Falstaff," with Phyllis Curtin, Judith Raskin, Fedora Barbieri, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Jerome Hines. . . . Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Patricia Welting, Karan Armstrong, and Paul Franke. . . . Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Mirella Freni, Teresa Stratas, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "La Gioconda," with Milka Stojanovic, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and John Macurdy.

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 24, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin); and Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 4, at 7:30 (all with Pina Carmirelli, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 29, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30, both with John Browning, piano. . . . Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, with Malcolm Frager, piano.)

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Herbert von Karajan directing thirty members of the orchestra in three all-Bach programs, with Michel Debost, flute. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30, also with Alexis Weissenberg, piano; and Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30, also with Christian Ferras, violin.)

I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the violinist Alexander Schneider as both conductor and soloist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

LATE LATE CONCERT PLAYERS—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 11:30.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Henry Mancini conducting a pop concert. (Philharmonic Hall, Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:30 and 6.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting performances of "Curlew River," Benjamin Britten's parable. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 27-28, at 8. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

CHAMBER SYMPHONY OF PHILADELPHIA—Anshel Brusilow conducting a performance of Robert Kurka's opera "The Good Soldier Schweik" in concert form, with Mary Jennings, soprano; Norman Kelley, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 870-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 2-3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MANITAS DE PLATA—Flamenco guitarist, with assisting artists, in the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Nov. 23, at 9.)

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30. . . . Brooklyn



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL AND ROBERT VEYRON-LACROIX—Flute and keyboard duo. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

RICHARD TUCKER—Tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

JUAN SERRANO—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8:40, the second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3:30.)

ERICK FRIEDMAN—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

JOHN SHIRLEY-QUIRK—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano, in the second of two recitals, this one an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

UTA GRAF—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

RAVI SHANKAR—Sitar, in a benefit recital. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 9. For information about tickets, call 752-6490.)

JOSEPH FENNIMORE—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—Zvi Zeitlin, violin. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 685, Mondays through Fridays.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

QUARTETTO DI ROMA—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NOTE—The Beaux-Arts String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 27, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WELSH GUARDS AND SCOTS GUARDS—The massed bands, drums, pipes, and dancers of the Welsh Guards and Scots Guards will provide all the proper oompah as the first attraction in the new Madison Square Garden Center. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:30 and 7; Monday, Nov. 27, and Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 and 7. For information about tickets, call PL 7-8870.)

NEW IMAGE OF SOUND—A series of five programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one called "Music and Poetry: Live/Electronic," with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK—The Doors, folk rock. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8 and 10:30. . . . Jim Kweskin Jug Band, rock. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30. . . . Theodore Bikel, folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:40. . . . Thad

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jones, Joe Newman, Kenny Burrell, Kenny Dorham, Bill Harris, the Wynton Kelly trio, and others. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Nov. 25, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 25: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 28: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . Saturday, Dec. 2: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Games begin at 8:35.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 25 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium, Sunday, Nov. 26, at 1:30.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 26, at 7:05: Rangers vs. St. Louis. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale, Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 25-26.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Friday, Dec. 15. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 25; and the Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 29. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 1. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 25.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 7:40; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall, JU 2-2424, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, and the Norman Walker Dancers. (Philharmonic Hall, TR 4-2424, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 11 and 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 24-26, at 1. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE: "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060, Saturdays at 1 and 3:30, and Sundays and Thursdays and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 3:30.) . . . FLORSHEIM PRODUCTIONS: "Puss in Boots." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 565-8853.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . "The Pied Piper," Sundays and Friday, Nov. 24, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARA AND HER COMPANY: "The Playful Dragon, a Cambodian Fairy Tale." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 3, and Saturday, Dec. 2, at 11 and 3.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps," Saturday, Nov. 25, at 3. . . . "Fortunately," Saturday, Dec. 2, at 3. (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PROVINCETOWN CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Aladdin." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1 and 3.) . . . SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS: "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056, Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090, Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adven-

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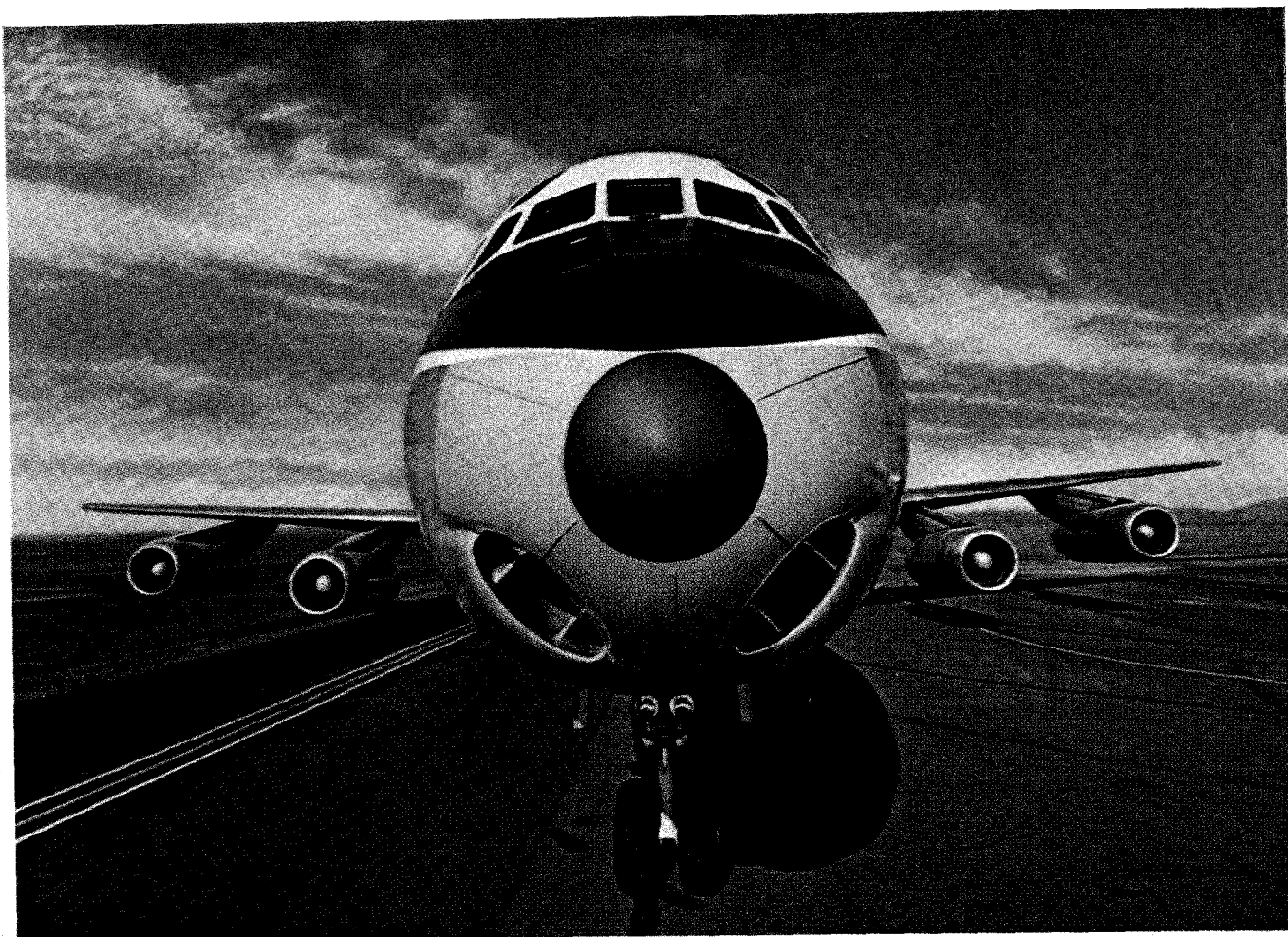


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*Constitution of the United States of America
First Amendment*

San Francisco Chronicle

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, and Friday, Nov. 24, at 11....

☛ "Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Friday, Nov. 24, at 1:15 and 2:45. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Greensleeves," (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Nov. 24, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Stars in the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thanksgiving Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ☛ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Jay Wright, Father John L'Heureux, and Diane Wakoski reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Nov. 25, at 10:30 and 1:45: English furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ☛ Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 10:30: A collection of forty thousand photographs of some three hundred Broadway and Off Broadway plays, taken between 1952 and 1967 by Alix Jeffry.... ☛ Wednesday, Nov. 29, after the Jeffry sale: Autograph letters and manuscripts of American and English literary figures, autographs of Continental royalty and statesmen, and letters of American artists; from several sources.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Six programs in a series of German films directed by Fritz Lang. Nov. 23 at 2: "Destiny" (1921)... Nov. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Doktor Mabuse, Der Spieler" (1922)... Nov. 25 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Siegfrieds Tod" (1923), no English titles.... Nov. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Kriemhild's Revenge" (1923)... Nov. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Metropolis" (1926)... Nov. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Spies" (1928)... ☛ Nov. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "1860" (1933), in Italian, no English titles.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle**—Nov. 23: "The Making of the President 1960" (1963) and "A Thousand Days: A Tribute to John Fitzgerald Kennedy" (1964), both produced for television by David L. Wolper.... ☛ Nov. 24-26: "Four Days in November" (1964), a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.... ☛ Starting Nov. 28: To be announced. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.)... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE



S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS—An exceptionally fine account, in documentary form, of how, in the dark days of the nineteen-fifties, the Algerians fought to secure their independence from France. Directed with great force and feeling by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 29.)

CAMELOT—The biggest Lord & Taylor Christmas window of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 23-26, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

CHAPPAQUA—The sufferings of a drug addict on his way to being cured. Conrad Rooks is the director and star. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

COOL HAND LUKE—An exceptionally good melodrama about a young Southerner who wishes only to go to hell in his own way. Paul Newman is splendid in the leading role. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of remarkable beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

THE FAMILY WAY—Hayley Mills as a bride, though she still seems no nearer to being grown up than Shirley Temple in short socks. John Mills plays her father-in-law in a dully made film from England by the Boulting Brothers about North-of-England working-class sexual codes. Adapted by Bill Naughton from his own interesting stage play. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD—An all too faithful transcription of the Hardy novel, with miles of wild Dorset landscape to make us think of Wessex, and starring such inarticulate children of the soil as Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. John Schlesinger directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 23-26, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

HOW I WON THE WAR—Human nature is a disappointment to Richard Lester, but he recounts his disappointment in hilarious terms. Michael Crawford plays Everyman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives a racing car for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller as his wife; Robert Shaw as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

POINT BLANK—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE—Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando star in a film version of Carson McCullers' early fantasy, which the director, John Huston, has taken at face value, and then some. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 23-25, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

THE TIGER MAKES OUT—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson have a high old time in Murray Schisgal's rowdy reworking of his Off Broadway play. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

WAIT UNTIL DARK—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

THE WAR GAME—The time is the near future, and London is under enemy fire. A grim, compelling account of what had better not befall us, well directed by Peter Watkins. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 28.)

REVIVALS

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

AMERICA AMERICA (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 28.)

THE BALCONY (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 29.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

DON QUIXOTE (1961)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkassov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 25.)

8 1/2 (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 24-27.)

THE ENTERTAINER (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 25.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 25-26.)

THE FORTUNE COOKIE (1966)—Billy Wilder's bitter comedy about a shyster lawyer. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 28.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 23-26, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

THE IDIOT (1951)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 28-29.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 23.)

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (1935)—W. C. Fields again, this time concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 25-26.)

MY UNCLE (1958)—Directed by and with Jacques Tati. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 24.)

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK (1941)—Still more W. C. Fields, here doing his best as a kindly uncle. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 24-27.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 28.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 23.)

A TASTE OF HONEY (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 29.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 23.)

TRANSPORT FROM PARADISE (1967)—A Czechoslovakian movie, directed by Zbyněk Brynych, about the transfer of several hundred Jews from a ghetto to the gas ovens of Auschwitz. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 28.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 28.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 28.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of George M. Cohan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 24.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
WAIT UNTIL DARK.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PI 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
COOL HAND LUKE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Operation Kid Brother," Neil Connery.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 25: DON QUIXOTE (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 26: "Sons and Mothers" (in Russian).
Nov. 27: "Chapayev" and "The Youth of Maxim" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Nov. 28-29: "The Safety Match" and "Shors" (both in Russian and both revivals).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 28: THE WAR GAME; and AMERICA AMERICA, revival.
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 28 (evening performances only on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 25-26): "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Guilt" (in Swedish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHAPPAQUA.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE AFRICAN QUEEN, revival.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Fearless Vampire Killers," Jack MacGowran, Sharon Tate.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
COOL HAND LUKE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sound of Music," revival, Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)
THE BANK DICK, revival; and NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE FAMILY WAY.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
POINT BLANK.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"Operation Kid Brother," Neil Connery.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 23: THIS SPORTING LIFE, revival; and SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING, revival.
Nov. 24-27: 8½ and NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Nov. 28: TRANSPORT FROM PARADISE, revival; and THE TRIAL, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 28: "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

From Nov. 29: BONNIE AND CLYDE.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE FAMILY WAY.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
POINT BLANK.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Tender Scoundrel" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Robert Morley.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Lemonade Joe," a Czechoslovakian film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"This Special Friendship" (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 24: YANKEE DOODLE DANDY, revival; and MY UNCLE (in French), revival.

Nov. 25-26: THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, revival; and W. C. FIELDS SHORTS, revivals.

Nov. 27: "Station Six-Sahara," revival, Carroll Baker, Peter Van Eyck; and "The Savage Innocents," revival, Anthony Quinn.

Nov. 28-29: THE IDIOT (in Japanese), revival; and "The Koumiko Mystery" (in Japanese).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 28: THE FORTUNE COOKIE, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 23: LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT, revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers.

Nov. 24: "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin; and "Dr. Knock" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.

Nov. 25: THE ENTERTAINER, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

Nov. 26: "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Nov. 27: "Toys in the Attic," revival, Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.

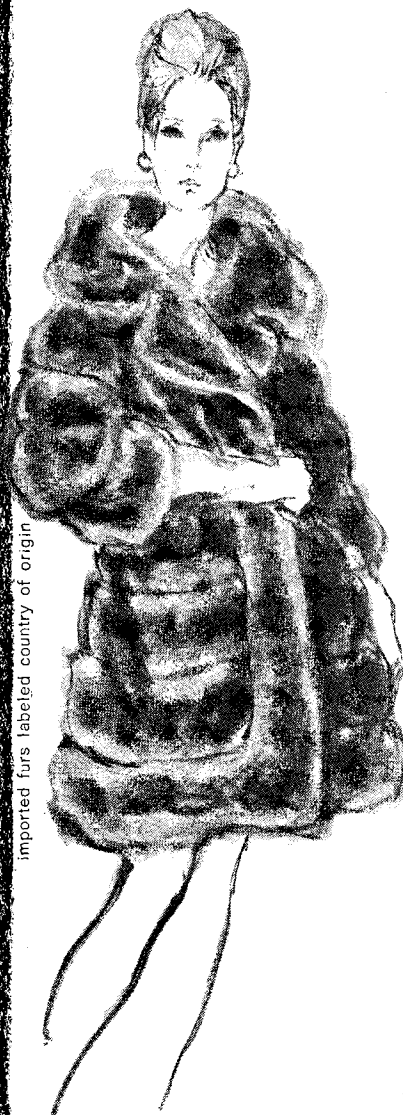
Nov. 28: A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE, revival; and THE PETRIFIED FOREST, revival.

Nov. 29: A TASTE OF HONEY, revival; and THE BALCONY, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE FAMILY WAY.

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longed for
sable?*

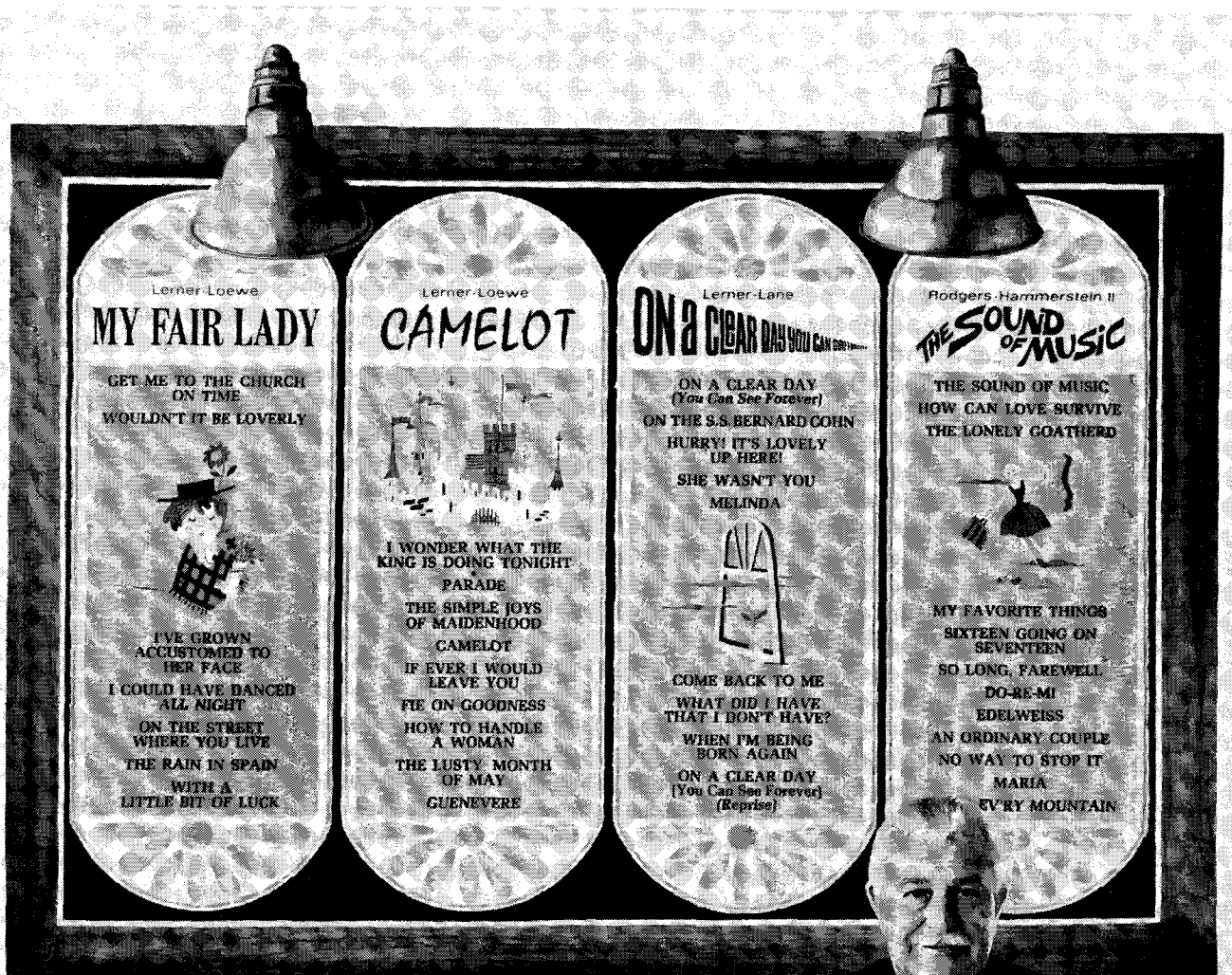
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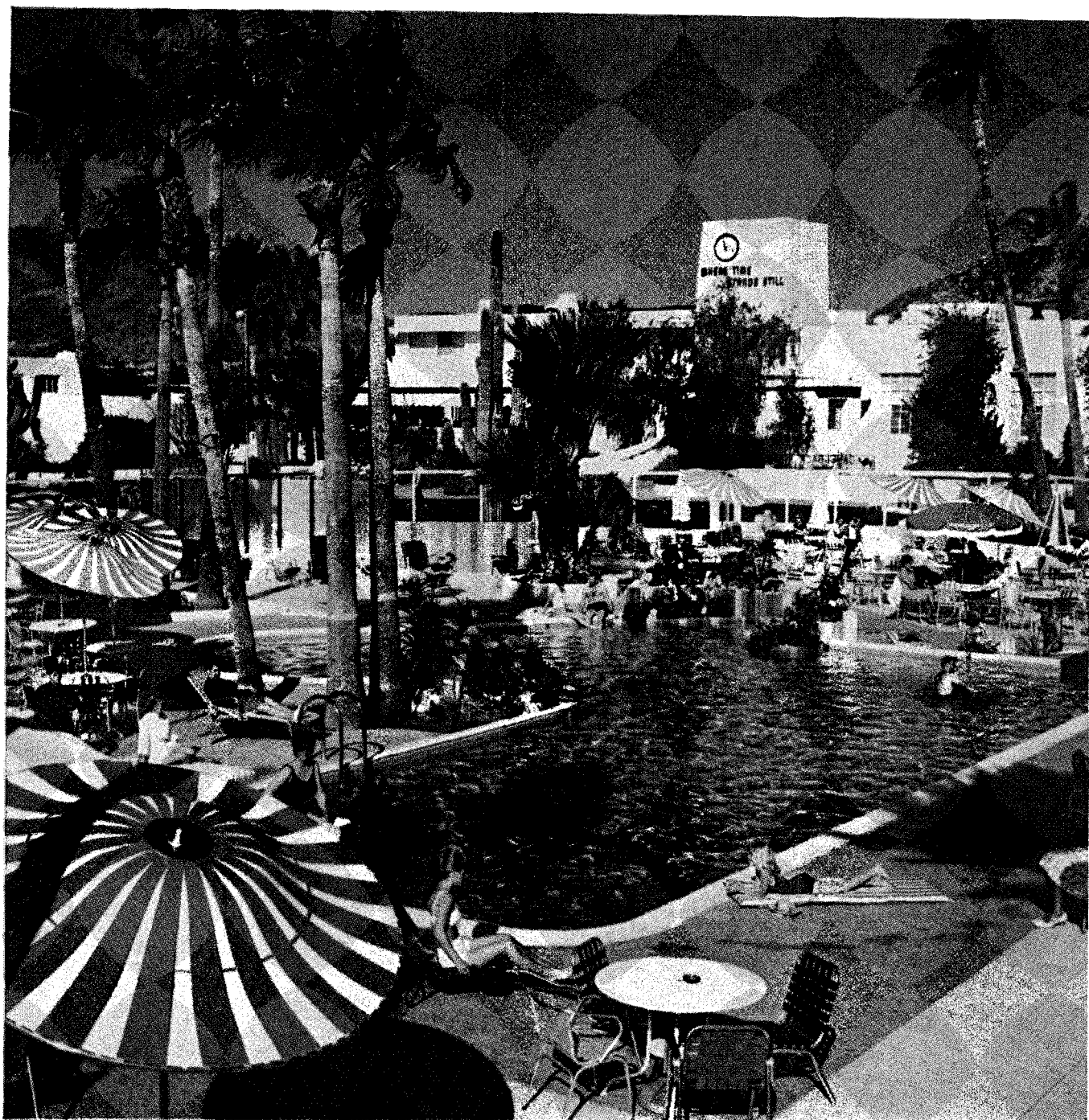


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You're likely to like the taste of Grant's only after you've had a few. A few dozen bottles of other brands... over a few years. Grant's tastes like Scotch... a taste you've often got to learn to like. That's because Grant's is a tastier blend of smoother 8-year-olds, like Balvenie, Glenfiddich, and other superb Scotches. As long as you're up: Grant's—the blend that never lets you forget you're drinking Scotch. (These days Grant's comes festively gift-wrapped. Give Grant's).

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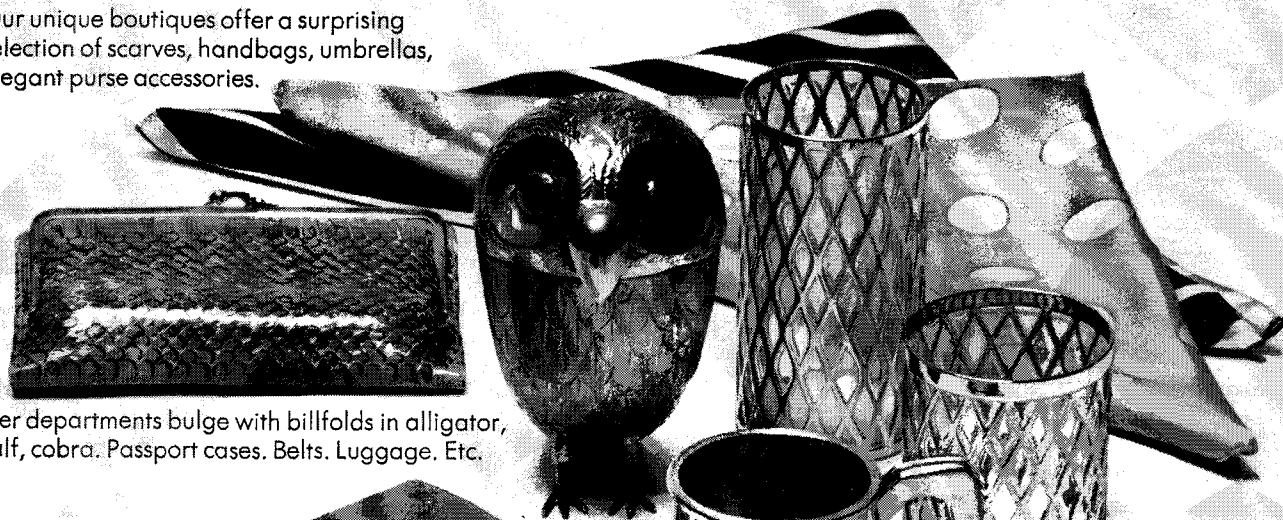
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If we sold only tobacco, cigars and pipes, we'd have a lot of spare room in our shops.

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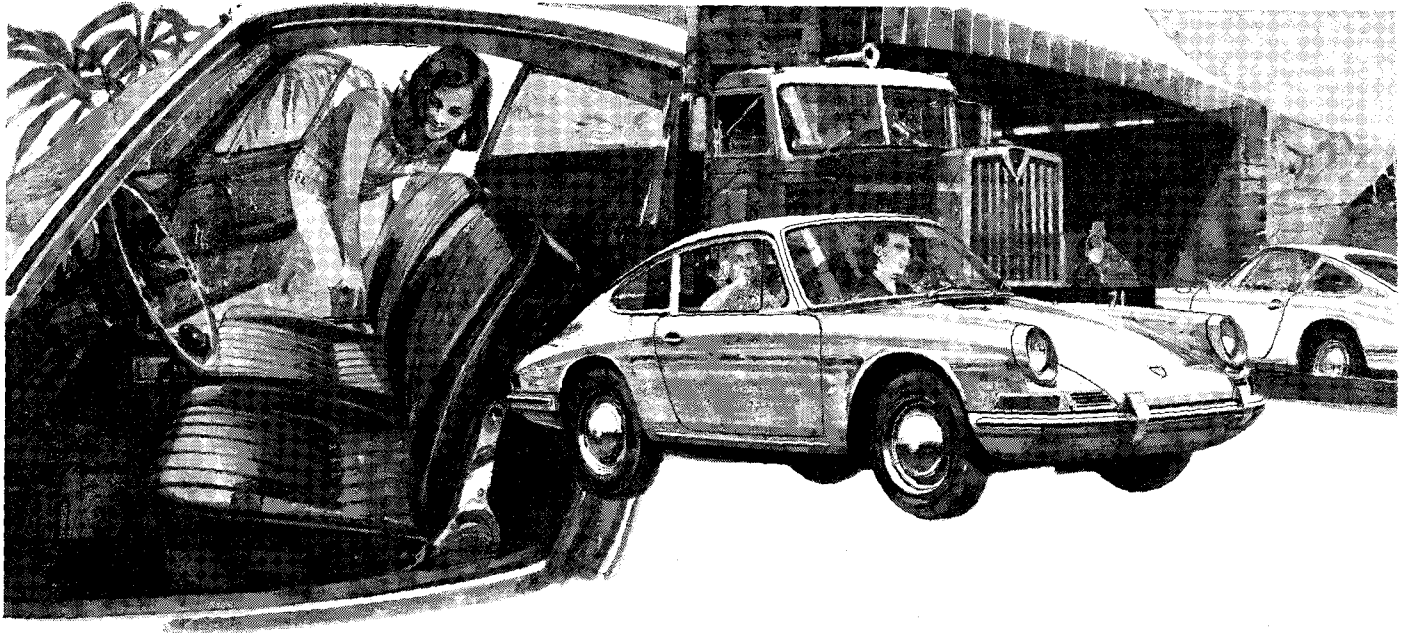
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The Porsche is a well-mannered champion—an honor graduate of the world's most unforgiving obedience courses: LeMans, Targa Florio, Sebring, Nurburgring. It has won the World Cup for Speed and Endurance, awarded by the sponsors of these four races.

The Porsche will corner safely, on virtually any line you choose. The suspension (independent torsion bars and trailing arms) and the car's superb balance keep the wheels always pressed, full tread, against the road. On unpaved streets or rough, back-country washboards, the suspension eliminates rebounds and kidney jolts. The steering (via fast rack-and-pinion linkage) always responds faithfully to your touch.

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And reassuringly, the Porsche is as obedient when you want to stop as it is when you want to go. All four wheels are equipped with fade-proof, self-adjusting disc brakes, built to take the most destructive handling professional racing drivers can give them. An impressive margin of safety for everyday street driving.

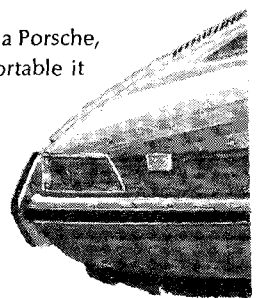
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Porsche's formidable racing record is reason enough to get acquainted with this car. So is Porsche's automotive history.

The man behind this car, Professor Ferdinand Porsche, patented the first torsion bar suspension and pioneered the aerodynamic fastback. He mounted his cars' engines in the rear (all *grand prix* racing cars today have rear-mounted engines). He developed a lightweight, air-cooled engine that's almost indestructible.

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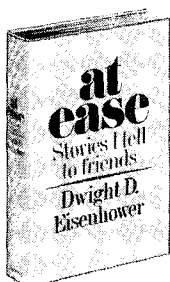
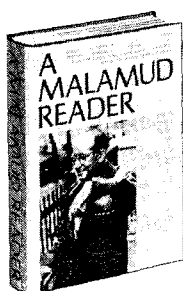
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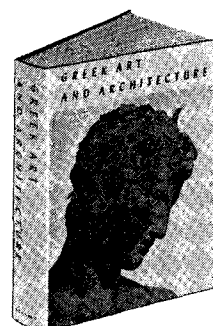
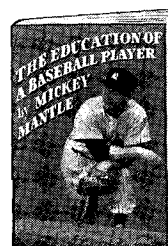
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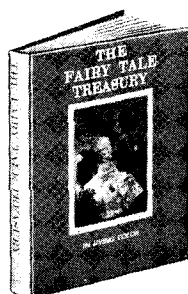
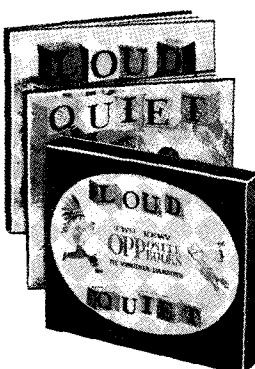
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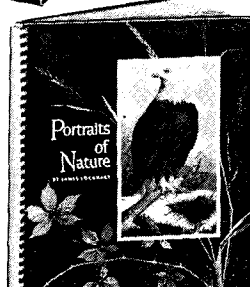
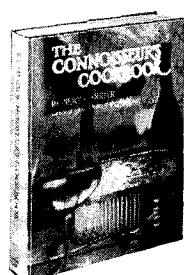
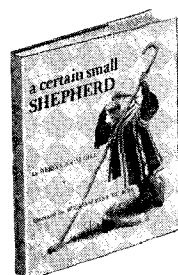
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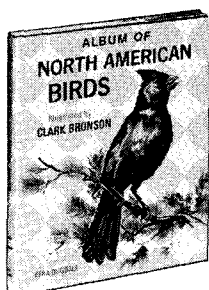
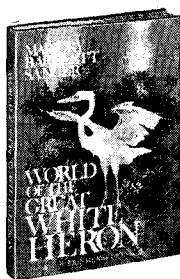
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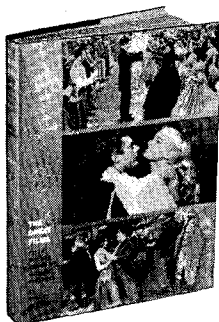
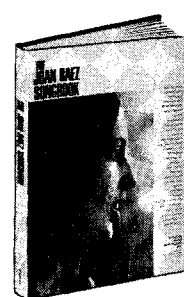
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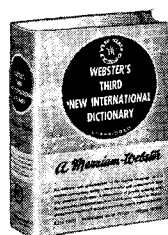
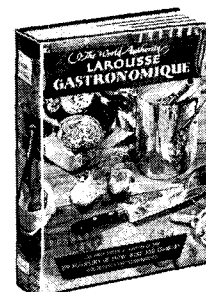
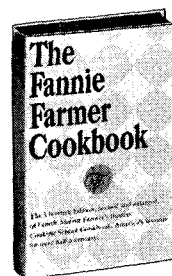
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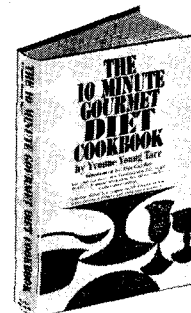
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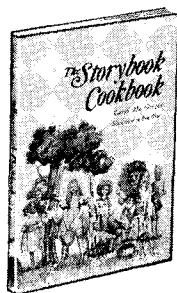
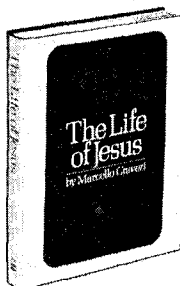
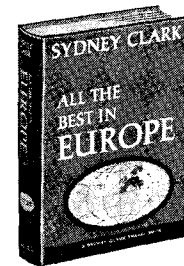
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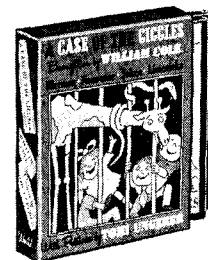
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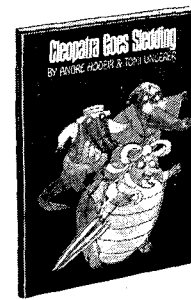
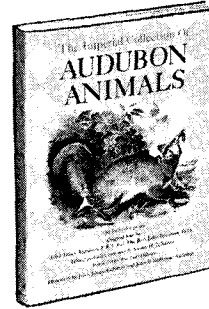
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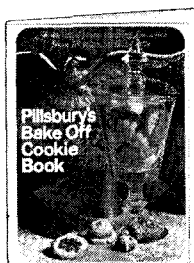
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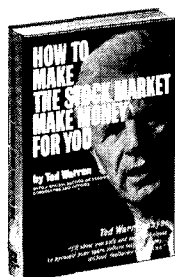
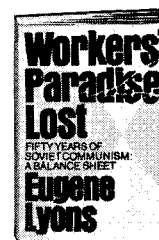
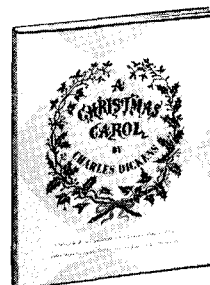
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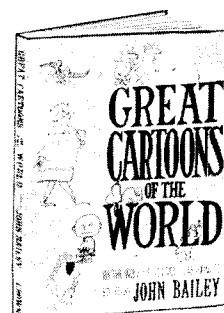
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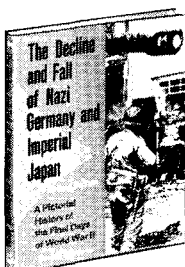
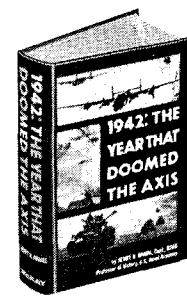
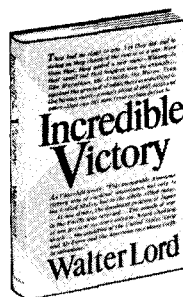
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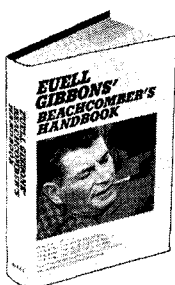
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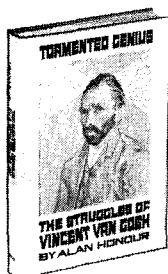
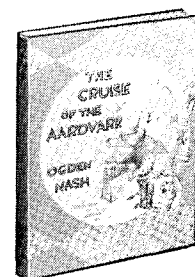
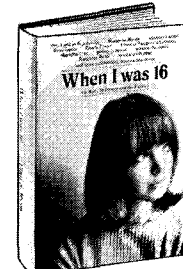
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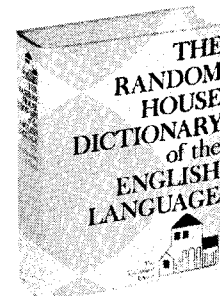
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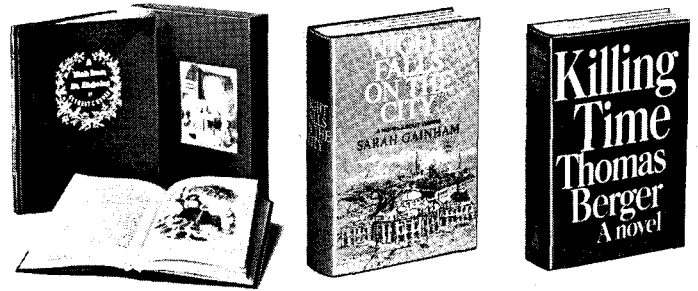
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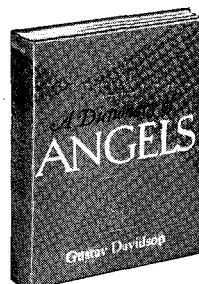
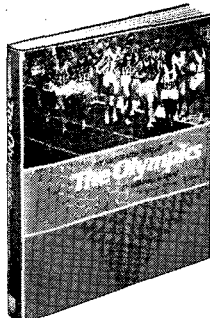
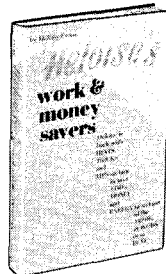
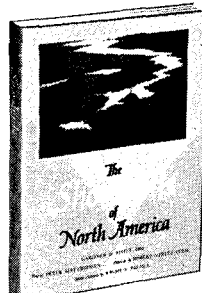
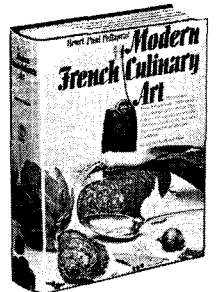
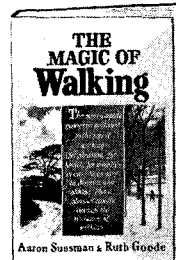
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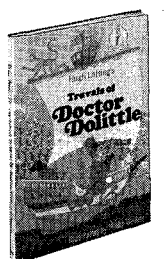
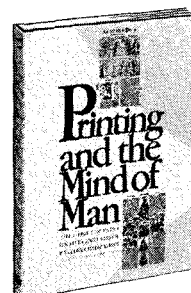
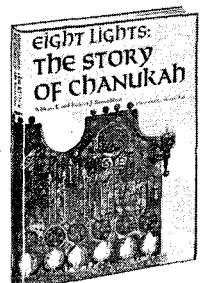
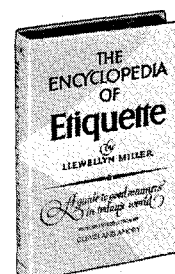
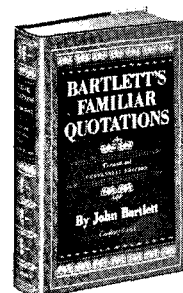
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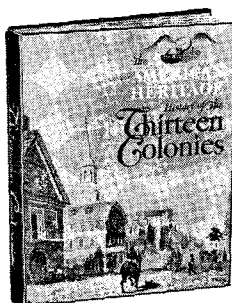
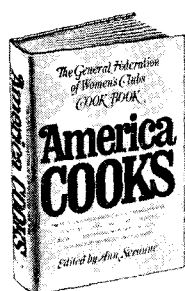
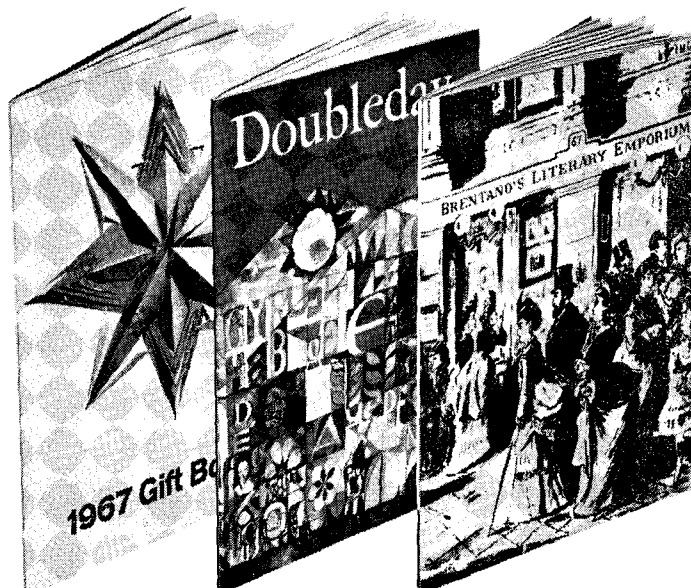
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***It only hurts
when he ho-ho-hos.***

Like kids everywhere, the Big Green Country Boy used to wonder what he'd be when he grew up.

His high school coach wanted him to come out for basketball. Forever.

But his Aunt Mathilda talked some sense into him. "Why, it's as plain as the leaves on his head that this boy has a natural-born green thumb," she said. "He'd best get into gardening."

So he did. And he's done rather well.

There's only one trouble, however, with having a thumb the same color as a green bean.

One day while the Giant was slicing a summerful of the snapping-fresh little rascals, you guessed it. He snicked his thumb. And when he snicked he jumped. And when he jumped he sliced the bean at a funny angle.

But it turned out to be worth it. That funny bean was the first Kitchen Sliced Brand diagonal cut green bean, sliced on an angle to bring out more fresh inner bean. And the Giant has been happily doing them that way ever since.

He wishes, though, that somebody would invent flesh-colored Band-Aids.

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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How to Buy a Perfume

by Christian Dior

1. Walk up to the perfume counter with the same assurance as you would to your favorite bar. Tell the "bartender" a little about The Woman In Your Life. It will help her to help you.

2. Don't test the fragrance by sniffing the top of the tester bottle; it's not the true scent. Or by dabbing. Dabbing concentrates it too much. Instead, spray it. In the air. On the saleslady's arm. Or—if you're man enough—on your own arm.

3. Sniff this one and that one and the next. But no more than three. After three whiffs you can't tell a rose from an onion. Your nose loses its power to discriminate.

4. If you like a certain fragrance, then chances are so will The Woman In Your Life. After all, she's wearing it to please you, isn't she? (If the answer is "no," turn the page. You shouldn't be buying her perfume in the first place.)

5. Now ante up. And if you want to make a knowledgeable impres-

sion, don't buy too large a bottle. Perfume, like fine wine, changes when opened.

6. Make a mental note: If she has more than one bottle on hand, you're going to tell her to keep the perfume cool...in a dark place. (And if things are going really well, you're going to help her find that place!)

And that's it. Except for one thing. The kind of perfume.

It should be a good name. We have a good name.

Dior

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Delta will sell more tickets this year than all the baseball clubs in the American League combined.

But in that mountain of tickets, there's just one that interests you.

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We know you don't want to hang on a phone all day to order that ticket. Or stand in line to pay for it. And if anybody acts like it's a favor to sell it to you... well, you've got the wrong airline.

So we start from there.

We call Delta the one-ticket airline, because to us one ticket *does* matter — yours. We'd like our tickets to be as easy to buy as subway tokens. They're not, yet.

But we're working on it. We've now got tickets by mail, tickets by teletype, and Delta ticket stock in business offices. Even "Write your own" tickets you can issue yourself.

But those are details. What matters is this: We regard every ticket we sell as a promissory note to you—for fast, positively confirmed reservations (through our nationwide Deltamatic®

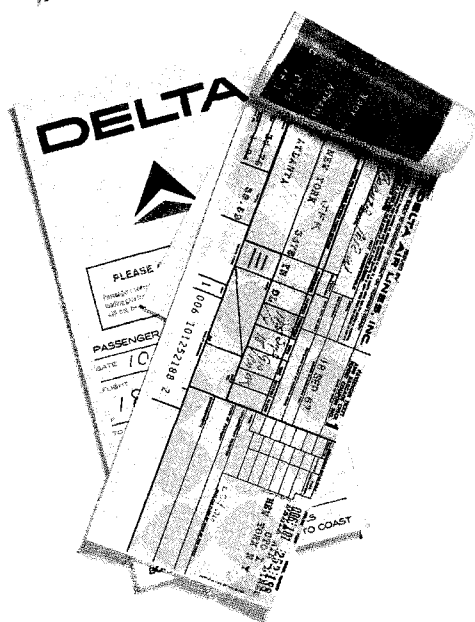
computer network). For good, smooth operations. For good food, good service.

And, certainly, good manners.

You might think we're sticking our necks out, making so many million promises every year.

But you'd be surprised how few we have to break.

DELTA



The one ticket that matters is yours.



THE FOG'S JACKET OR HER'S IN A VARIETY OF
COLORS ABOUT \$19.00 EACH.
CLOTHING BY THE ROCKIES
©1967, LONDON TOWN®, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

THE DECOY TOY PLOY. The mad toy manufacturer had to be stopped in his tracks. Sneakily, he had increased the size and realism of his "Sgt. Shoot" line over the years and was now grouping

his toys for an attack on the Pentagon. Catching wind of his twisted intentions, The Fog and friend annihilated his main striking force with (Oh, irony!) some of his own products. Saving, as a result, not

only the country, but a great many worried parents. Do you have any idea how much a kid could spend just on batteries alone for one of those things?

A LONDON FOG® PRODUCTION

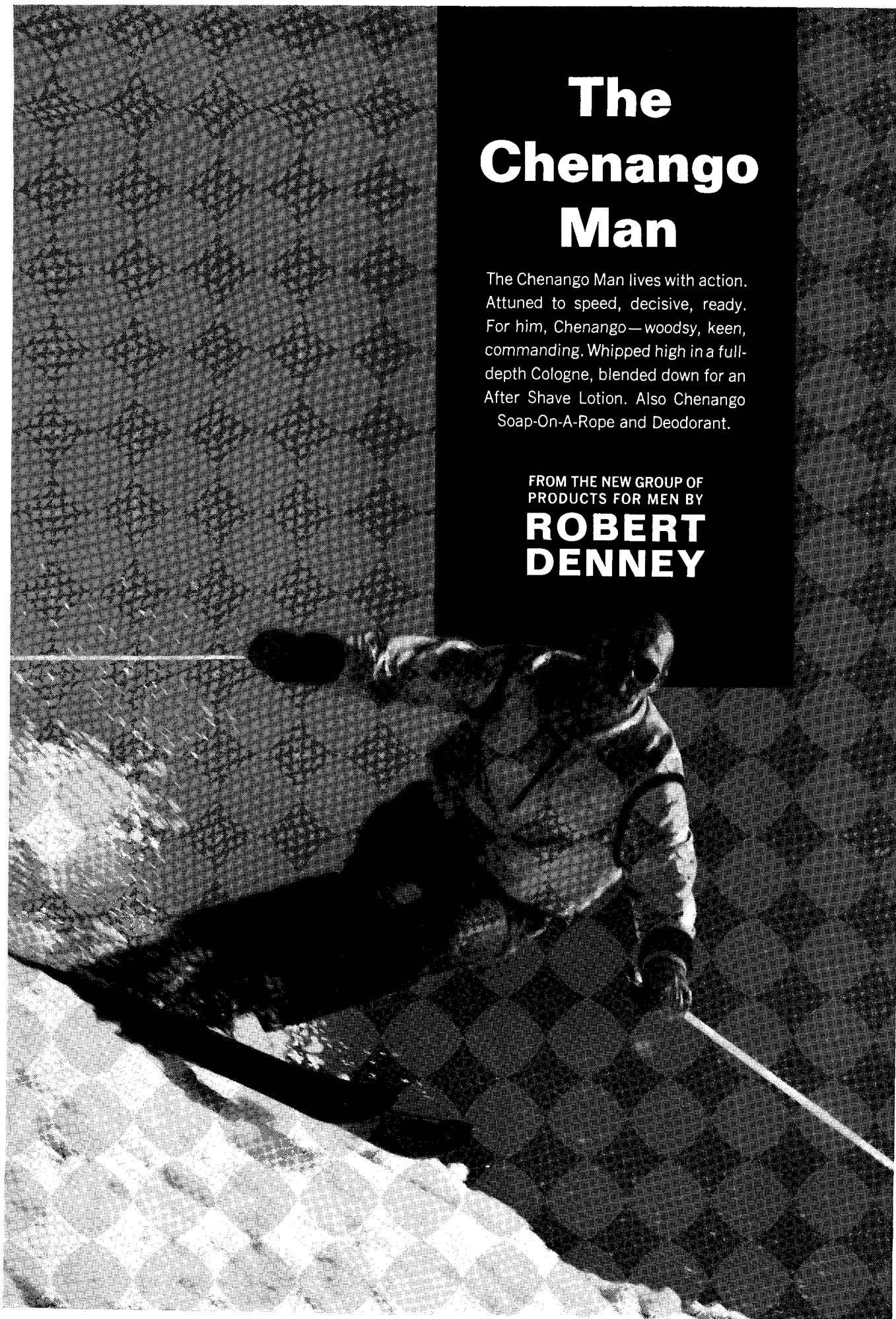
"Let there be no climate where Evil may flourish."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chenango Man

The Chenango Man lives with action. Attuned to speed, decisive, ready. For him, Chenango—woody, keen, commanding. Whipped high in a full-depth Cologne, blended down for an After Shave Lotion. Also Chenango Soap-On-A-Rope and Deodorant.

FROM THE NEW GROUP OF
PRODUCTS FOR MEN BY
**ROBERT
DENNEY**



This is Altman's the Christmas Store!

Holiday glamour... three lovely gift ideas from our third floor collection, Fifth Avenue, and branch stores. White, rayon lined, s-m-l. From the left: lambswool, Angora rabbit hair, nylon; rayon satin trimming. 30.00. Wool; sequin and bead trimming. 50.00. Lambswool, Angora rabbit hair, nylon; rayon satin and bead trimming. 30.00. Altman's is filled with Christmas treasures. Come see us.

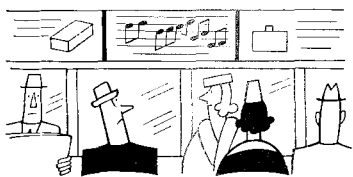




THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received another letter from our friend whose reaction to living in New York is barely controlled rage. "I have a remark or two to make about signs on buses and subway trains," he writes. "I'll try to hold my temper. I'm not talking now about signs on the outsides of buses and subway trains. Naturally, there is still no danger that a sign on the outside of a New York bus could give a boarding rider the remotest hint about his approximate destination. The rulers of the Transit Authority have just announced that they are scrapping the bizarre code they have been using to identify subway trains; obviously, they're afraid some people are beginning to catch on. Don't get me started on outside signs. What I want to discuss are a couple of new inside signs—the kind that appear in what would otherwise be blank spaces between the headache-remedy advertisements. The other day, when I was travelling a few blocks on a bus that went from Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue to I know not where, I saw a sign that the bus company's resident psychologist undoubtedly concocted to make the time pass more quickly for the cargo; it con-



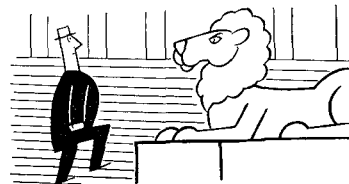
sisted of a few bars of musical notes that purported to be the beginning of a Stephen Foster song, plus an invitation to the reader to test his music-reading ability by figuring out exactly which Stephen Foster song it was. I want you to picture this: I'm on a bus that has been designed by experts to hide its destination from its passengers, and *it's* asking *me* to identify a Stephen Foster song. The only aspect of the game in keeping with the plight of the player is that, naturally, you're never told the

answer. I personally think that it would be just like the bus company to invite the rider to identify a Stephen Foster song and then present the first three bars of the Chad National Anthem for his inspection. There is probably some way to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the bus company to learn the answer, but, the way those people operate, I don't think I want them to have my name and address. The subway's new inside sign, reflecting the management's point of view with great sensitivity, says 'NO' twice in letters so large that it's possible to write 'No' eighteen more times inside them. Among the eighteen smaller 'No's are 'No Speeches,' 'No Unboxed Animals,' 'No Changing Clothes,' 'No Explosives,' 'No Photographs' (I'm in favor of that ban; the type of person who would be interested in taking photographs in *this* subway system oughtn't to be allowed on public transportation), 'No Carrying On,' and 'No Shenanigans.' Picture this one, now: Here I am on my way to lower Manhattan aboard a train that, for all I can deduce from its identifying marks and its past performance, will deposit me in Queens, and *it's* telling *me* 'No Shenanigans.' I've thought about bringing a counter-sign saying 'No Maps, No Air, No Courtesy from the Token-Sellers, No Idea Where the Damned Thing is Going.' But one of the eighteen small 'No's says 'No Signs.'"

Speedup

DESPITE its reputation for scholarly languor (a friend of ours once had to wait three hours for a book), the New York Public Library recently became part of a statewide network that causes printed material to be transmitted from one library to another at the speed of light—a statement that is not hyperbolic, for the network employs facsimile devices that transmit their messages by microwave relay, whose signals can indeed travel at a hundred and eighty-six

thousand miles per second. This atypical development has come about through an experiment authorized by and financed by the state legislature. Six libraries and eight library systems are involved (in Buffalo, Rochester, Ithaca, Poughkeepsie, Potsdam, Utica, Mount Vernon, Hempstead, Patchogue, Binghamton, and Albany, besides New York City), and the point of the whole thing is to make material available to researchers without the delays normally encountered in interlibrary loans. The other day, we dropped



in at the New York Public Library and looked up Mr. Lawrence P. Murphy, who is the assistant to the director of the Library and is in charge of the Library's part of the facsimile program.

Mr. Murphy is a pleasant-looking, soft-spoken man, and he clearly was pleased to tell us that the new system was in full operation. "We're using Datafax 2828 machines—facsimile devices that operate over telephone wires and microwave relays, and are based on the same principle as telephotos and television," he said. "When you feed a printed page into one of the machines, the print is converted into electrical impulses, which are amplified and transmitted and then turned back into print at the other end of the line. All the member libraries except Binghamton have both senders and receivers, and the nerve center of the network is at the New York State Library, in Albany, where there is a switchboard that can link most of the libraries' facsimile units with most of the other libraries' facsimile units. We're also using teletypewriters and telephone hot lines. It makes you think."

Mr. Murphy escorted us to Room 205, at the south end of the second

floor, where the facsimile operation is carried on. We found ourselves in a medium-sized room along one side of which six Datafax 2828 machines were standing on tables in pairs—one sender and one receiver to a pair—and which also contained an S.C.M. Coronastat 55 duplicator, a teletypewriter, a conditioning unit belonging to the Telephone Company, a desk, and some filing cabinets. The senders and the receivers looked pretty much alike to us, each one being a squarish instrument somewhat larger than a breadbox and somewhat smaller than a calliope, and each one painted a subtle green. “Everything’s working, and working almost perfectly,” Mr. Murphy said, strolling over to the desk. “A request came in on teletype about fifteen minutes ago from the library of the State University at Potsdam. They want a certain article on India. We’ve sent a searcher to look for it in the stacks. If we’ve got it, he’ll bring it here, and we’ll duplicate it—the Datafax machines will accept only single sheets—and then send it out. We’re sending out a lot more material than we’re receiving, but that’s natural, since the New York Public is one of the largest libraries in the world—we have more than four and a half million volumes. Did I tell you that the use of the program is limited to serious researchers over eighteen years old?”

“No,” we said.

“Well, it is,” he said. “And it’s up to individual librarians to determine who is serious and who is over eighteen. There’s no charge for the service yet here in New York, but there may be one after the experimental period has ended, sometime next year. By the way, every time a copy comes in over the Datafax we immediately stamp it ‘Further reproduction is not authorized.’”

From the other side of the room came a sudden whirring and thumping, and Mr. Murphy said, “My word, something’s coming in on one of the receivers!” We followed him to the row of Datafax machines and saw that a roll of crisp-looking paper had begun to emerge from a slot in one of the receivers and that lines of print were gradually appearing on it in a deep sepia. Peering at the paper, we discovered that the printing had something to do with agriculture, and Mr. Murphy, peering at it in his turn, told us that it was being sent from the Cornell University Library, at Ithaca. After about five minutes, the page was complete, and he tore it off the roll. Almost simultaneously, a gray-haired man en-

tered the room carrying a book bound in maroon buckram. Mr. Murphy thanked him and took the book from him—it was a bound volume of a periodical called *Economic Development & Cultural Change*—and the man went out again. At the S.C.M. duplicator, Mr. Murphy reproduced, on separate sheets of paper, an article from the volume entitled “The Government and the Indian Village.” He then went to a telephone near the Datafax machines, picked it up, and said, without dialling, “Hello, Albany? This is New York Public. We have a request from Potsdam. Five dash seventy-two. Can we use Line Eighty-six? . . . O.K. Thank you. . . . No. . . . No. . . . All right.” He put the phone down and walked over to one of the Datafax senders, switched it on—it began to hum softly—and fed the first page of the article into it. The page was grasped by twin rollers and began to disappear into the machine. “The sender activates a receiver at the other end automatically, so this page is arriving in Potsdam right this minute,” Mr. Murphy said, turning to us with a satisfied smile. “That’s all there is to it.”

Demonstration

LAST Tuesday, Secretary of State Dean Rusk gave a speech at the New York Hilton before about twelve hundred people who had gathered to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Foreign Policy Association by eating a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-plate dinner. A second gathering, of almost five thousand people, assembled outside the hotel. Seventeen hundred of these people were policemen; a hundred or so were reporters; the rest were there to deprecate the Secretary’s visit to the city and to demonstrate against the war in Vietnam. We walked up to the Hilton from our office at about six o’clock that evening. Going up the east side of Sixth Avenue, we encountered at first only the customary evening Sixth Avenue congestion. Office workers were busy heading home, and tourists were busy scouting the Radio City Music Hall. On the north side of Fifty-first Street, things were different. Gray police barricades had been set up on the edge of the

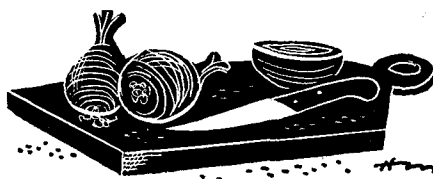
pavement. Newsmen and policemen were standing in the street in front of the barricades, and demonstrators, in large numbers, were grouped on the sidewalks behind them. Some of the demonstrators were marching in a picket line that stretched up toward Fifty-second Street and were shouting slogans. The others were standing around quietly. The demonstrators were old and young, badly dressed and well dressed. Many had long hair; many did not.

The office workers seemed surprised by the size of the crowd, and began talking facetiously. One of them approached a policeman and announced, “They’re peaceniks and they’re marching.”

“You got ’em,” said the officer.

Another turned to a friend and inquired, “Who is Dean Rusk, anyway?”

We made our way north along the sidewalk. On one side of us, the pickets were chanting “Stop the war in Vietnam. Bring the troops home.” On the other side were policemen standing with their backs to an office building. One of them was tapping against the wall of the building with his nightstick in time to the chant. Several entrepreneurs had appeared. One was selling small American flags, and a couple of others were hawking buttons left over from the march on Washington last month. At Fifty-second, the crowd thickened, and we joined the officers and reporters on the street side of the barricade. We could see that the other side of Sixth was jammed with people. On the west side of the next block north, where the hotel is, there were no demonstrators but, instead, a solid line of men in blue uniforms. From where we were standing, it looked almost like a picket line of policemen. Most of the policemen near us were engaged either in keeping the demonstrators on the sidewalk or in urging the traffic forward (we’ve never heard more police whistles), but some were striding up and down with walkie-talkies. So were some of the newsmen. These newsmen spoke urgently into their machines, and managed to look considerably more important than the officers. One policeman with a walkie-talkie was in touch with his superiors, and we heard a staccato voice ask him, “Do you need any help?” The policeman said no, added that only a few slight incidents had taken place, and then asked the machine, “Do you want us to stand fast and wait for further orders?” The voice said, “Stand fast,” and the policeman said, “Ten-four.”



At that point, there was a commotion at the southeast corner of Sixth and Fifty-third. We heard shouting and saw the bright lights used for outdoor television cameras flash on. A small squad of mounted policemen, which had been lined up across the street, moved over and began pushing the demonstrators back. Four or five plastic cups of red paint landed in the street, along with a couple of small canisters, which began to emit some sort of smoke. A newsman with a notepad came up to us and said, "It's the goddam TV. Those cameras create incidents." Another newsman, who had a walkie-talkie, began to speak into it excitedly. "This group is vicious,"

he said. "They're throwing paint at the police, they're making the horses rear, and they're throwing flares." "What?" said the walkie-talkie. "I said 'flares,'" said the man.

The incident ended in a couple of minutes, and we then noticed that the television lights had turned their attention to the southwest corner of Fifty-second and Sixth, where a group of maybe a dozen people were standing waving American flags and shouting "Support your local police!" We started toward this group but were stopped by another incident. A woman in a red dress was being carried away from the barricade just south of the hotel by five policemen. Four of the officers had an arm or a leg, and the fifth was holding her skirt down. A sergeant with four medal ribbons above his badge was looking at this procession of six, and when we asked him what had happened he appeared anxious to explain. "This little lady insisted on getting through the barrier," he told us. "She tried three times. Kept saying she had to get into the Hilton." He paused. "She looks like a nice little lady," he said. "Probably came out of one of those office buildings, and had half a load on. I better go see if they got her into the wagon all right."

We ducked into the hotel, where the dinner guests were just beginning to arrive. Over our shoulder we could see that the TV lights were still shin-



"Who the hell are all these other people? Your flower-arranging group?"

ing on the American flags down at Fifty-second. Inside the Hilton were policemen and a number of people in evening dress. One man wearing a dinner jacket turned to a friend and smiled. "I wonder if these people know that the Secretary of State has been here in the hotel since five," he said. The friend shrugged.

Two women in fur jackets came along and paused just inside the entrance of the hotel to look out at the demonstrators. They were trying to read the signs being carried by the pickets.

"It makes you heartsick," said one of them.

The other one nodded. "We have to be for whatever we have elected until we can think of something better," she said. "Oh, look! That sign says, 'Rusk, Why Die?'"

We left the Hilton. Walking down Sixth, we met a woman demonstrator wearing a yellow fur coat. She was in tears. "The cops have been beating people," she said. "I've been standing next to a man on crutches. *On crutches!* I think the cop must have shoved him, so he kicked at the cop. And then the cop started beating him. He took his—what do you call them?—nightstick and just beat him. I think he almost killed him. I tried to get the cop's name or his number, but he just walked away."

Soon after that, we saw a boy in a pea-

jacket talking with three policemen. "Why don't you join the demonstration?" the boy was saying. "It would be such a good thing and mean such a lot."

One of the officers turned to us. "That's a good kid," he said.

Then a bystander, a man wearing a black raincoat and a black hat, and smoking a black pipe, addressed the boy. "I've got three sons fighting in Vietnam," said the man. "You've got no guts."

The policeman who had spoken to us turned around. "Hey, Mister," he said. "Don't say that. That's a good kid." The boy started to argue with the man, and the policeman stopped him. "Go ahead, son," he said, pointing down the street. "Don't start anything." Then he turned back to us. "You know, nobody who ain't a sadist wants this war," he said. "Of course, the way to end it is to wait until the election and vote the war out. Of course, I understand that man, too. He's got three sons. I'm lucky. I've got daughters. One of them's going to graduate from Brooklyn College pretty soon, and get her teaching certificate. Just last week, she told me she's engaged to be married."

WE have received from a woman we know in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a block-lettered handwriting exercise her six-year-old daughter

brought home from first grade a couple of weeks ago:

TODAY IS THURSDAY.
DEBBY WALD'S FATHER WON A NOBEL PRIZE.
HE IS A BIOLOGIST.

Von Karajan at the Met

THE newest and most formidable resident of the Metropolitan Opera is Herbert von Karajan, the celebrated Austrian maestro, who will make his American operatic debut this week with a new production of Wagner's "Die Walküre." At fifty-nine, von Karajan is a towering figure in European music. A past director of both the Vienna State Opera and the Salzburg Festival, he is now the permanent conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, the director of the new Salzburg Easter Festival, and the producer, director, editor, and conductor of musical films for television. The operas he presents are unique, because they are produced, directed, and conducted by one man; his style, which is intensely personal, ranges from the sublime to what some critics consider the disastrous; and his impact on the Metropolitan can best be described as galvanic.

We stopped by the opera house one morning last week to observe this natural force in action, and learned that there appeared to be two von Karajans working on the premises. "The A.M.

von Karajan is conducting a graduate seminar on Wagner for the Metropolitan orchestra," an official told us. "The P.M. von Karajan, who directs singers on the main stage, is strictly Stanislavski. We've been wondering which one will be on hand for the dress rehearsal." He added that the A.M. von Karajan was working with the orchestra at that moment, and led us down to a sub-basement studio to watch. The Maestro—a wiry, aristocratic-looking man with aquiline features, penetrating blue eyes, and an undisciplined shock of gray hair—was lounging comfortably back in a chair on a platform at the front of the room, conducting ninety-odd musicians with short, decisive up-and-down hand movements. Next to him stood a large man with reddish-blond hair, who turned out to be Thomas Stewart, the Wotan of the production. Both men were dressed informally—von Karajan in a beige turtleneck sweater, Stewart in an olive-green sports shirt. The orchestra, which had obviously been working hard, was in shirtsleeves.

After a few minutes, von Karajan stopped the musicians and, with a smile, asked the brass to repeat a series of chords. "This is one of the most dramatic moments in the opera," he said. "Piano up to forte. Now, let's do it again with a crescendo much more from the expressive side than from the dynamic side. The essence of the Ring

is quick change—otherwise everything sounds the same and nobody is heard singing."

The brass played, Mr. Stewart launched into "*Gottheit nichtigen Glanz*," and von Karajan half closed his eyes and bent over the score desk. "May I say one thing in principle," he remarked after a sharp tap from his baton had produced instant silence. "Play always with the music in your ear. Hear each other."

The orchestra repeated the passage several times, playing with a lighter and more intimate tone, and at length von Karajan, with a nod of approval, kept them going for several pages. When the rehearsal ended, he draped a sweater over his shoulders and started for the door in a fast lope.

We introduced ourselves, and he invited us to share a brief noon break with him.

"Walküre," von Karajan told us, marked the beginning of a new, multimedia concept of opera production, which would be used for the entire Ring cycle. "Good opera is terribly expensive, because it requires topnotch singers, a highly trained orchestra, and months of musical and dramatic preparation," he said. "And so for each of the four operas in the Ring we do first a gramophone recording in Berlin, then opera productions in Salzburg and New York, and eventually a film. There have been a few changes in

cast and some minor adjustments in sets and lighting—the Salzburg stage is twice as wide as the one here—but basically this is the same production I began planning a year ago. When I go back to Berlin in December, I will record 'Das Rheingold,' the second opera in the series, and go through the entire process again. 'Walküre' in my conception is an intimate dialogue between five people which takes place within the framework of the two basic Ring themes—violated nature, represented by the rape and eventual return of the Rheingold, and the misuse of power. The central point in the opera occurs in the second act, when Wotan meditates bitterly on his discovery that power without the freedom to use it leads nowhere. The advantage of being both conductor and director is that one has complete control over the architecture of an opera. In 'Wal-



küire,' dramatic tension grows out of musical tension, so I work out the musical evolution of the opera in my mind first. The other important point is that the singers must be clearly understood. To achieve this, I emphasize the great dynamic range of the score; you will get several orchestral bars of enormous accent, and then, when a man sings, the orchestra must play pianissimo, so that he can be heard. I prefer also to raise the physical level of the orchestra pit, so that the musicians can collaborate with the singers. When an orchestra does not feel isolated, you can get it to play the tender parts of Wagner in a subdued way with the utmost expression. The singers relax, because they don't feel 'covered' and can concentrate on shades of meaning they might otherwise miss. At this point, the opera becomes a musical partnership instead of a musical contest." He gave us a firm handshake and hurried off.

We walked into the main auditorium a few minutes later and found the P.M. von Karajan, a tense, dramatic figure, pacing back and forth with a spear in one hand and working out stage business for eight nervous Walküres. The ladies, who wore long black-and-silver robes and flowing capes, were grouped along the front edge of a massive grayish-blue ring-shaped platform. Behind them, a curving ramp led up to a higher platform, which represented Brünnhilde's rock. The stage was quite dark; the sky, projected at the back, had the eerie, streaky quality of a van Gogh painting, and the Walküres, who carried silver-tipped six-foot spears, were picked out by dramatic overhead spotlights. After a brief huddle, von Karajan shooed seven of the girls off-stage, handed his spear to the head Walküre, and sent her dashing up the ramp for the beginning of the famous "Ho-yo-to-ho" scene. "Give your singing to the winds, to the whole atmosphere!" he shouted as she reached the top. The Walküre raised her spear



"I know one thing. I'm already not voting for Reagan."

above her head, belted out the war cry, and started back down the ramp at a dead run. "Never pick up your skirt!" roared von Karajan. "Now pause. You see your sister coming through the air." He froze in an expectant half crouch at the foot of the ramp, raised his head, and pivoted slowly, watching an imaginary Walküre come in for a landing. The head Walküre copied him faithfully, and was rewarded with a pat and a smile. As the stage filled up with Walküres, singing lustily, von Karajan moved back to the edge of the orchestra pit and watched, scowling.

After a time, von Karajan stopped the rehearsal piano and asked them to start over. "This is a joyful occasion, and you are all so deadly serious," he said. "When a Walküre carries a dead hero home on her saddle, remember, it's real fun. Be gay! Laugh!"

As the Walküres galloped through the scene again, with ecstatic smiles on their faces, Birgit Nilsson, a trim figure in black stretch pants and a navy-blue sweater, rose on cue from a staircase in the center of the ring. Von Karajan stood in front of her as she appealed to

her sisters for help, turning her by the shoulders to get the body movements he wanted. Then he grabbed a spear and transformed himself into a Walküre reacting with horror to the news that Brünnhilde had disobeyed her father. Miss Nilsson watched him with raised eyebrows and a faint smile as he feigned a punch at one of the Walküres, forcing the girl to shrink back with a gasp of genuine alarm. "That's it," said von Karajan, delighted. "Her news is a shock, a blow. You have about ten seconds after Brünnhilde's entrance to fill yourselves with fear and disapproval. Heervater Wotan is furious; he could be coming after her from any direction! Look all over the stage! Here! There! Everywhere! But, for heaven's sake, don't look at the conductor. The one place Wotan couldn't be is in the orchestra pit." He gave Miss Nilsson's hair an affectionate tug, moved her into a congenial spotlight, and whispered something to her in German that made her smile. Then he jumped down to the footlights, raised his arms for the downbeat, and shouted, "Music! Panic! Sing!"

BULLET PARK

PAIN'T me a small railroad station then, ten minutes before dark. Beyond the platform are the waters of the Wekonsett River, reflecting a sombre afterglow. The architecture of the station is oddly informal, gloomy but unserious, and mostly resembles a pergola, cottage, or summerhouse, although this is a climate of harsh winters. The lamps along the platform burn with a nearly palpable plaintiveness. The setting seems in some way to be at the heart of the matter. We travel by plane, oftener than not, and yet the spirit of our country seems to have remained that of a country of railroads. You wake in a Pullman bedroom at 3 A.M. in a city the name of which you do not know and may never discover. A man stands on the platform with a child on his shoulders. They are waving goodbye to some traveller, but what is the child doing up so late, and why is the man crying? On a siding beyond the platform there is a lighted dining car where a waiter sits alone at a table adding up his accounts. Beyond this is a water tank, and beyond this a well-lighted and empty street. Then you think happily that this is your country—unique, mysterious, and vast. One has no such feelings in airplanes, airports, and the trains of other nations.

A train arrives, a passenger departs and is met by a real-estate agent named Howard, for who else will know the exact age, usefulness, value, and well-being of the houses in the town? "Welcome to Bullet Park. We hope you'll like it well enough to join us here." Mr. Howard does not happen to live in Bullet Park. His name, like that of every other licensed real-estate dealer, is nailed to the trees in vacant lots, but he transacts his business in a small office in the next village. The stranger has left his wife and daughter in town, in the Hotel Plaza, watching colored television. The search for shelter seems to him to go on at a nearly primordial level. Prices are high these days, and nothing is exactly what one wants. The scuffed paint and discarded portables of earlier owners seem as alive and demanding as the clothing and papers one sorts out after a death in the family. When it is all over, when the gardens are planted and the furniture is settled, the rigors of the journey will have been concealed; but on this evening the blood memory of travel and migrations courses through his veins. The people of Bullet Park intend not so much to

have arrived there as to have been planted and grown there, but this, of course, was untrue. Disorder, moving vans, bank loans at high interest, tears, and desperation had characterized most of their arrivals and departures.

"This is our commercial center," says Howard. "We have all sorts of plans for its improvement. There's Powder Hill." He nods toward a lighted hill on their right. "That's where the property I want to show you is located. The asking price is fifty-seven thousand. Five bedrooms, three baths..."

The lights of Powder Hill twinkled, its chimneys smoked, and a pink plush toilet-seat cover flew from a clothesline. Seen at an improbable distance by some zealous and vengeful adolescent, ranging over the golf links, the piece of plush would seem to be the imprimatur, the guerdon, accolade, and banner of Powder Hill, behind which marched, in tight English shoes, the legions of wife-swapping, Jew-baiting, booze-fighting spiritual bankrupts. Oh damn them all, thought the adolescent. Damn the bright lights by which no one reads, damn the continuous music that no one hears, damn the grand pianos that no one can play, damn the white houses mortgaged up to their rain gutters, damn them for plundering the ocean for fish to feed the mink whose skins they wear, and damn their shelves on which there rests a single book—a copy of

the telephone directory bound in pink brocade. Damn their hypocrisy, damn their cant, damn their credit cards, damn their discounting the wilderness of the human spirit, damn their immaculateness, damn their lechery, and damn them above all for having leeches

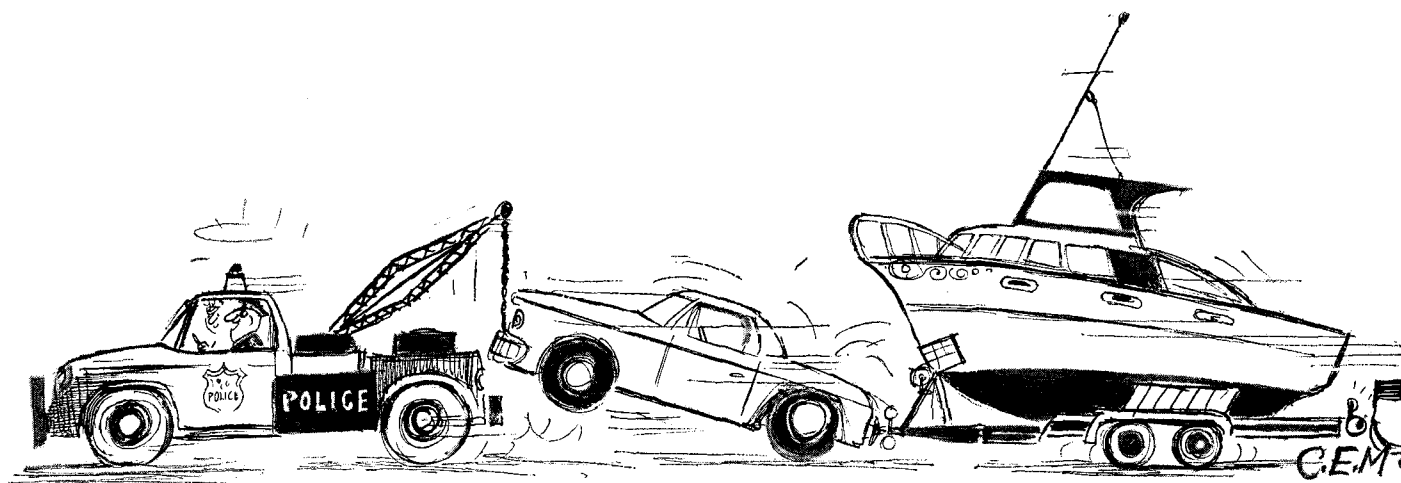
from life that strength, malodorousness, color, and zeal that give it meaning. Howl, howl, howl.

But the adolescent would be mistaken, as adolescents always are. Take the Wickwires, for instance, whose white house (estimated resale price: \$65,000) Howard and the traveller were then passing. If the social customs of Powder Hill were to be attacked by the adolescent, the Wickwires would make a splendid target. They were charming, they were brilliant, they were incandescent, and their engagement calendar was booked solid from Labor Day to the Fourth of July, when they left Powder Hill for the sea. They were quite literally social workers—celebrants—using their charm and their

brilliance to make things go at a social level. They were people who understood that cocktails and dinner, in their time and place, were as important to the welfare of the community as the village caucus, the school board, and the municipal services. For a community that had so few altars—four, to be exact—and none of them sacrificial, they seemed, as serious and dedicated celebrants, to have improvised a sacrificial altar on which they had literally given up some flesh and blood. They were always falling down stairs, bumping into sharp-edged furniture, and driving their cars into ditches. When they arrived at a party, they would be impeccably dressed, but her right arm would be in a sling. He would support a game leg with a gold-headed cane and wear dark glasses. She had sprained her arm in a fall at a party. He had broken his leg at a country-club dance, and the dark glasses concealed a mouse that had the thrilling reds and purples of a late-winter moon. Their brilliance was not diminished by their injuries. In fact, they almost always appeared with some limb in a sling, some extremity bandaged, some show of court plaster.

Their brilliance, their ardor as celebrants, is serious. After any common weekend when they have lunched and dined out for three days running, the seriousness of their role can best be estimated as the light of Monday morning shines on them while they sleep. When the alarm rings he mistakes it for the telephone. The children are away at school and he concludes that one of them is sick or in trouble. When he understands that it is the alarm and not the telephone, he puts his feet onto the floor. He groans. He swears. He feels himself to be a hollow man but one who has only recently been eviscerated and who can recall what it felt like to have a skinful of lively lights and vitals. She whimpers in pain and covers her face with a pillow. Feeling himself to be a painful cavity, he goes down the hall to the bathroom. Looking at himself in the mirror, he gives a loud cry of terror and revulsion. His eyes are red, his face is scored with lines, his light hair seems clumsily dyed. He possesses for a moment the curious power of being able to frighten himself. He soaks his face with water and shaves his beard. This exhausts his energies and he comes back down the hall to the bedroom, says that he will take a later train, returns to bed, and pulls the blankets over his face to shut out the morning. She whimpers and cries. She then leaves the bed, her nightgown hooked up over her comely backside.





"It wouldn't surprise me if the Mayor commended us personally."

She goes into the bathroom but she shuts her eyes as she passes the mirror. Back in bed she covers her face with a pillow and they both lie there, groaning loudly. He then joins her on her side of the bed and they engage in a backbreaking labor of love that occupies them for twenty minutes and leaves them both with a gruelling headache. He has already missed the 8:12, the 8:22, and the 8:30. "Coffee," he mutters, and gets out of bed once more. He goes down the stairs to the kitchen. Stepping into the kitchen, he lets out another cry of pain when he sees the empties on the shelf by the sink.

They are ranged there like the gods in some pantheon of remorse. Their intent seems to be to force him to his knees and to wring from him some prayer. "Empties, O empties, most merciful empties, have mercy upon me for the sake of Jack Daniel's and Seagram Distillers." Their immutable emptiness gives them a look that is cruel and censorious. Their labels—Scotch, gin, and bourbon—have the ferocity of Chinese demons, but he definitely has the feeling that if he tried to placate them with a genuflection they would be merciless. He drops them into a wastebasket but this does not dispose of their force. He puts some water on to boil and, feeling for the wall like a blind man, he makes his way back to the bedroom, where he can hear his wife's cries of pain. "Oh, I wish I were dead," she cries. "I wish I were dead." "There, there, dear," he says thickly, "there, there." He sets out a clean suit, a shirt, a tie, and some shoes, and then gets back into bed again and pulls the blankets over his face. It is now close to nine and the garden is filled with light. They hear the school bus at the corner sounding

its horn for the Marsden boy. The week has begun its splendid procession of days. The kettle begins to whistle.

He gets out of bed for the third time, returns to the kitchen, and makes some coffee. He brings a cup for each of them. She gets out of bed, washes her face without examining it, and returns to bed. He puts on some underwear and then returns to bed himself. For the next hour they are up and down, in and out, struggling to rejoin the stream of things, and finally he dresses, and, racked by vertigo, melancholy, and nausea, he boards his Gethsemane—the Monday-morning 10:48.

There was nothing hypocritical about the Wickwires' Monday mornings, and so much for the adolescent.

THE stranger might observe that the place seems very quiet; they seem to have come inland from the sounds of wildness—gulls, trains, cries of pain and love, creaking things, hammering, gunfire. Not even a child practices the piano in this precinct of disinfected acoustics. They pass the Husons' (7 bedrooms, 5 baths, \$65,000) and the Welchers' (3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, \$31,000). The wind draws through the beam of their headlights some yellow elm leaves, a credit card, potato chips, bills, checks, and ashes. Are there songs for this place, the stranger might wonder; and there are. Songs sung to children and by children, songs for cooking, songs for undressing, water songs, ecclesiastical doggerel ("We throw our crowns at Your feet"), madrigals, folk songs, and a little native music. Mr. Elmsford (6 bedrooms, 3 baths, \$53,000) dusts off his tarnished psalter and sings, "Hotchkiss, Yale, an indifferent marriage, three children, and twenty-three years with the Universal

Tufa Corporation. Oh, why am I so disappointed?" he sings. "Why does everything seem to have passed me by?" There is a rush for the door before he starts his second verse, but he goes on singing. "Why does everything taste of ashes, why is there no brilliance or promise in my affairs?" The waiters empty the ashtrays, the bartender locks an iron screen over the bottles, and they finally turn off the lights, but he goes on singing. "I tried, I tried, I did the best I knew how to do, so why should I feel so sad and blue?" This place is shut, Mister, they tell him, and you're the guy who shut it. Then there are the affirmative singers: "Bullet Park is growing, growing, Bullet Park is here to stay, Bullet Park shows great improvement every day in every way. . . ."

Vital statistics? The divorce rate was way down, the suicide rate was a secret, the winters were too inclement for citrus fruit but much too clement for the native white birch. Traffic casualties averaged twenty-two a year because of a winding highway that seemed to have been drawn on the map by a child with a grease pencil. In the state office of the Department of Public Works there was, locked in a vault, a set of blueprints for a six-lane highway that could cut Bullet Park in two. Ten- and fourteen-wheel trucks, massive and warlike as the land castles of the barbarians and trailing from their exhaust pipes a malodorous night, might someday labor up Powder Hill at seven miles an hour and race down the slope at eighty, slaughtering an estimable number of men, women, children, and dogs. The plans were secret and there was no force of referendum or law that could bring them into the open. Mr. Petrucci, the commissioner who had the power to dispossess, im-



"Is the coffee satisfactory this morning, El Exigente?"

poverish, and murder the people of Bullet Park, was nearly as mysterious as his plans. Committees of elected officials cooled their heels in his waiting room but Mr. Petrucci was never in. His intimates and protectors knew him to be a slight, clerkly man, whose suits were the same color as his filing cabinets. He was a clinical gambler. Bribes from road-construction companies and real-estate speculators poured into his purse but he went to Hialeah every winter and lost it all. Howard knew all of this, of course, but he would not mention it to a prospective customer.

He drew his car up in front of that sort of white house that is used as a background in the advertising photographs of medium-priced automobiles. "This is the property I had in mind for you," he said. "I hope she won't be in. She's not much of a salesman. She said she was going out." He rang the bell, and Mrs. Heathcup opened the door. It appeared that she was preparing to go out but had not quite made it. She was a stocky woman with skewered silver-gilt hair, wearing a bathrobe. On the tip of one of her silk slippers there was a cloth rose; the other had none.

"Well, you're welcome to look," she said in a hoarse, carrying voice. "I hope you'll like it well enough to buy it. I'm getting a little tired of having people track mud through the place and then decide on something else. It's a lovely house and everything works—you'll have to take my word for that—but I've known people around here to

sell houses with dangerous wiring, backed-up septic tanks, obsolete plumbing, and leaky roofs. There's nothing like that here. Before my husband passed away he saw that everything was in apple-pie order, and the only reason I'm selling is that there's nothing here for me, now that he's gone. Fifty-seven is my price. That's not my asking price, it's my final price. We put twenty thousand into the place and my husband painted it every single year before he passed away. He was a well-to-do man but painting relaxed him. In January he'd paint the kitchen. Saturdays and Sundays and nights, that is. Then he'd paint the hallway and the living room and the dining room and the bedrooms, and then next January he'd start all over again in the kitchen. He was painting the dining room the day he passed away. When I say that he passed away I don't want you to think that he died in his sleep. One Sunday afternoon while he was painting I heard him talking to himself. 'I can't stand it any longer,' he said. I still don't know what he meant. Then he went out into the garden and shot himself. That was when I found out what sort of neighbors I had. You can look all over the world but you won't find neighbors as kind and thoughtful as the people of Bullet Park. As soon as they heard about my husband passing away they came right over here to comfort me. There must have been ten or twelve of them and we all had a lot to drink and they were so comforting that I al-

most forgot what had happened. I mean it didn't seem as though anything had happened. Well, here's the living room. Eighteen by thirty-two. We've had fifty guests for cocktails but it never seems crowded. I'll sell you the rug for half of what I gave for it. All wool. If your wife wants the curtains I'm sure we can work something out. Do you have a daughter? This hallway would be a beautiful place for a wedding. Now, the dining room . . ."

The dinner table was set for twelve, with soup plates, wineglasses, candlesticks, and wax flowers. "I always keep my table set," said Mrs. Heathcup. "I haven't entertained for months but Mr. Heathcup hated to see an empty table and so I always keep it set, sort of in memory. An empty table depressed him. I change the setting once or twice a week. There are four churches in the village. I suppose you know about the Gorey Brook Country Club. It has a good eighteen-hole course designed by Pete Ellison, four *en-tout-cas* courts, and a pool. I hope you're not Jewish. They're very strict about that. I don't have a pool myself and, frankly, it's something of a limitation. When people start talking about pool chemicals and so forth you'll find yourself left out of the conversation. I've had an estimate made and you can have one put in the back garden for eight thousand. Maintenance comes to around twenty-five a week and they charge a hundred dollars to open and close it. The neighbors, as I've said, are wonderful people, although they take some knowing. You might think Harry Plutarch, who lives across the street, a little odd, unless you knew the whole story. His wife ran off with Jack Spratt. What she did was to have a moving van come to the house one morning and take everything out of the place excepting a chair, a single bed, and a parrot cage. When he came home from work he found an empty house and he's been living with a chair, a bed, and a parrot cage ever since, but when you get to know him he's charming. The Trowbridges live next door and they're very nice too, although he's had a little trouble. Last April he refused to get out of bed and he's been in bed ever since. There's nothing wrong with him. He just won't get out of bed. She thought travel might help and she got him to go to Paris, but as soon as they checked in at the Vendôme he climbed back into bed again. She took him to Wellfleet last month but he spent the time in bed. He likes to play gin and acey-deucey. He's lost his job, of course, but they seem to have plenty of money. Here's a copy of the

evening paper. It might give you some idea of what the place is like. . . ."

As Mrs. Heathcup flushed toilets, opened and shut doors, and showed them the location of the fireproof wall safe, the stranger's lack of interest in her house increased until it seemed to be a kind of melancholy. These haunted and well-lighted rooms were not at all what he wanted, but where *did* he want to live? He wanted to live in a stone croft on a windy moor, where rooks were strung on the rain-wind and thunder sounded punctually at four each afternoon. He wanted to live in a Spanish fortress on the shores of the Tyrrhenian, where he could sit on his battlements at dusk with a drink and watch the last water-skier wend his weary way home. He wanted to live in an Irish castle, a Vermont apple farm, a Palladian villa, but all of this was impractical; this he knew. Mrs. Heathcup's tragic and brightly lighted house was the reality—the place was commodious and efficient, and in his time one lived in such places. There was the ghost of poor Heathcup, but every house has a ghost. "I think it's what we want," he said. "I'll bring my wife out tomorrow and let her decide."

Howard drove him back to the railroad station then and left him there. Suburban waiting rooms are not maintained, and the place had been sacked. Broken windows let in the night wind. The clock face was smashed. The hands of the clock were gone. The architect, so many years ago, had designed the building with some sense of the erotic and romantic essence of travel, but all of his inventions had been stripped or defaced, and the stranger found himself in a warlike ruin. He opened the paper and read, "The Lithgow Club had its annual dinner on Thursday evening at Harvey's Restaurant. The program began with a Parade of Sweethearts—wives of the members—which was followed by a demonstration of the hula given by Mrs. Leonard A. Atkinson, who was accompanied by her husband on the ukulele. . . ."

"Seventeen debutantes were presented to society at the Gorey Brook Country Club. . . ."

"Mr. Lewis Harwich was burned to death last night when a can of charcoal igniter exploded and set fire to his clothing during a barbecue party in the garden of his home at 23 Redburn Circle. . . ."

"School taxes expected to increase. . . ."

He caught the 7:14.

—JOHN CHEEVER

THE UNBLINDING

(FOR MY STUDENT, UPON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPERATION
THAT RESTORED HIS SIGHT)

When I think of my fear
of moving through my dreamed
life into the tough, unknown, real
images that burn my senses and mind
more fiercely than human
events that stick

in the crawl of biographies,
when I shy away
from the incandescent moments that fall
into my hands unsought, undeservedly
given or lent
to me, visions,

so to say, that can—and do
on occasion—sweep me off into their own
orbits, shattering my known self
into ill-fitting puzzle
pieces, and grinding
each fragment to smithereens,

leaving me numb to objects,
to the feel of a thing, to all identities
clogged, hopelessly blocked, I find
I try again, taught
by my student, Robert Beegle,
who was here today

leaning sail on a puff
of wind five thousand miles out from California
to say hello here
I am fully bearded one hundred years
younger than the eighteen-year-old
death-of-me you met

two years ago Mr. Lieberman.
And it is true.
He has grown younger more quickly
than anyone old I have
known. When I first
fastened my twenty-twenty two eyes on
two

totally blinded at age
four in a traffic
mishap, two stillborn egg yolks
immobile in vacant
sockets, I saw a being sunk
within and drilling

deeper, as the innermost rings
in the trunk of a withered
sycamore, dying inward.
In the front row
next to the door (at his feet, the seeing-eye
German shepherd, head

on his paws, licking
and snuffing toward bell-time,
often mistaking a distant horn or whistle
for the hour-gong), the handicapped
listener shivered his lips
to decipher braille

that flew past shortwave
of fingertips,
the lips racing to overtake the fingers,
casting about within for broken
tape-ends of emotions
straggling from reels of earliest

childhood. I felt my eyes
clamber into hollowness, opening
in him like a bottomless
pit. Once exposed, it overflowed his face
and spread around the class,
like a skin

tightening. We could not breathe.
He shut his eyes.
Words failed—our voices
drawn into declivities of his nose
and mouth—
the room becoming an abyss

over which we teetered
dizzily. I looked and looked. Where
I had seen clearly
before grew blind spots
now. I saw too near,
too far, sight

locked. I had
to try not to see him,
to lay violent hands upon the light,
to make it bend
around his chair and twist
over his clenched,

sight-slaying face.
My skull bones grew
in weight,
converging on the delicate
flesh of eyeballs. Then, for days,
I walked shakily,

one foot stretched
before me, hunting anchorage (safe
lodging) like the tip of a white
cane, tapping. . . . One morning, I
glanced
about, dazedly—he stood
beside me, no one

I had ever seen before
outside his dog's
life, extending the pink absence slip
for my O.K. I saw (powerless
to believe) he saw my face,
smiling his first

look of me, the words
loosening from his tongue
as sparrows from a shaken clothesline.
One flick of a surgeon's knife
struck long-idle retinas
into perfect sight.

—LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

THE SLAUGHTERER

YOINEH MEIR should have become the Kolomir rabbi. His father and his grandfather had both sat in the rabbinical chair in Kolomir. However, the followers of the Kuzmir court had set up a stubborn opposition: this time they would not allow a Hassid from Trisk to become the town's rabbi. They bribed the district official and sent a petition to the governor. After long wrangling, the Kuzmir Hassidim finally had their way and installed a rabbi of their own. In order not to leave Yoineh Meir without a source of earnings, they appointed him the town's ritual slaughterer.

When Yoineh Meir heard of this, he turned even paler than usual. He protested that slaughtering was not for him. He was softhearted; he could not bear the sight of blood. But everybody banded together to persuade him—the leaders of the community; the members of the Trisk synagogue; his father-in-law, Reb Getz Frampoler; and Reitze Doshe, his wife. The new rabbi, Reb Sholem Levi Halberstam, also pressed him to accept. Reb Sholem Levi, a grandson of the Sondz rabbi, was troubled about the sin of taking away another's livelihood; he did not

want the younger man to be without bread. The Trisk rabbi, Reb Yakov Leibele, wrote a letter to Yoineh Meir saying that man may not be more compassionate than the Almighty, the Source of all compassion. When you slaughter an animal with a pure knife and with piety, you liberate the soul that resides in it. For it is well known that the souls of saints often transmigrate into the bodies of cows, fowl, and fish to do penance for some offense.

After the rabbi's letter, Yoineh Meir gave in. He had been ordained a long time ago. Now he set himself to studying the laws of slaughter as expounded in the "Grain of the Ox," the "Shulchan Aruch," and the Commentaries. The first paragraph of the "Grain of the Ox" says that the ritual slaughterer must be a God-fearing man, and Yoineh Meir devoted himself to the Law with more zeal than ever.

Yoineh Meir—small, thin, with a pale face, a tiny yellow beard on the tip of his chin, a crooked nose, a sunken mouth, and yellow frightened eyes set too close together—was renowned for his piety. When he prayed, he put on three pairs of phylacteries: those of Rashi, those of Rabbi Tam, and those

of Rabbi Serirah Gaon. Soon after he had completed his term of board at the home of his father-in-law, he began to keep all fast days and to get up for midnight service.

His wife, Reitze Doshe, already lamented that Yoineh Meir was not of this world. She complained to her mother that he never spoke a word to her and paid her no attention, even on her clean days. He came to her only on the nights after she had visited the ritual bath, once a month. She said that he did not remember the names of his own daughters.

After he agreed to become the ritual slaughterer, Yoineh Meir imposed new rigors upon himself. He ate less and less. He almost stopped speaking. When a beggar came to the door, Yoineh Meir ran to welcome him and gave him his last groschen. The truth is that becoming a slaughterer plunged Yoineh Meir into melancholy, but he did not dare to oppose the rabbi's will. It was meant to be, Yoineh Meir said to himself; it was his destiny to cause torment and to suffer torment. And only Heaven knew how much Yoineh Meir suffered.

Yoineh Meir was afraid that he might faint as he slaughtered his first fowl, or that his hand might not be steady. At the same time, somewhere in his heart, he hoped that he would commit an error. This would release him from the rabbi's command. However, everything went according to rule.

Many times a day, Yoineh Meir repeated to himself the rabbi's words: "A man may not be more compassionate than the Source of all compassion." The Torah says, "Thou shalt kill of thy herd and thy flock as I have commanded thee." Moses was instructed on Mount Sinai in the ways of slaughtering and of opening the animal in search of impurities. It is all a mystery of mysteries—life, death, man, beast. Those that are not slaughtered die anyway of various diseases, often ailing for weeks or months. In the forest, the beasts devour one another. In the seas, fish swallow fish. The Kolomir poorhouse is full of cripples and paralytics who lie there for years, befouling themselves. No man can escape the sorrows of this world.

And yet Yoineh Meir could



"You can't hold yourself responsible for everything that's happened. Great ideas often have become corrupted, tainted, commercialized by others."

find no consolation. Every tremor of the slaughtered fowl was answered by a tremor in Yoineh Meir's own bowels. The killing of every beast, great or small, caused him as much pain as though he were cutting his own throat. Of all the punishments that could have been visited upon him, slaughtering was the worst.

BARELY three months had passed since Yoineh Meir had become a slaughterer, but the time seemed to stretch endlessly. He felt as though he were immersed in blood and lymph. His ears were beset by the squawking of hens, the crowing of roosters, the gobbling of geese, the lowing of oxen, the mooing and bleating of calves and goats; wings fluttered, claws tapped on the floor. The bodies refused to know any justification or excuse—every body resisted in its own fashion, tried to escape, and seemed to argue with the Creator to its last breath.

And Yoineh Meir's own mind raged with questions. Verily, in order to create the world, the Infinite One had had to shrink His light; there could be no free choice without pain. But since the beasts were not endowed with free choice, why should they have to suffer? Yoineh Meir watched, trembling, as the butchers chopped the cows with their axes and skinned them before they had heaved their last breath. The women plucked the feathers from the chickens while they were still alive.

It is the custom that the slaughterer receives the spleen and tripe of every cow. Yoineh Meir's house overflowed with meat. Reitze Doshe boiled soups in pots as huge as cauldrons. In the large kitchen there was a constant frenzy of cooking, roasting, frying, baking, stirring, and skimming. Reitze Doshe was pregnant again, and her stomach protruded into a point. Big and stout, she had five sisters, all as bulky as herself. Her sisters came with their children. Every day, his mother-in-law, Reitze Doshe's mother, brought new pastries and delicacies of her own baking. A woman must not let her

voice be heard, but Reitze Doshe's maidservant, the daughter of a water carrier, sang songs, pattered around barefoot, with her hair down, and laughed so loudly that the noise resounded in every room.

Yoineh Meir wanted to escape from the material world, but the material world pursued him. The smell of the slaughterhouse would not leave his nostrils. He tried to forget himself in the Torah, but he found that the Torah itself was full of earthly matters. He took to the Cabala, though he knew that no man may delve into the mysteries until he reaches the age of forty. Nevertheless, he continued to leaf through the "Treatise of the Hasidim," "The Orchard," the "Book of Creation," and "The Tree of Life." There, in the higher spheres, there was no death, no slaughtering, no pain, no stomachs and intestines, no hearts or lungs or livers, no membranes, and no impurities.

This particular night, Yoineh Meir went to the window and looked up into the sky. The moon spread a radiance around it. The stars flashed and twinkled, each with its own heavenly secret. Somewhere above the World of Deeds, above the constellations, Angels were

flying, and Seraphim, and Holy Wheels, and Holy Beasts. In Paradise, the mysteries of the Torah were revealed to souls. Every holy *Tsadik* inherited three hundred and ten worlds and wore crowns for the Divine Presence. The nearer to the Throne of Glory, the brighter the light, the purer the radiance, the fewer the unholy host.

Yoineh Meir knew that man may not ask for death, but deep within himself he longed for the end. He had developed a repugnance for everything that had to do with the body. He could not even bring himself to go to the ritual bath with the other men. Under every skin he saw blood. Every neck reminded Yoineh Meir of the knife. Human beings, like beasts, had loins, veins, guts, buttocks. One slash of the knife and those solid householders would drop like oxen. As the Talmud says, all that is meant to be burned is already as good as burned. If the end of man was corruption, worms, and stench, then he was nothing but a piece of putrid flesh to start with.

Yoineh Meir understood now why the sages of old had likened the body to a cage—a prison where the soul sits captive, longing for the day of its release. It was only now that he truly



"Until you really need one, you don't realize how acute the shortage is."



"Would you mind explaining again the difference between the Fairy Godmother Loan and the Aladdin's Lamp Loan?"

grasped the meaning of the words of the Talmud: "Very good, this is death." Yet man was forbidden to break out of his prison. He must wait for the jailer to remove the chains, to open the gate.

Yoineh Meir returned to his bed. All his life he had slept on a feather bed, under a feather quilt, resting his head on a pillow; now he was suddenly aware that he was lying on feathers and down plucked from fowl. In the other bed, next to Yoineh Meir's, Reitze Doshe was snoring. From time to time a whistle came from her nostrils and a bubble formed on her lips. Yoineh Meir's daughters kept going to the slop pail, their bare feet pattering on the floor. They slept together, and sometimes they whispered and giggled half the night.

Yoineh Meir had longed for sons who would study the Torah, but Reitze Doshe bore girl after girl. While they were small, Yoineh Meir occasionally gave them a pinch on the cheek. Whenever he attended a circumcision, he would bring them a piece of cake. Sometimes he would even kiss one of the little ones on the head. But now they were grown. They seemed to have

taken after their mother. They had spread out in width. Reitze Doshe complained that they ate too much and were getting too fat. They stole tidbits from the pots. The eldest, Bashe, was already sought in marriage. At one moment, the girls quarrelled and insulted each other, at the next they combed each other's hair and plaited it into braids. They were forever babbling about dresses, shoes, stockings, jackets, panties. They cried and they laughed. They looked for lice, they fought, they washed, they kissed.

When Yoineh Meir tried to chide them, Reitze Doshe cried, "Don't butt in! Let the children alone!" Or she would scold, "You had better see to it that your daughters shouldn't have to go around barefoot and naked!"

Why did they need so many things? Why was it necessary to clothe and adorn the body so much, Yoineh Meir would wonder to himself.

Before he had become a slaughterer, he was seldom at home and hardly knew what went on there. But now he began to stay at home, and he saw what they were doing. The girls would run off to pick berries and mushrooms; they

associated with the daughters of common homes. They brought home baskets of dry twigs. Reitze Doshe made jam. Tailors came for fittings. Shoemakers measured the women's feet. Reitze Doshe and her mother argued about Bashe's dowry. Yoineh Meir heard talk about a silk dress, a velvet dress, all sorts of skirts, cloaks, fur coats.

Now that he lay awake, all those words reëchoed in his ears. They were rolling in luxury because he, Yoineh Meir, had begun to earn money. Somewhere in Reitze Doshe's womb a new child was growing, but Yoineh Meir sensed clearly that it would be another girl. "Well, one must welcome whatever Heaven sends," he warned himself.

He had covered himself, but now he felt too hot. The pillow under his head became strangely hard, as though there were a stone among the feathers. He, Yoineh Meir, was himself a body: feet, a belly, a chest, elbows. There was a stabbing in his entrails. His palate felt dry.

Yoineh Meir sat up. "Father in Heaven, I cannot breathe!"

ELUL is a month of repentance. In former years, Elul would bring with it a sense of exalted serenity. Yoineh Meir loved the cool breezes that came from the woods and the harvested fields. He could gaze for a long time at the pale-blue sky with its scattered clouds that reminded him of the flax in which the citrons for the Feast of Tabernacles were wrapped. Gossamer floated in the air. On the trees the leaves turned saffron yellow. In the twittering of the birds he heard the melancholy of the Solemn Days, when man takes an accounting of his soul.

But to a slaughterer Elul is quite another matter. A great many beasts are slaughtered for the New Year. Before the Day of Atonement, everybody offers a sacrificial fowl. In every courtyard, cocks crowed and hens cackled, and all of them had to be put to death. Then comes the Feast of Booths, the Day of the Willow Twigs, the Feast of Azereth, the Day of Rejoicing in the Law, the Sabbath of Genesis. Each holiday brings its own slaughter. Millions of fowl and cattle now alive were doomed to be killed.

Yoineh Meir no longer slept at night. If he dozed off, he was immediately beset by nightmares. Cows assumed human shape, with beards and side locks, and skullcaps over their horns. Yoineh Meir would be slaughtering a calf, but it would turn into a girl. Her neck throbbed, and she pleaded to be saved. She ran to the study

house and spattered the courtyard with her blood. He even dreamed that he had slaughtered Reitze Doshe instead of a sheep.

In one of his nightmares, he heard a human voice come from a slaughtered goat. The goat, with his throat slit, jumped on Yoineh Meir and tried to butt him, cursing in Hebrew and Aramaic, spitting and foaming at him. Yoineh Meir awakened in a sweat. A cock crowed like a bell. Others answered, like a congregation answering the cantor. It seemed to Yoineh Meir that the fowl were crying out questions, protesting, lamenting in chorus the misfortune that loomed over them.

Yoineh Meir could not rest. He sat up, grasped his side locks with both hands, and rocked.

Reitze Doshe woke up. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"What are you rocking for?"

"Let me be."

"You frighten me!"

After a while Reitze Doshe began to snore again. Yoineh Meir got out of bed, washed his hands, and dressed. He wanted to put ash on his forehead and recite the midnight prayer, but his lips refused to utter the holy words. How could he mourn the destruction of the Temple when a carnage was being readied here in Kolomir, and he, Yoineh Meir, was the Titus, the Nebuchadnezzar!

The air in the house was stifling. It smelled of sweat, fat, dirty underwear, urine. One of his daughters muttered something in her sleep, another one moaned. The beds creaked. A rustling came from the closets. In the coop under the stove were the sacrificial fowls that Reitze Doshe had locked up for the Day of Atonement. Yoineh Meir heard the scratching of a mouse, the chirping of a cricket. It seemed to him that he could hear the worms burrowing through the ceiling and the floor. Innumerable creatures surrounded man, each with its own nature, its own claims on the Creator.

Yoineh Meir went

out into the yard. Here everything was cool and fresh. The dew had fallen. In the sky, the midnight stars were glittering. Yoineh Meir inhaled deeply. He walked on the wet grass, among the leaves and shrubs. His socks grew damp above his slippers. He came to a tree and stopped. In the branches there seemed to be some nests. He heard the twittering of awakened fledglings. Frogs croaked in the swamp beyond the hill. "Don't they sleep at all, those frogs?" Yoineh Meir asked himself. "They have the voices of men."

Since Yoineh Meir had begun to slaughter, his thoughts were obsessed with living creatures. He grappled with all sorts of questions. Where did flies come from? Were they born out of their mother's womb, or did they hatch from eggs? If all the flies died out in winter, where did the new ones come from in summer? And the owl that nested under the synagogue roof—what did it do when the frosts came? Did it remain there? Did it fly away to warm countries? And how could anything live in the burning frost, when it was scarcely possible to keep warm under the quilt?

An unfamiliar love welled up in Yoineh Meir for all that crawls and flies, breeds and swarms. Even the mice—was it their fault that they were

mice? What wrong does a mouse do? All it wants is a crumb of bread or a bit of cheese. Then why is the cat such an enemy to it?

Yoineh Meir rocked back and forth in the dark. The rabbi may be right. Man cannot and must not have more compassion than the Master of the universe. Yet he, Yoineh Meir, was sick with pity. How could one pray for life for the coming year, or for a favorable writ in Heaven, when one was robbing others of the breath of life?

Yoineh Meir thought that the Messiah Himself could not redeem the world as long as injustice was done to beasts. By rights, everything should rise from the dead: every calf, fish, gnat, butterfly. Even in the worm that crawls in the earth there glows a divine spark. When you slaughter a creature, you slaughter God. . . .

"Woe is me, I am losing my mind!" Yoineh Meir muttered.

A week before the New Year, there was a rush of slaughtering. All day long, Yoineh Meir stood near a pit, slaughtering hens, roosters, geese, ducks. Women pushed, argued, tried to get to the slaughterer first. Others joked, laughed, bantered. Feathers flew, the yard was full of quacking, gabbling, the screaming of roosters. Now and then a fowl cried out like a human being.

Yoineh Meir was filled with a gripping pain. Until this day he had still hoped that he would get accustomed to slaughtering. But now he knew that if he continued for a hundred years his suffering would not cease. His knees shook. His belly felt distended. His mouth was flooded with bitter fluids. Reitze Doshe and her sisters were also in the yard, talking with the women, wishing each a blessed New Year, and voicing the pious hope that they would meet again next year.

Yoineh Meir feared that he was no longer slaughtering according to the Law. At one moment, a blackness swam before his eyes; at the next, everything turned golden green. He constantly tested



"I don't know, Henry. After all, 'Time,' 'Life,' 'News-week,' and the 'Post' don't seem to think pot's so bad."

the knife blade on the nail of his forefinger to make sure it was not nicked. Every fifteen minutes he had to go to urinate. Mosquitoes bit him. Crows cawed at him from among the branches.

He stood there until sundown, and the pit became filled with blood.

After the evening prayers, Reitze Doshe served Yoineh Meir buckwheat pudding with pot roast. But though he had not tasted any food since morning, he could not eat. His throat felt constricted, there was a lump in his gullet, and he could scarcely swallow the first bite. He recited the Shema of Rabbi Isaac Luria, made his confession, and beat his breast like a man who was mortally sick.

Yoineh Meir thought that he would be unable to sleep that night, but his eyes closed as soon as his head was on the pillow and he had recited the last benediction before sleep. It seemed to him that he was examining a slaughtered cow for impurities, slitting open its belly, tearing out the lungs and blowing them up. What did it mean? For this was usually the butcher's task. The lungs grew larger and larger; they covered the whole table and swelled upward toward the ceiling. Yoineh Meir ceased blowing, but the lobes continued to expand by themselves. The smaller lobe, the one that is called "the thief," shook and fluttered, as if trying to break away. Suddenly a whistling, a coughing, a growling lamentation broke from the windpipe. A dybbuk began to speak, shout, sing, pour out a stream of verses, quotations from the Talmud, passages from the Zohar. The lungs rose up and flew, flapping like wings. Yoineh Meir wanted to escape, but the door was barred by a black bull with red eyes and pointed horns. The bull wheezed and opened a maw full of long teeth.

Yoineh Meir shuddered and woke up. His body was bathed in sweat. His skull felt swollen and filled with sand. His feet lay on the straw pallet, inert as logs. He made an effort and sat up. He put on his robe and went out. The night hung heavy and impenetrable, thick with the darkness of the hour before sunrise. From time to time a gust of air came from somewhere, like a sigh of someone unseen.

A tingling ran down Yoineh Meir's spine, as though someone brushed it with a feather. Something in him wept and mocked. "Well, and what if the rabbi said so?" he spoke to himself. "And even if God Almighty had commanded, what of that? I'll do without rewards in the world to come! I want no Paradise, no Leviathan, no Wild

JOURNEY BACK

Uncertain day in certain winter. The midland counties clodded in November's ruck. At midmorning's latent dark, air the violet of rubbed eyes, it looks too late to begin

back. After a dozen miles of wharf, slate roof on the sag, I glimpse a gruel of hills past railed Victorian schools, black terrace-ends, metallic slag, and feast on a broken oak

harboring crows. Looping wires lead, full of silent voices, home, southward out. If I spoke to my family now, heard noises of their playing, like fires crackling live in the kiosk,

I'd warm no more than the least acre of this loneliness; vastly its landscape swims, lost beyond its minor byroads—land without finish. I press on, making my diamonds

in the tilth of the year's first snow. Headlamps winnow its chaff; the windscreen packs with mooncrust. London, Surrey, and the Weald hush under me. Close enough now to a recognized cold—

this line of poplars I know, branches cordoned like police—guiltily I stop with less than ten easy miles to go and dial my number. My voice seems confident as it says,

It's good to be coming home, look forward to seeing you, having a practiced cadence, habitual, therefore true. And as the last turnings come through the hanger wood, I sense

a relief in familiar landscapes of a solitude rooted here: that will be known season and season beyond this night, this cold and its thrown regattas of foundered snow.

—TED WALKER

Ox! Let them stretch me on a bed of nails. Let them throw me into the Hollow of the Sling. I'll have none of your favors, God! I am no longer afraid of your Judgment! I am a betrayer of Israel, a willful transgressor!" Yoineh Meir cried. "I have more compassion than God Almighty—more, more! He is a cruel God, a Man of War, a God of Vengeance. I will not serve Him. It is an abandoned world!" Yoineh Meir laughed, but tears ran down his cheeks in scalding drops.

Yoineh Meir went to the pantry where he kept his knives, his whetstone, the circumcision knife. He gathered them all and dropped them into the pit of the outhouse. He knew that he was blaspheming, that he was desecrating the holy instruments, that he was mad, but he no longer wished to be sane.

He went outside and began to walk

toward the river, the bridge, the wood. His prayer shawl and phylacteries? He needed none! The parchment was taken from the hide of a cow. The cases of the phylacteries were made of calf's leather. The Torah itself was made of animal skin. "Father in Heaven, Thou art a slaughterer!" a voice cried in Yoineh Meir. "Thou art a slaughterer and the Angel of Death! The whole world is a slaughterhouse!"

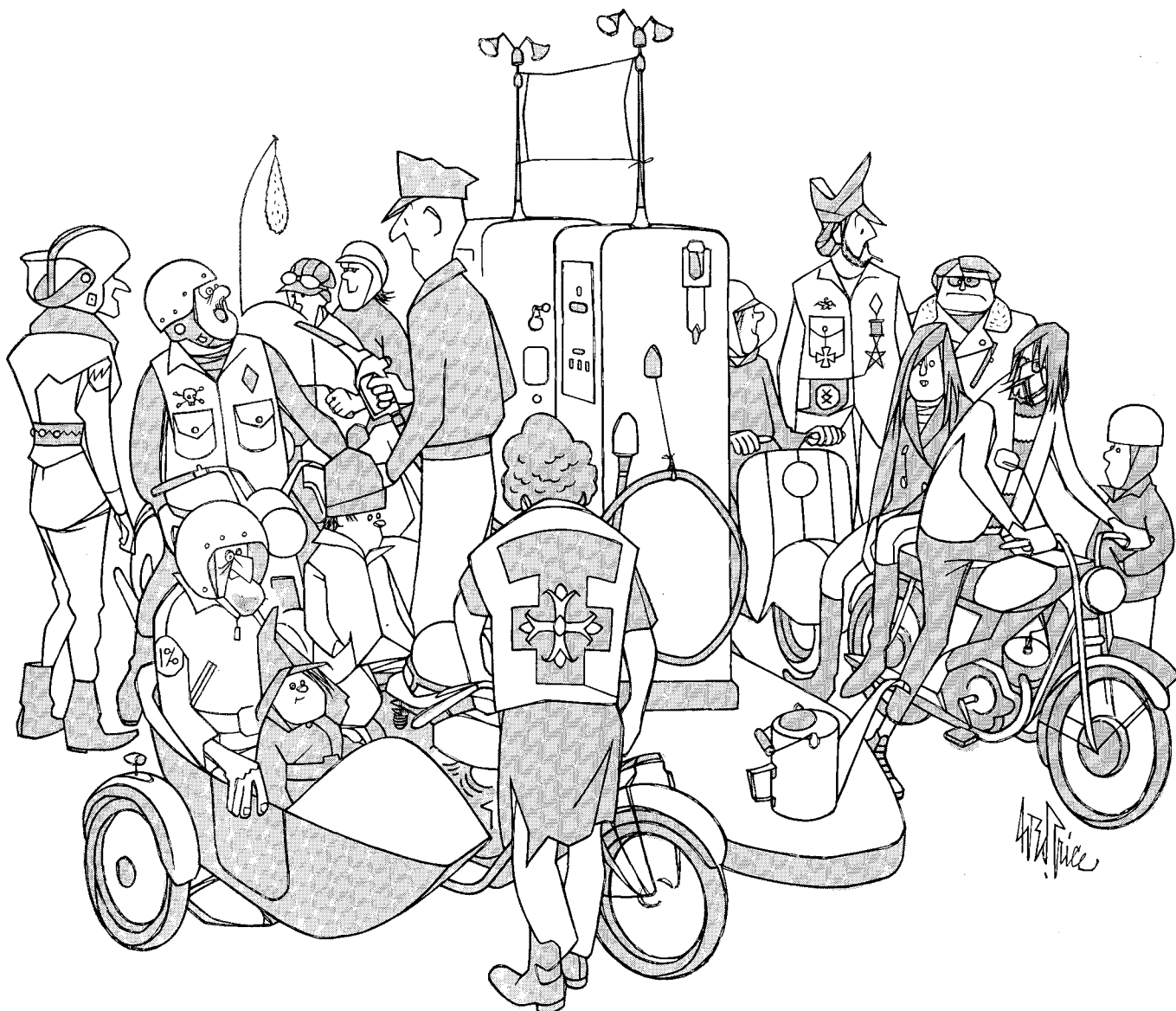
A slipper fell off Yoineh Meir's foot, but he let it lie, striding on in one slipper and one sock. He began to call, shout, sing. I am driving myself out of my mind, he thought. But this is itself a mark of madness. . . .

He had opened a door to his brain, and madness flowed in, flooding everything. From moment to moment, Yoineh Meir grew more rebellious. He threw away his skullcap, grasped his prayer fringes and ripped them off, tore off pieces of his vest. A strength possessed him, the recklessness of one who had cast away all burdens.

Dogs chased him, barking, but he drove them off. Doors were flung open. Men ran out barefoot, with feathers clinging to their skullcaps. Women came out in their petticoats and nightcaps. All of them shouted, tried to bar his way, but Yoineh Meir evaded them.

The sky turned red as blood, and a round skull pushed up out of the bloody





"We figure the family that gets its kicks together sticks together."

sea as out of the womb of a woman in childbirth.

Someone had gone to tell the butchers that Yoineh Meir had lost his mind. They came running with sticks and rope, but Yoineh Meir was already over the bridge and was hurrying across the harvested fields. He ran and vomited. He fell and rose, bruised by the stubble. Shepherds who take the horses out to graze at night mocked him and threw horse dung at him. The cows at pasture ran after him. Bells tolled as for a fire.

Yoineh Meir heard shouts, screams, the stamping of running feet. The earth began to slope and Yoineh Meir rolled downhill. He reached the wood, leaped over tufts of moss, rocks, running brooks. Yoineh Meir knew the truth: this was not the river before him; it was a bloody swamp. Blood ran from the sun, staining the tree trunks. From the branches hung intestines, livers,

kidneys. The forequarters of beasts rose to their feet and sprayed him with gall and slime. Yoineh Meir could not escape. Myriads of cows and fowls encircled him, ready to take revenge for every cut, every wound, every slit gullet, every plucked feather. With bleeding throats, they all chanted, "Everyone may kill, and every killing is permitted."

Yoineh Meir broke into a wail that echoed through the wood in many voices. He raised his fist to Heaven: "Fiend! Murderer! Devouring beast!"

FOR two days the butchers searched for him, but they did not find him. Then Zeinvel, who owned the water mill, arrived in town with the news that Yoineh Meir's body had turned up in the river by the dam. He had drowned.

The members of the burial society immediately went to bring the corpse.

There were many witnesses to testify that Yoineh Meir had behaved like a madman, and the rabbi ruled that the deceased was not a suicide. The body of the dead man was cleansed and given burial near the graves of his father and his grandfather. The rabbi himself delivered the eulogy.

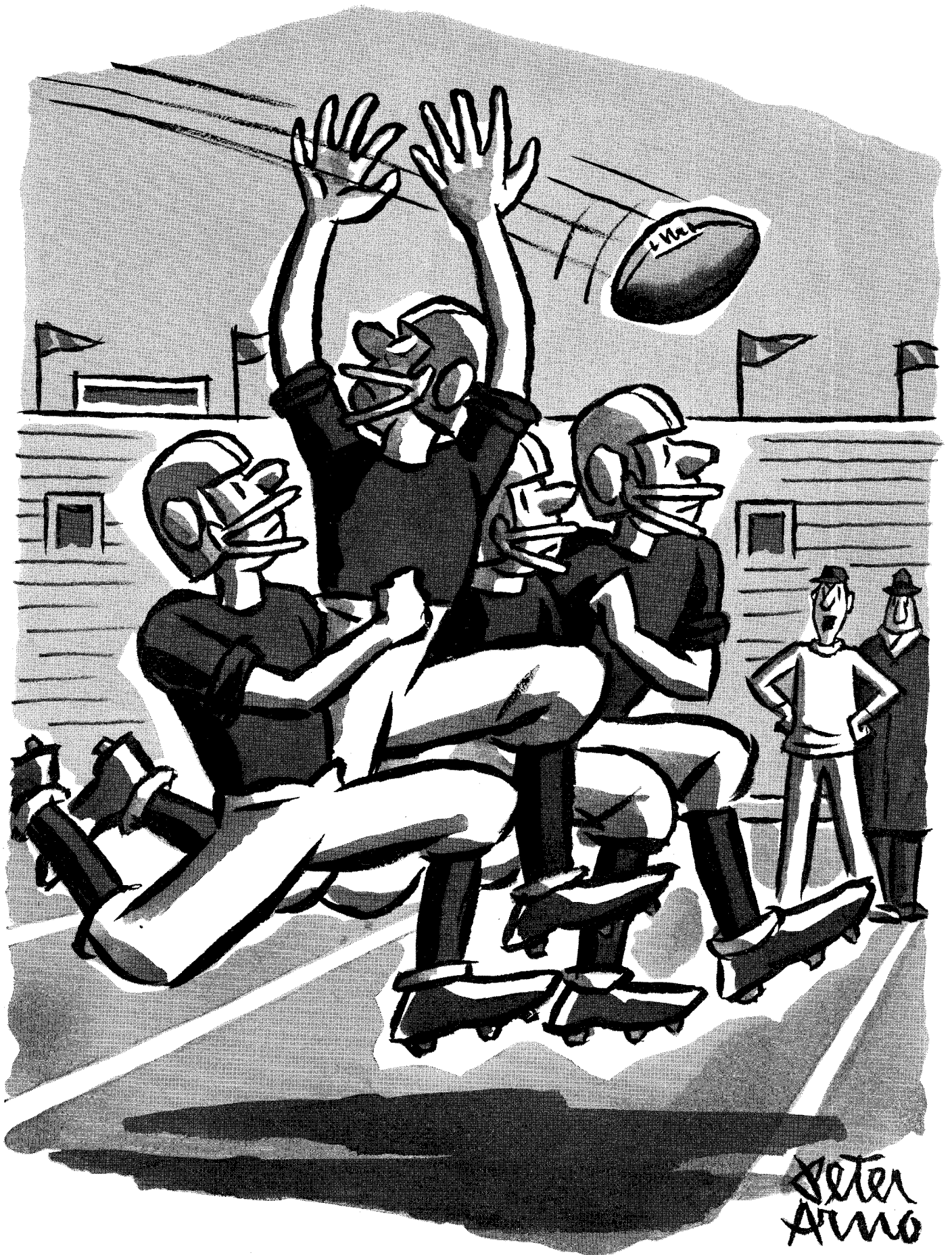
Because it was the holiday season and there was danger that Kolomir might remain without meat, the community hastily dispatched two messengers to bring a new slaughterer.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated by Mirra Ginsburg)

PITTSBURGH (AP)—Roberto Clemente, joining an elite group by winning his fourth batting title, says the .967 season was his greatest year—and his biggest disappointment, too.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Daily Intelligencer Journal*.

Some guys are never satisfied.



"There they go, the Four Horsemen—Famine, Pestilence, Death, and Butterfingers."

called Hog Wallow. There are twenty-five people in Hog Wallow. Some of them describe it, without any apparent intention to be clever, as a suburb of Jenkins, a town three miles away, which has forty-five people. One resident of Hog Wallow is Frederick Chambers Brown. I met him one summer morning when I stopped at his house to ask for water.

FRED BROWN's house is on an unpaved road that curves along the edge of a wide cranberry bog. What attracted me to it was the pump that stands in his yard. It was something of a wonder that I noticed the pump, because there were, among other things, eight automobiles in the yard, two of them on their sides and one of them upside down, all ten years old or older. Around the cars were old refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, partly dismantled radios, cathode-ray tubes, a short wooden ski, a large wooden mallet, dozens of cranberry picker's boxes, many tires, an orange crate dated 1946, a cord or so of firewood, mandolins, engine heads, and maybe a thousand other things. The house itself, two stories high, was covered with tarpaper that was peeling away in some places, revealing its original shingles, made of Atlantic white cedar from the stream courses of the surrounding forest. I called out to ask if anyone was home, and a voice inside called back, "Come in. Come in. Come on the hell in."

I walked through a vestibule that had a dirt floor, stepped up into a kitchen, and went on into another room that had several overstuffed chairs in it and a porcelain-topped table, where Fred Brown was seated, eating a pork chop. He was dressed in a white sleeveless shirt, ankle-top shoes, and undershorts. He gave me a cheerful greeting and, without asking why I had come or what I wanted, picked up a pair of khaki trousers

that had been tossed onto one of the overstuffed chairs and asked me to sit down. He set the trousers on another chair, and he apologized for being in the middle of his breakfast, explaining that he seldom drank much but the night before he had had a few drinks and this had caused his day to start slowly. "I don't know what's the matter with me, but there's got to be something the matter with me, because drink don't agree with me anymore," he said. He had a raw onion in one hand, and while he talked he shaved slices from the onion and ate them between bites of the chop. He was a muscular and well-built man, with short, bristly white hair, and he had bright, fast-moving eyes in a wide-open face. His legs were trim and strong, with large muscles in the calves. I guessed that he was about sixty, and for a man of sixty he seemed to be in remarkably good shape. He was actually seventy-nine. "My rule is: Never eat except when you're hungry," he said, and he ate another slice of the onion.

In a straight-backed chair near the doorway to the kitchen sat a young man with long black hair, who wore

a visored red leather cap that had darkened with age. His shirt was coarse-woven and had eyelets down a V neck that was laced with a thong. His trousers were made of canvas, and he was wearing gum boots. His arms were folded, his legs were stretched out, he had one ankle over the other, and as he sat there he appeared to be sighting carefully past his feet, as if his toes were the outer frame of a gunsight and he could see some sort of target in the floor. When I had entered, I had said hello to him, and he had nodded without looking up. He had a long, straight nose and high cheekbones, in a deeply tanned face that was, somehow, gaunt. I had no idea whether he was shy or hostile. Eventually, when I came to know him, I found him to be as shy a person as I have ever had a chance to know. His name is Bill Wasowich, and he lives alone in a cabin about half a mile from Fred. First his father, then his mother left him when he was a young boy, and he grew up depending on the help of various people in the pines. One of them, a cranberry grower, employs him and has given him some acreage,

in which Bill is building a small cranberry bog of his own, "turfig it out" by hand. When he is not working in the bogs, he goes roaming, as he puts it, setting out cross-country on long, looping journeys, hiking about thirty miles in a typical day, in search of what he calls "events"—surprising a buck, or a gray fox, or perhaps a poacher or a man with a still. Almost no one who is not native to the pines could do this, for the woods have an undulating sameness, and the understory—huckleberries, sheep laurel, sweet fern, high-bush blueberry—is often so dense that a wanderer can walk in a fairly tight circle and think that he is moving in a straight line. State forest rangers spend a good part of their time finding hikers and hunters, some of whom have vanished for days. In his long, pathless



"I'm getting damn fed up with those birthday parties of Methuselah's!"

Royal Secret

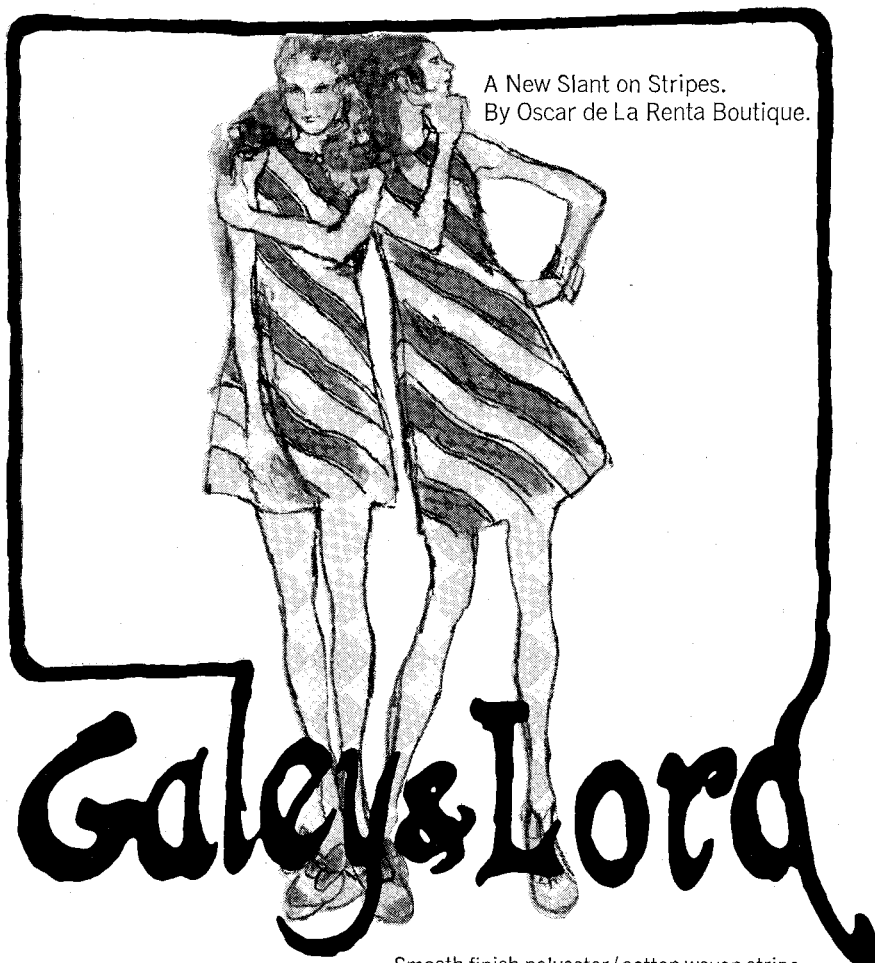
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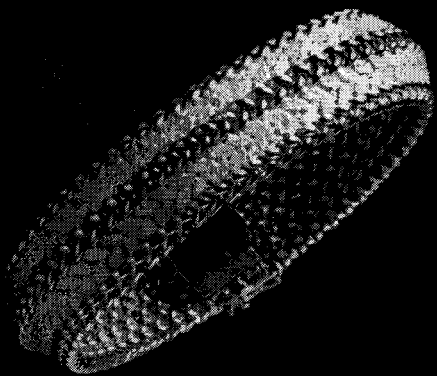
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journeys, Bill always emerges from the woods near his cabin—and about when he plans to. In the fall, when thousands of hunters come into the pines, he sometimes works as a guide. In the evenings, or in the daytime when he is not working or roaming, he goes to Fred Brown's house and sits there for hours. The old man is a widower whose seven children are long since gone from Hog Wallow, and he is as expansively talkative and worldly as the young one is withdrawn and wild. Although there are fifty-three years between their ages, it is obviously fortunate for each of them to be the other's neighbor.

That first morning, while Bill went on looking at his outstretched toes, Fred got up from the table, put on his pants, and said he was going to cook me a pork chop, because I looked hungry and ought to eat something. It was about noon, and I was even hungrier than I may have looked, so I gratefully accepted his offer, which was a considerable one. There are two or three small general stores in the pines, but for anything as fragile as a fresh pork chop it is necessary to make a round trip from Fred's place of about fifty miles. Fred went into the kitchen and dropped a chop into a frying pan that was crackling with hot grease. He has a fairly new four-burner stove that uses bottled gas. He keeps water in a large bowl on a table in the kitchen and ladles some when he wants it. While he cooked the meat, he looked out a window through a stand of pitch pines and into the cranberry bog. "I saw a big buck out here last night with velvet on his horns," he said. "Them horns is soft when they're in velvet." On a nail high on one wall of the room that Bill and I were sitting in was a large meat cleaver. Next to it was a billy club. The wall itself was papered in a flower pattern, and the wallpaper continued out across the ceiling and down the three other walls, lending the room something of the appearance of the inside of a gift box. In some parts of the ceiling, the paper had come loose. "I didn't paper this year," Fred said. "For the last couple months, I've had sinus." The floor was covered with old rugs. They had been put down in random pieces, and in some places as many as six layers were stacked up. In winter, when the temperature approaches zero, the worst cold comes through the floor. The only source of heat in the house is a wood-burning stove in the main room. There were seven calendars on the walls, all current and none with pictures of nudes. Fading into pastel on one wall was a rotogravure photograph

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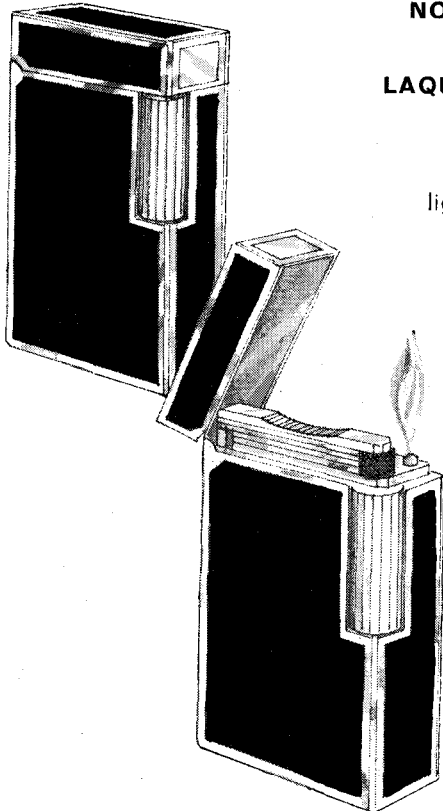
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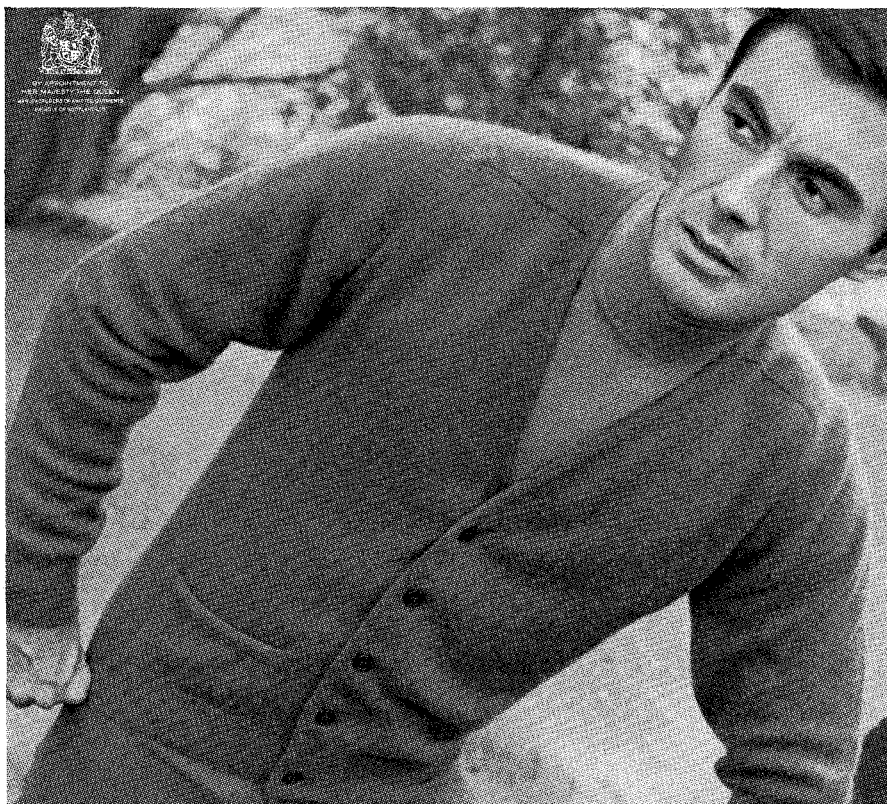
Noticing my interest in all this, Fred reached into a drawer and showed me what appeared to be a postcard. On it was a photograph of a woman, and Fred said with a straight face that she was his present girl, adding that he meets her regularly under a juniper tree on a road farther south in the pines. The woman, whose appearance suggested strongly that she had never been within a great many miles of the Pine Barrens, was wearing nothing at all.

I asked Fred what all those cars were doing in his yard, and he said that one of them was in running condition and the rest were its predecessors. The working vehicle was a 1956 Mercury. Each of the seven others had at one time or another been his best car, and each, in turn, had lain down like a sick animal and had died right there in the yard, unless it had been towed home after a mishap elsewhere in the pines. Fred recited, with affection, the history of each car. Of one old Ford, for example, he said, "I upset that up to Speedwell in the creek." And of an even older car, a station wagon, he said, "I busted that one up in the snow. I met a car on a little hill, and hit the brake, and hit a tree." One of the cars had met its end at a narrow bridge about four miles from Hog Wallow, where Fred had hit a state trooper, head on.

The pork was delicious and almost crisp. Fred gave me a potato with it, and a pitcher of melted grease from the frying pan to pour over the potato. He also handed me a loaf of bread and a dish of margarine, saying, "Here's your bread. You can have one piece or two. Whatever you want."

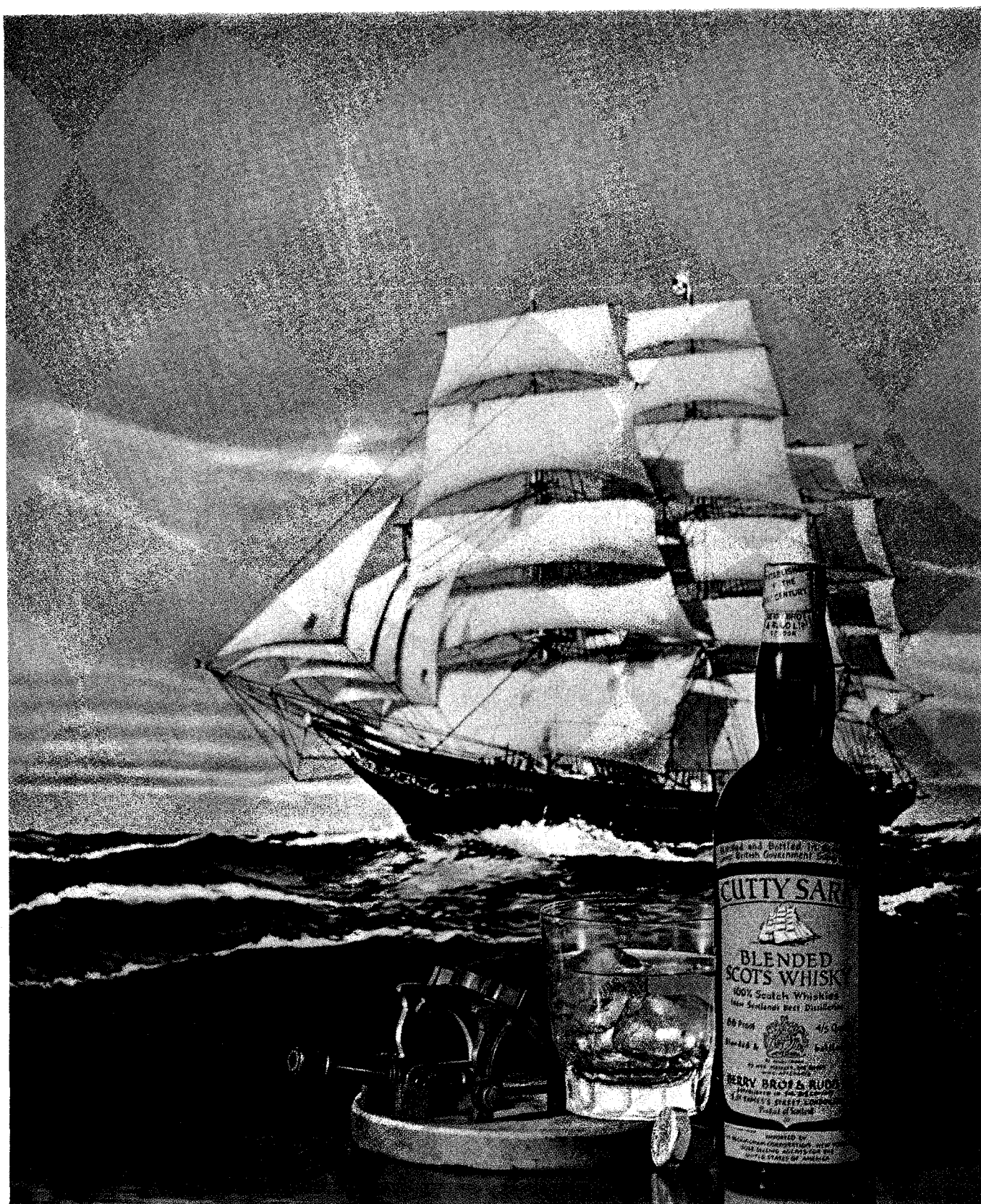
Fred apologized for not having a phone, after I asked where I would have to go to make a call, later on. He said, "I don't have no phone because I don't have no electric. If I had electric, I would have had a phone in here a long time ago." He uses a kerosene lamp, a propane lamp, and two flashlights.

He asked where I was going, and I said that I had no particular destination, explaining that I was in the pines because I found it hard to believe that so much unbroken forest could still exist so near the big Eastern cities, and I wanted to see it while it was still there. "Is that so?" he said, three times. Like



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many people in the pines, he often says things three times. "Is that so? Is *that* so?"

I asked him what he thought of a plan that has been developed by Burlington and Ocean Counties to create a supersonic jetport in the pines, connected by a spur of the Garden State Parkway to a new city of two hundred and fifty thousand people, also in the pines.

"They've been talking about that for three years, and they've never give up," Fred said.

"It'd be the end of these woods," Bill said. This was the first time I heard Bill speak. I had been there for an hour, and he had not said a word. Without looking up, he said again, "It'd be the end of these woods, I can tell you that."

Fred said, "They could build ten jetports around me. I wouldn't give a damn."

"You ain't going to be around very long," Bill said to him. "It would be the end of these woods."

Fred took that as a fact, and not as an insult. "Yes, it would be the end of these woods," he said. "But there'd be people here you could do business with."

Bill said, "There ain't no place like this left in the country, I don't believe—and I travelled around a little bit, too."

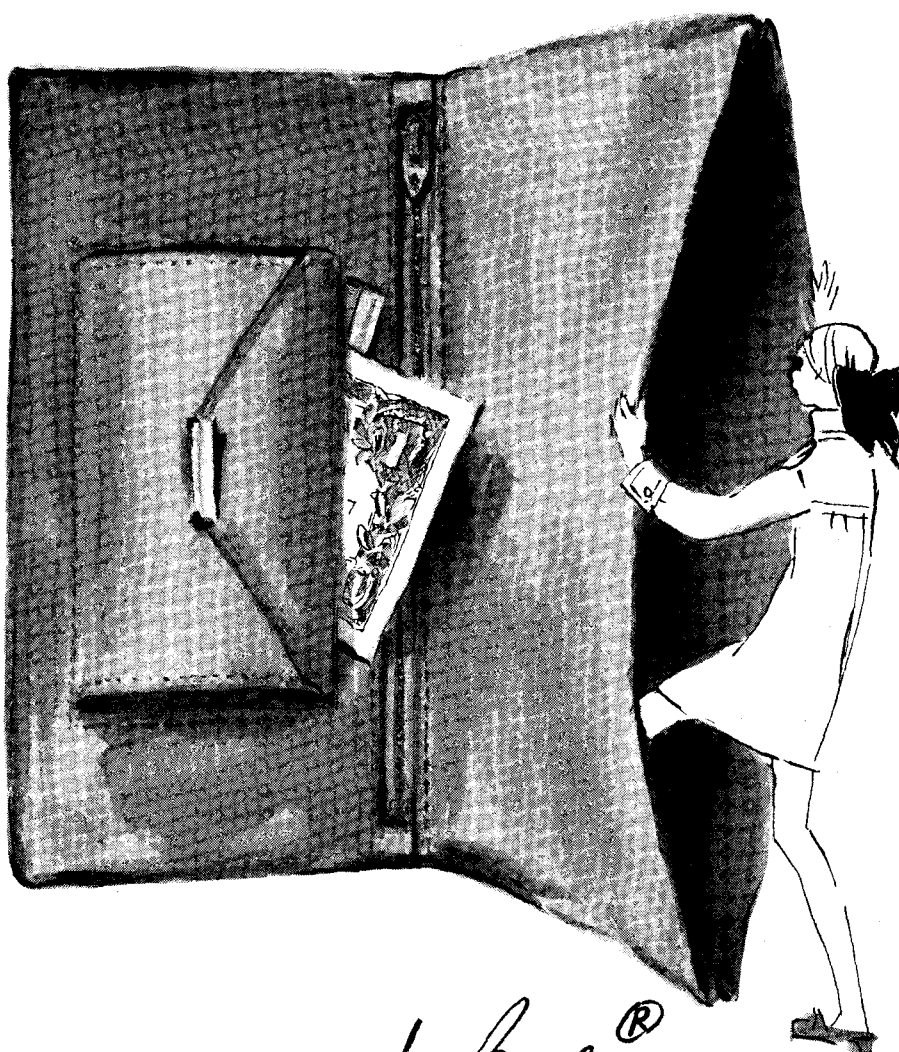
Eventually, I made the request I had intended to make when I walked in the door. "Could I have some water?" I said to Fred. "I have a jerry can and I'd like to fill it at the pump."

"Hell, yes," he said. "That isn't my water. That's God's water. That's God's water. That right, Bill?"

"I guess so," Bill said, without looking up. "It's good water, I can tell you that."

"That's God's water," Fred said again. "Take all you want."

OUTSIDE, on the pump housing, was a bright-blue coffee tin full of priming water. I primed the pump and, before filling the jerry can, cupped my hands and drank. The water of the Pine Barrens is soft and pure, and there is so much of it that, like the forest above it, it is an incongruity in place and time. In the sand under the pines is a natural reservoir of pure water that, in volume, is the equivalent of a lake seventy-five feet deep with a surface of a thousand square miles. If all the impounding reservoirs, storage reservoirs, and distribution reservoirs in



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the New York City water system were filled to capacity—from Neversink and Schoharie to the Croton basin and Central Park—the Pine Barrens aquifer would still contain thirty times as much water. So little of this water is used that it can be said to be untapped. Its constant temperature is fifty-four degrees, and, in the language of a hydrological report on the Pine Barrens prepared in 1966 for the United States Geological Survey, "it can be expected to be bacterially sterile, odorless, clear; its chemical purity approaches that of uncontaminated rain-water or melted glacier ice."

In the United States as a whole, only about thirty per cent of the rainfall gets into the ground; the rest is lost to surface runoff or to evaporation, transpiration from leaves, and similar interceptors. In the Pine Barrens, fully half of all precipitation makes its way into the great aquifer, for, as the government report put it, "the loose, sandy soil can imbibe as much as six inches of water per hour." The Pine Barrens rank as one of the greatest natural recharging areas in the world. Thus, the City of New York, say, could take all its daily water requirements out of the pines without fear of diminishing the basic supply. New Jersey could sell the Pine Barrens' "annual ground-water discharge"—the part that at the moment is running off into the Atlantic Ocean—for about two hundred million dollars a year. However, New Jersey does not sell a drop, in part because the state has its own future needs to consider. In the eighteen-seventies, Joseph Wharton, the Philadelphia mineralogist and financier for whom the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania is named, recognized the enormous potentiality of the Pine Barrens as a source of water for Philadelphia, and between 1876 and 1890 he gradually acquired nearly a hundred thousand contiguous acres of Pine Barrens land. Wharton's plan called for thirty-three shallow reservoirs in the pines, connected by a network of canals to one stupendous reservoir in Camden, from which an aqueduct would go under the Delaware River and into Philadelphia, where the pure waters of New Jersey would emerge from every tap, replacing a water supply that has been described as "dirty, bacterial soup." Wharton's plan was never executed, mainly because the New Jersey legislature drew itself together and passed prohibiting legislation. Wharton died in 1909. The Wharton Tract, as his immense New Jersey landholding



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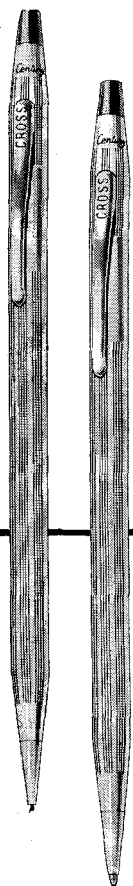
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was called, has remained undeveloped. It was considered as a site for the United States Air Force Academy. The state was slow in acquiring it in the public interest, but at last did so in 1955, and the whole of it is now Wharton State Forest.

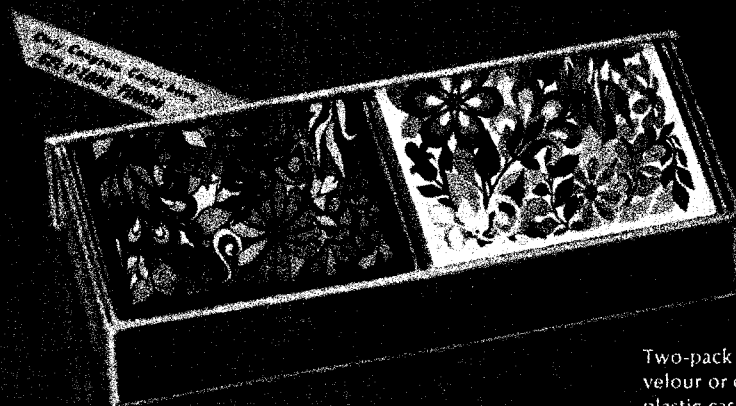
All the major river systems in the United States are polluted, and so are most of the minor ones, but all the small rivers and streams in the Pine Barrens are potable. The pinelands have their own divide. The Pine Barrens rivers rise in the pines. Some flow west to the Delaware; most flow south-east directly into the sea. There are no through-flowing streams in the pines—no waters coming in from cities and towns on higher ground, as is the case almost everywhere else on the Atlantic coastal plain. I have spent many week-ends on canoe trips in the Pine Barrens—on the Wading River, the Oswego, the Batsto, the Mullica. There is no white water in any of these rivers, but they move along fairly rapidly; they are so tortuous that every hundred yards or so brings a new scene—often one that is reminiscent of canoeing country in the northern states and in Canada. Even on bright days, the rivers can be dark and almost sunless under stands of white cedar, and then, all in a moment, they run into brilliant sunshine where the banks rise higher and the forest of oak and pine is less dense. One indication of the size of the water resource below the Pine Barrens is that the streams keep flowing without great declines in volume even in prolonged times of drought. When streams in other parts of New Jersey were reduced to near or total dryness in recent years, the rivers in the pines were virtually unaffected. The characteristic color of the water in the streams is the color of tea—a phenomenon, often called “cedar water,” that is familiar in the Adirondacks, as in many other places where tannins and other organic waste from riparian cedar trees combine with iron from the ground water to give the rivers a deep color. In summer, the cedar water is ordinarily so dark that the riverbeds are obscured, and while drifting along one has a feeling of being afloat on a river of fast-moving potable ink. For a few days after a long rain, however, the water is almost colorless. At these times, one can look down into it from a canoe and see the white sand bottom, ten or twelve feet below, and it is as clear as an image in the lens of a camera, with sunken timbers now and again coming into view and receding rapidly, at the speed of the

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river. Every strand of subsurface grass and every contour of the bottom sand is so sharply defined that the deep water above it seems, and is, irresistibly pure. Sea captains once took the cedar water of the Pine Barrens rivers with them on voyages, because cedar water would remain sweet and potable longer than any other water they could find.

According to the government report, "The Pine Barrens have no equal in the northeastern United States not only for magnitude of water in storage and availability of recharge, but also for the ease and economy with which a large volume of water could be withdrawn." Typically, a pipe less than two inches in diameter driven thirty feet into the ground will produce fifty-five gallons a minute, and a twelve-inch pipe could bring up a million gallons a day. But, with all this, the vulnerability of the Pine Barrens aquifer is disturbing to contemplate. The water table is shallow in the pines, and the aquifer is extremely sensitive to contamination. The sand soil, which is so superior as a catcher of rain, is not good at filtering out or immobilizing wastes. Pollutants, if they happen to get into the water, can travel long distances. Industry or even extensive residential development in the central pinelands could spread contaminants widely through the underground reservoir.

When I had finished filling the jerry can from Fred Brown's pump, I took another drink, and I said to him, "You're lucky to live over such good water."

"You're telling me," he said. "You can put this water in a jug and put it away for a year and it will still be the same. Water from outside of these woods would stink. Outside of these woods, some water stinks when you pump it out of the ground. The people that has dug deep around here claims that there are streams of water under this earth that runs all the time."

IN the weeks that followed, I stopped in many times to see Fred, and saw nearly as much of Bill. They rode with me through the woods, in my car, for five and six hours at a time. In the evenings, we returned to Fred's place with food from some peripheral town. It is possible to cross the pines on half a dozen state or federal roads, but very little of interest is visible from them. Several county roads—old crown roads with uneven macadam surfaces—connect the pine communities, but it is necessary to get off the paved roads altogether in order to see much of the forest. The areas are spacious—fifty,

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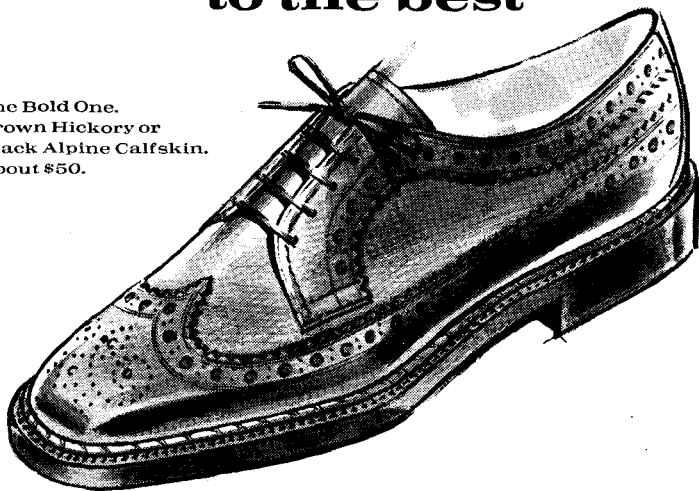
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sixty, and seventy-five thousand acres—through which run no paved roads of any kind. There are many hundreds of miles of unpaved roads through the pines—two tracks in the sand, with underbrush growing up between them. Hunters use them, and foresters, fire-fighters, and woodcutters. A number of these sand roads have been there, and have remained unchanged, since before the American Revolution. They developed, for the most part, as Colonial stage routes, trails to charcoal pits, pulpwood-and-lumber roads, and connecting roads between communities that have disappeared from the world. In a place called Washington, five of these roads converge in the forest, as if from star points, and they suggest the former importance of Washington, but all that is left of the town is a single fragment of a stone structure. The sand roads are marked on topographic maps with parallel dotted lines, and driving on them can be something of a sport. It is possible to drive all day on the sand roads, and more than halfway across the state, but most people need to stop fairly often to study the topographic maps, for the roads sometimes come together in fantastic ganglia, and even when they are straight and apparently uncomplicated they constantly fork, presenting unclear choices between the main chance and culs-de-sac, of which there are many hundreds. No matter where we were—far up near Mt. Misery, in the northern part of the pines, or over in the western extremities of the Wharton Tract, or down in the southeast, near the Bass River—Fred kept calling out directions. He always knew exactly where he was going. Fred was nearly forty when the first paved roads were built in the pines. Once, not far from the Godfrey Bridge on the Wading River, he said, "Look at these big pines. You would never think that I was as old as these big pines, would you? I seen all of these big pines grow. I remember this when it was all cut down for charcoal." A short distance away, he pointed into a high stand of pitch pines and scarlet oaks, and he said, "That's the old Joe Holloway field. Holloway had a water-powered sawmill." In another part of the woods, we passed a small bald area, and he said, "That's the Dan Dillett field, where Dan made charcoal." As the car kept moving, bouncing in the undulations of the sand and scraping against blueberry bushes and scrub-oak boughs, Fred kept narrating, picking fragments of the past out of the forest, in moments separated by miles: "Right here in this



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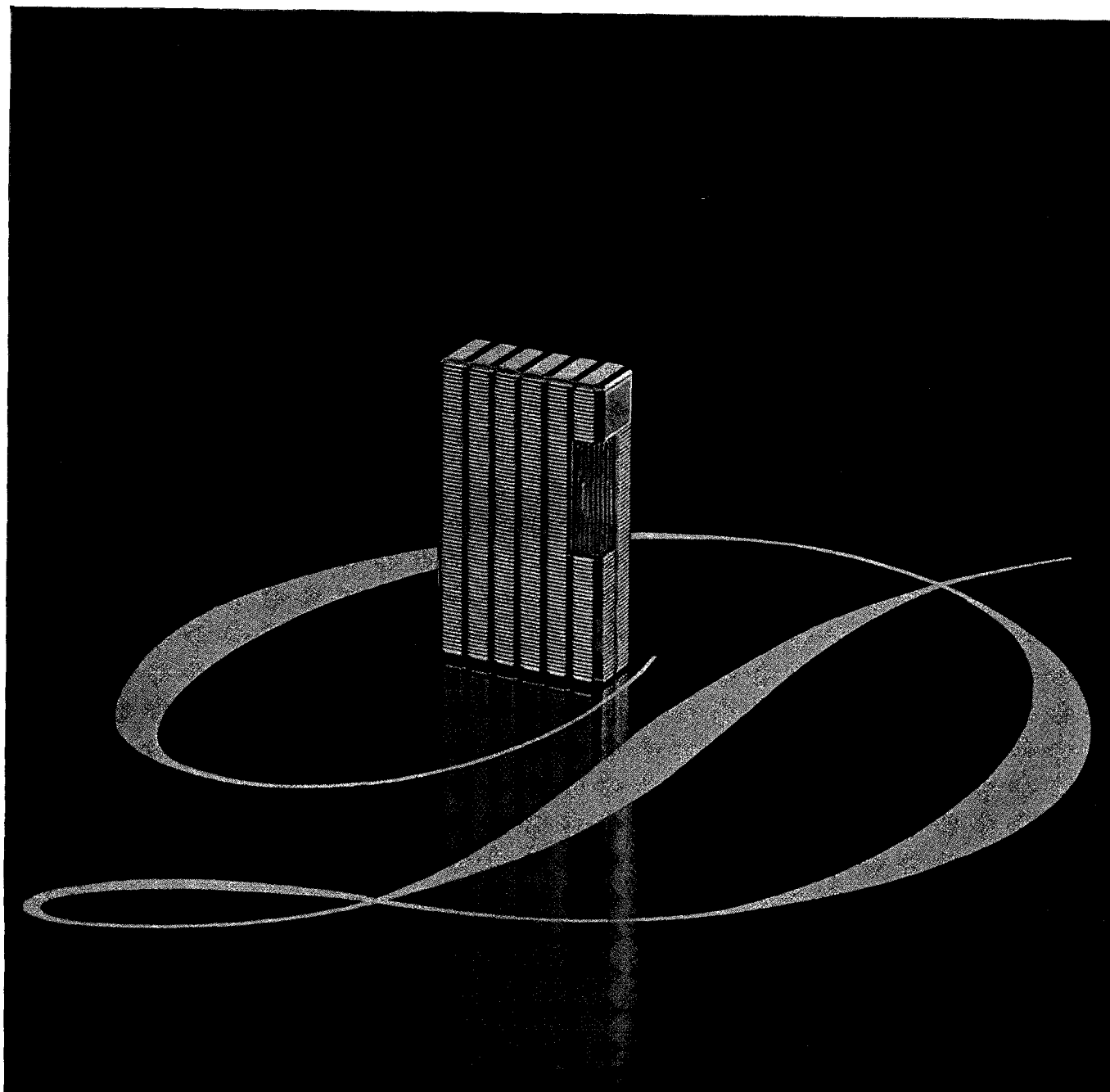
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piece of woods is more rattlesnakes than anyplace else in the State of New Jersey. They had a sawmill in there. They used to kill three or four rattlesnakes when they was watering their horses at noon. Rattlesnakes like water. . . . See that fire tower over there? The man in that tower—you take him fifty yards away from that tower and he's lost. He don't know the woods. He don't know the woods. He don't know the woods. He don't know nothing. He can't even fry a hamburger. . . . I've gunned this part of the woods since I was ten years old. I know every foot of it here. . . . Apple Pie Hill is a thunderstriking high hill. You don't realize how high until you get up here. It's the long slope of a hill that makes a high one. . . . See that open spot in there? A group of girls used to keep a house in there. It was called Noah's Ark. . . . I worked this piece of cedar off here. . . . I worked this bog for Joe Wharton once. My father used to work for Joe Wharton, too. He used to come and stay two or three weeks to a time with my father. Joe Wharton was a little, dried-up, dark-skinned, humpbacked man. To tell you the truth, he looked like an Eye-talian. He was the nicest man you ever seen. That is, if you didn't lie to him. He was quiet. He didn't smile very often. I don't know as I ever heard him laugh out loud. . . . These are the Hocken Lowlands." The Hocken Lowlands surround the headwaters of Tulpehocken Creek, about five miles northwest of Hog Wallow, and are not identified on maps, not even on the large-scale topographic maps. As we moved along, Fred had a name for almost every rise and dip in the land. "This is Sandy Ridge," he said. "That road once went in to a bog. Houses were there. Now there's nothing there. . . . This is Bony's Hole. A man named Bony used to water his horse here." Every so often, Fred would reach into his pocket and touch up his day with a minimal sip from a half pint of whiskey. He merely touched the bottle to his lips, then put it away. He did this at irregular intervals, and one day, when he had a new half pint, he took more than five hours to reduce the level of the whiskey from the neck to the shoulders of the bottle. At an intersection of two sand roads in the Wharton Tract, he pointed to a depression in the ground and said, "That hole in the ground was the cellar of an old jug tavern. That cellar was where they kept the jugs. There was a town here called Mount. That tavern is where my grandpop got drunk the last time he



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got drunk in his life. Grandmother went up to get him. When she came in, he said, 'Mary, what are you doing here?' He was so ashamed to see her there—and his daughter with her. He left a jug of whiskey right on the table, and his wife took one of his hands and his daughter the other and they led him out of there and past Washington Field and home to Jenkins Neck. He lived fifty years. He lived fifty years, and grew cranberries. He lived fifty years more, and he was never drunk again."

One evening, when it was almost dark and we were about five miles from Fred's place, he told me to stop, and he said, "See that upland red cedar? I helped set that out." Red cedar is not native in the Pine Barrens, and this one stood alone among the taller oaks and pines, in a part of the forest that seemed particularly remote. "I went to school there, by that red cedar," Fred said. "There was twenty-five of us in the school. We all walked. We wore leather boots in the winter that got soaked through and your feet froze. When you got home, you had to pull off your boots on a bootjack. In the summer, when I was a boy, if you wanted to go anywhere you rolled up your pantlegs, put your shoes on your shoulder, and you walked wherever you was going. The pigs and cows was everywhere. There was wild bulls, wild cows, wild boars. That's how Hog Wallow got its name. They call them the good old days. What do you think of that, Bill?"

"I wish I was back there, I can tell you that," Bill said.

DRIVING along a sand road between the vanished town of Calico and the vanished town of Munion Field, we passed a house that was so many miles from any other house that Fred said, with evident admiration, "He got well in away from everybody, didn't he? He got well in away from everybody." Fred made a similar remark every time we passed a house or cabin that was particularly deep and alone in the woods. Getting—or staying—away from everybody is a criterion that apparently continues to mean as much to many of the people in the pines as it did to some of their forebears who first settled there. Tories, for example, fled into the pines during the American Revolution. People with names like Britton and Brower, loyal to the King, and sometimes covered with feathers and tar, left their homes in Colonial cities and took refuge in the Pine Barrens. Also during the eight-

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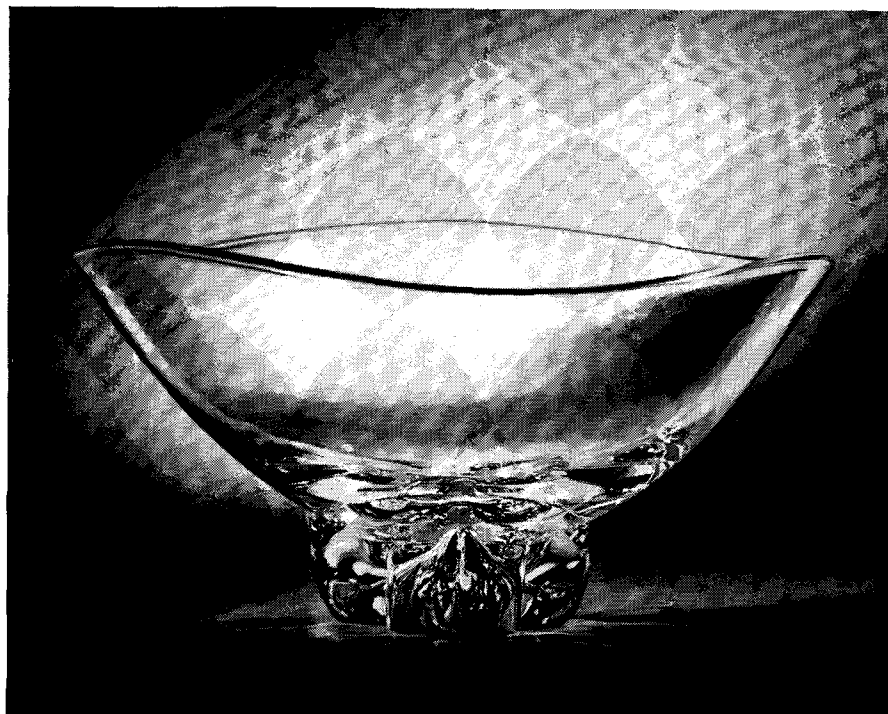
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eenth century, when the farmlands of western New Jersey were heavily populated with Quakers, the Pine Barrens served as a catch basin for Quakers who could not live up to the standards of the Quaker code. A Quaker named Ridgway, for example, brought before a Quaker grand jury in west Jersey and found guilty of working on the Sabbath, was exiled to the pines, where Ridgways live in numbers today. Many young Quakers "went against the testimony" by fighting in the Revolutionary War, and when they came home after Yorktown they found that they were no longer welcome, so they built themselves cabins in the pines. Bozarth, Sooy, and Clevenger are German names that are more common in the pines than Smith. After the British defeats at Trenton and Princeton, Hessian soldiers deserted the British Army in considerable numbers, and some of them went into the Pine Barrens. Of all the stories of the origins of people in the pines, the one of the Hessian soldiers seems to have achieved the largest circulation elsewhere in New Jersey. Some New Jersey people who do not live in the Pine Barrens assume that everyone in the woods is a Hessian descendant, and the term "Hessians" is often used in reference to all the people of the region. French Huguenots first settled Mt. Misery (Miséricorde). Some Negroes fled from slavery into the pines, but the Negro population there has always been close to nil. A Negro named James Still, who was born in the Pine Barrens in 1812, educated himself in medical botany, became known as the Doctor of the Pines, and eventually wrote an autobiography, which was published by J. B. Lippincott in 1877. Dr. Still treated piles with sassafras roots, and he made a "cough balsam" using the roots of spikenard and skunk cabbage. He treated hypochondria, on the other hand, with wit and wisdom, and thereby effected "cures" where many physicians failed. Of one such case, in which he had been called in to replace another doctor, Still wrote, "The doctor treated the case in a scientific manner, without success. I treated it according to the laws of nature." Among medical men in south-central New Jersey, Still was known as Black Jim. American Indians had almost no interest in the pinelands when the whole of the country was theirs, but in the seventeen-fifties they, too, sought asylum in the woods. At an interracial conference that followed a massacre in west Jersey, the tribesmen asked for land they could call



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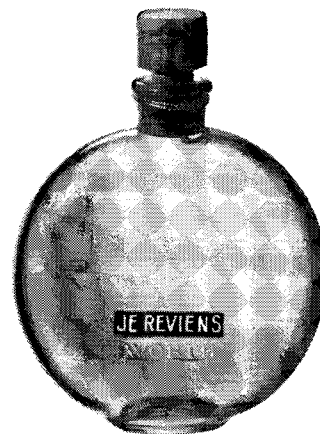
their own, and they were given 3,258 acres in the Pine Barrens, where there had never been an Indian settlement of any size or duration. The place was called Brotherton, and was the first Indian reservation in North America. The Indians tried to make it work. They dammed a stream and set up a sawmill and a gristmill, but disease and poverty were the main results of the experiment, and in 1802 most of the Indians went off to northern New York and eventually to Indian Territory. Numerous people in the Pine Barrens today are descended, in part, from Indians who remained. A few are full-blooded, or something close to it. George Crummel, a charcoal-maker who lived in Jenkins Neck and died there in 1964, was the great-grandson of Isaac Cromo, a chief of the Leni Lenape. On the site of the Brotherton reservation is a hamlet called Indian Mills.

The Pine Barrens have been something besides a place of retreat, however. Isolation was not the goal of most of the early Englishmen, Welshmen, and Scots, who arrived, in large part, via New England, and whose names remain—Applegate, Wescoat, Jenkins, Brown, Cranmer (now Crammer or Cramer as well as Cranmer, a prodigious family that traces itself to Thomas Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury), Bartlett, Leek, Leeds, Southwick, Wainwright. One thing that attracted people to the pines was good money in smuggling—a respectable business in Colonial America. The Pine Barrens were a smuggler's El Dorado, for all that wilderness so close to New York and Philadelphia was extraordinary even two hundred years ago, and through the inlets from the sea up the Pine Barrens rivers went hundreds of thousands of tons of sugar, molasses, tea, and coffee, while ships of the Royal Navy patrolled the roadsteads of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Cargoes were transferred to wagons and sent inland over the sand roads, often moving by night. One of the earliest of the merchant smugglers was John Mathis, whose contemporaries always called him Great John. His descendants are spread across the pine belt today. He sent lumber from the Pine Barrens to islands in the Caribbean, and when the ships came back he smuggled in his fortune in rum.

There was also iron in the pine-lands. Most of the now vanished towns in the pines were iron towns—small, precursive Pittsburghs, in every part of the forest, where fine grades of pig and wrought iron were made. One of the



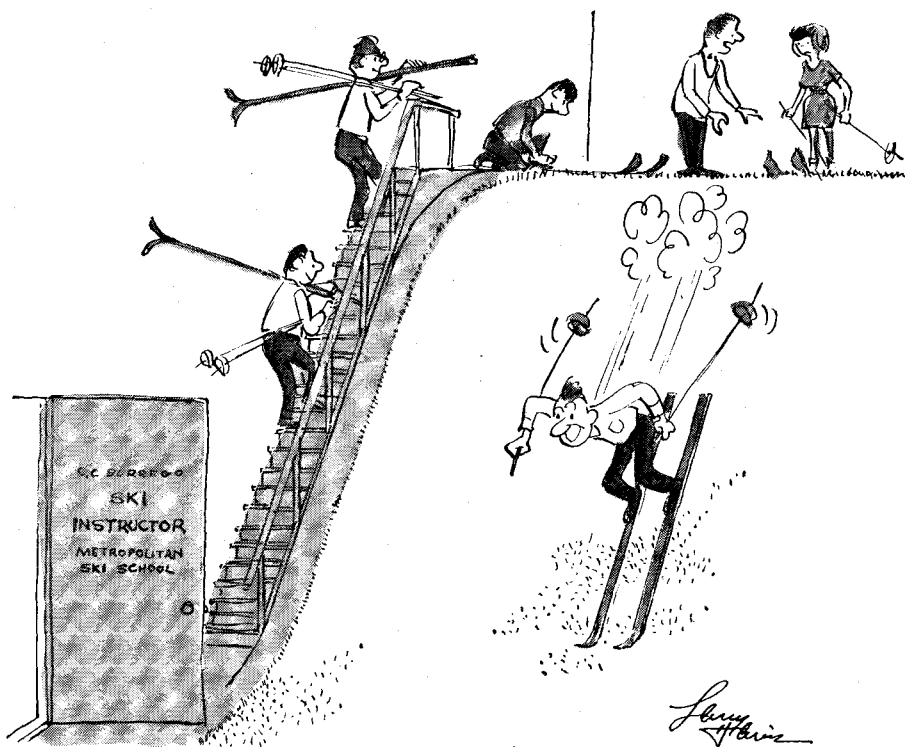
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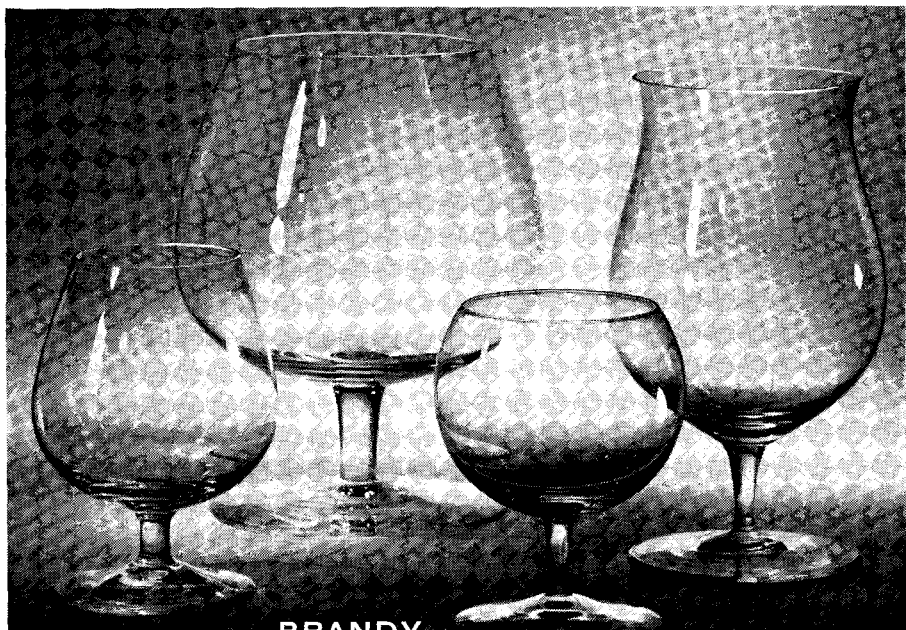
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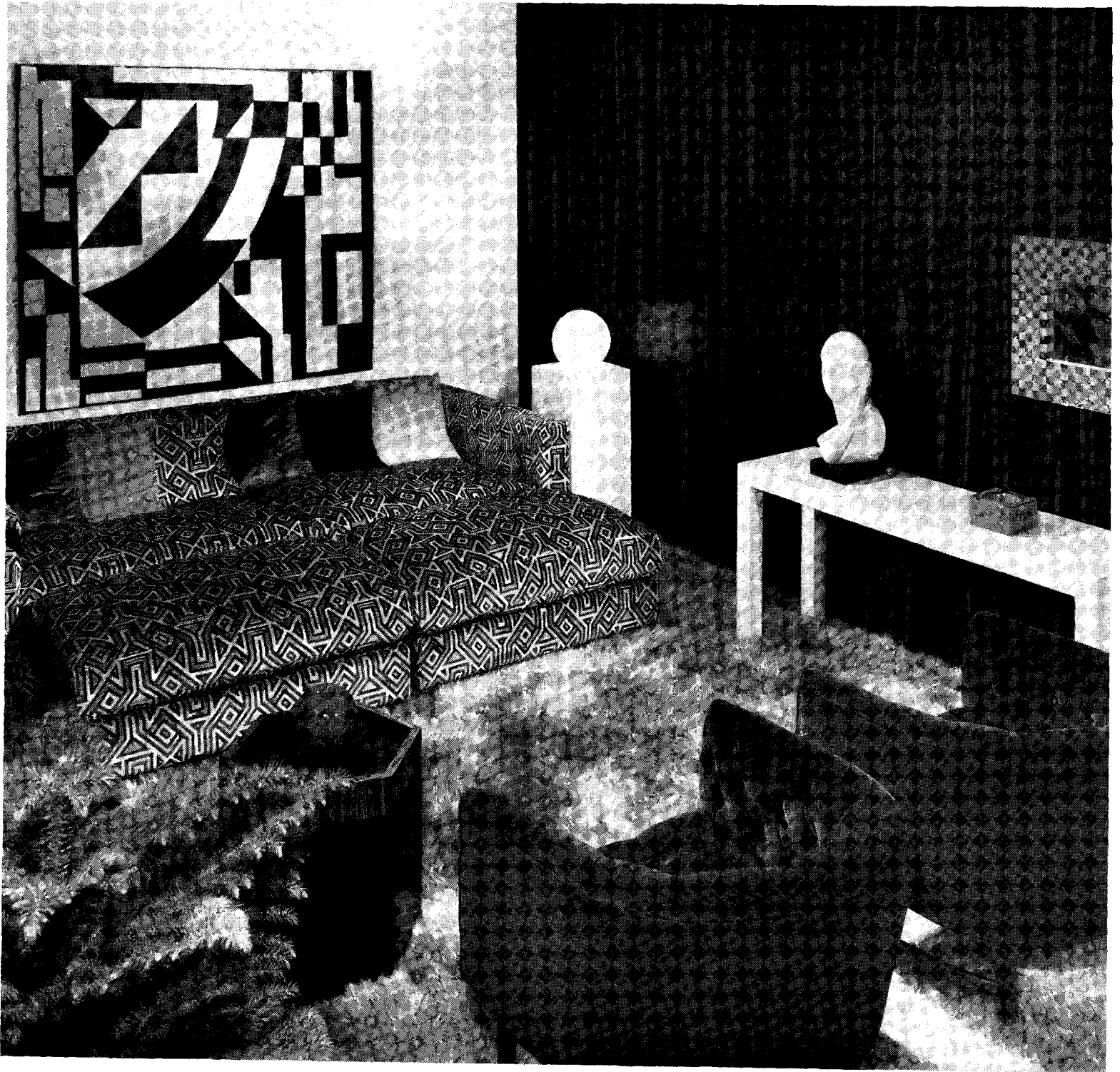
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geological curiosities of the Pine Barrens is that rainwater soaking down through fallen pine needles and other forest litter takes on enough acid to leach out iron from the sands below; the dissolved iron moves underground into the streams, where it oxidizes on contact with the air and forms a patch of scum on the surface that is partly rust brown and partly iridescent blue, and resembles an oil slick left by an outboard motor; drifting over to the edges of the streams, this iron-oxide film permeates the sands and gravels of the riverbanks and cements them together into a sandstone composite that has been known for centuries as bog iron. From it ironmasters of the Pine Barrens made cannonballs by the thousand and sent them by wagon over the sand roads and on to the Continental Army at Valley Forge and elsewhere. They brought in seashells for flux, and used charcoal from the pinewoods to fire their forges and furnaces. They made cannon as well as shot, and they ordnanced the War of 1812 as well as the American Revolution. The twenty-four-pounders with which Stephen Decatur armed his flagship when he took his Marines to Algiers, Tunisia, and Tripoli were cast at Hanover Furnace, in the Pine Barrens, in 1814, and Decatur himself was there to supervise the casting and to test the product. Forty-five years later, an unsigned article in the May, 1859, *Atlantic* described the scene when the new guns came out of their molds: "Decatur ordered each one to be loaded with repeated charges of powder and ball, and pointed into the woods. Then, for miles between the grazed and quivering boles, crashed the missiles of destruction, startling bear and deer and squirrel and raccoon, and leaving traces of their passage which are even still occasionally discovered." Ironworkers in the pines made the steam cylinder for one of John Fitch's experimental steamboats, and they made the wrought-iron fence that once surrounded Independence Hall. They made nails, firebacks, sugar-mill gudgeons, Dutch ovens, and kettles that could hold as much as a hundred and twenty-five gallons. Bog iron is remarkably reluctant to rust. In some graveyards in the Pine Barrens, there are iron tombstones, and around old houses are walks made of iron flagstones. Iron stoves that bear the town name Atsion over their fuelling doors were made in a community that had a population of seven hundred in the early nineteenth century and has a population of fifteen today. A schooner named Atsion, loaded with stoves, made regular

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runs down the Mullica River and up the coast to New York and on to Albany. Atsion Forge was at one time owned by Samuel Richards, who built a glorious mansion in Atsion. The mansion is still there, off Route 206, in the Wharton Tract. It has iron windowsills. Atsion Forge had been established in 1765 by a man named Charles Read, who also built a furnace at Batsto, about ten miles away. In 1770, a Philadelphian named John Cox bought Batsto for twenty-three hundred and fifty pounds. Cox was a member of the first Committee of Correspondence and a member of the Council of Safety. With the coming of war, he became a lieutenant colonel and, eventually, assistant quartermaster general of the Continental Armies. His ironworks at Batsto flourished on war contracts from the Quartermaster Corps. In 1778, Cox sold Batsto for forty thousand pounds—a capital gain of about sixteen hundred per cent. The deal was exquisitely complicated, involving a number of new owners, among them Nathanael Greene, the quartermaster general under whom Cox served, and Charles Pettit, another assistant quartermaster general. Cox, furthermore, arranged to repurchase a one-twelfth share in Batsto for himself. Batsto was to reach its most developed stage in the eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties, when the town had a population of eight hundred. Batsto, like Atsion, is one of the few iron towns that remain in the Pine Barrens. The headquarters of the Wharton State Forest is there, and the town, which was purchased in its entirety by Joseph Wharton in 1876, spreads out around the Batsto manor house much as it did a hundred years ago. The state has restored its water-powered sawmill, and sawyers cut white cedar there and make cedar shingles for use in restoration of Batsto buildings. Batsto is a functioning relic. In its gristmill, the great stones grind corn, and the miller sells cornmeal to the public.

The furnaces of the Pine Barrens were started up each year in the spring when the ice was gone and spillways from dammed streams again turned the waterwheels that powered giant bellows, which kept the furnaces in blast until winter froze them out. Men worked in twelve-hour shifts. There were no days off, and the hap-

piest day of the year was the day the furnace went out of blast. In the furnace towns, bog iron was crushed under great stamping hammers, and in the forge towns pig iron was worked into anconies of wrought iron under forge hammers that weighed more than five hundred pounds. Miles away, teamsters coming over the sand roads with loads of shells from the coast could hear the din through the forest, as could ore raisers out in the bogs, and colliers—as charcoal-makers were known in the pines—working at their pits. Caleb Earle, company clerk in a furnace town called Martha, kept a semi-official diary from March 31, 1808, to April 27, 1815. It is terse and sporadic, averaging about sixty-five short entries a year, but it is the only contemporary record of life in a Pine Barrens town. Martha Furnace was built in 1793, a few miles southeast of Jenkins. The furnace has long since collapsed, and a large earth-covered mound remains where a high double-walled pyramid of bricks once stood. The spillway runs back to a broken dam on the Oswego River at Martha Pond. There were about fifty houses in the town, a central mansion, a school, and a small hospital—all interspersed with stands of catalpa trees, which were planted throughout the town and are about all that remains of



it. With the exception of the furnace mound, there is not a trace of a structure in Martha now. The streets are bestrewn with green and blue glittering slag, but they are indistinguishable from the sand roads that come through the woods from several directions to the town, and if it were not for the old and weirdly leaning catalpa trees, it would be possible to pass through Martha without sensing its difference from the surrounding woodland.

January 4, 1809—Frost stopped furnace wheel several times.

January 7, 1809—Ore teams hauled hay. Blew the furnace out at eight o'clock p.m. All hands drunk.

April 20, 1809—At twenty-five minutes past two o'clock p.m., put the furnace in blast. Delaney and Cox fillers. Hedger putting in the ore. Donaghau banksman.

Some of the ironworkers were indentured servants, and some of these had been English criminals. Most were not indentured. Each man's specialty fitted in somewhere on a scale of status, with colliers at the low end, founders

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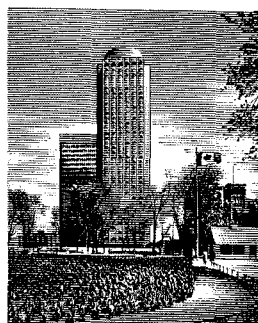
The public rooms of Le Château Champlain have been fitted into a giant box that occupies most of the square plot, but the guest rooms rise within the trim shaft, the window arches mounted one above the other in an artful pattern. In the fittings it has placed in its guest rooms, in the attention to rich detail, in the places of public assembly, and in the general air of *refinement* which suffuses the lobby, it is far and away the most elegant inn I have visited in Canada and one of the most handsome in the Americas.

The place is built to last, in the fashion of such fine old inns as the Plaza in New York, Claridge's in London, the Bristol and the Plaza-Athenée in Paris. The bar, called Les Mariniers, is deep in old-club wood, brass, and leather. Off the main lobby, Le Tournebroche, into which I stumbled one night, is a marvelous creation of the French provinces—whole hams roasting in chains, waiters in white cook's coats, and bakers rolling out dough for bread served individually to each table.

Sleek, slender, and lofty as it is, Le Château Champlain is the tallest building in the city.

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Horace Sutton, Travel Editor, Saturday Review



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at the top, and, somewhere between, blacksmiths, pattern-makers, and molders.

July 28, 1809—Molders all agreed to quit work and went to the beach.

July 30, 1809—Molders returned from the beach. J. Ventling drunk and eating eggs at the slitting mill. Josh Townsend wanting to fight J. Williamson. Furnace boiled and the metal consolidated in the gutter.

July 31, 1809—Molders all idle.

August 1, 1809—This month begins with good weather. Molders commenced molding for the first time since they came from the beach.

In the idiom of the community, a man who quit without giving notice was said to have made a clandestine retreat, and childbirth was spoken of as a muster or a general muster.

January 29, 1809—Terence Toole made a clandestine retreat from the chopping. Left his ax, blankets, etc.

December 6, 1810—The men begin to complain of beef. They want pork.

December 21, 1810—Rain. Furnace made very bad iron owing to the wet weather.

May 27, 1811—Cross carting logs for ore cabin. Mary Griffith made a muster.

July 4, 1811—Independence. May the name of Washington be immortal and the federal constitution may it never fail.

July 10, 1811—Mary Luker made a general muster and brought forth a daughter.

July 27, 1811—William Rose and his father both drunk and lying on the cross-way.

February 18, 1812—Teams carting ore from Sassafra. Jane Hamilton conceived and brought forth a son. Women are all very fruitful, multiply, and replenish.

August 17, 1812—Molders a deer hunting. George Townsend shot one but did not get it. Mr. Evans surveying. Furnace making bad iron.

September 17, 1812—Jane Hamilton was this day tried by the synod of her church. The crime alleged against her was for using spiritual liquor, but acquitted.

October 13, 1812—Election at Bodine's. Hands chiefly there. Some very drunk.

October 30, 1812—Molders out a hunting. J. Townsend killed a deer.

December 16, 1812—Sarah Taylor brought down a load of cheese. William Rose died very sudden in the coaling, supposed drunk.

June 2, 1813—Great conflagration. The furnace and warehouse was this day entirely consumed, but fortunately no lives lost. John Craig got very much burnt.

August 23, 1814—Has a great fire in the pines.

November 14, 1814—The dam broke this morning. All the ore-raisers at work at it.

February 24, 1815—This day we had news of peace confirmed. Teams all standing still. Snowing and raining.

Bodine's Tavern, where the men of Martha went to vote on October 13,



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1812, was a few miles south of Martha, on the Wading River. The jug taverns of the pines—so called because rare was the traveller who passed by one without going in to top up his liquor jug—were places of assembly for many public events, from elections and town meetings to community suppers and the regular drills of the standing militia. On election days, the suffrage was exercised with abandon. Not only was the bar open, but the local candidates were there, and the winner—as a rule—was the man who stood the greatest number of drinks for the electorate. The voters drank metheglin (mead and water with a zest of herbs), cider royall (highly concentrated cider), mimbo (rum and muscovado sugar), straight rum, whiskey, gin, beer. The same men drank the same drinks when they turned up at the same tavern as militiamen assembling for Training Day, an antecedent of what today would be a National Guard meeting. Training Days tended to mock rather than to improve military skills and procedures. While the tavernkeepers kept making rounds with mimbo and metheglin, drums rolled and fifes put a sense of celebration into the air. Officers, wearing stunning blue American uniforms that were braided in gold and studded with brass, rapped out sharp orders, which no one obeyed. After a little more mimbo, fights began to occur in the ranks. There were casualties. Some men fell as a result of blows received, and many more toppled over without assistance. Nonetheless, it was apparently important that there be some simulacrum of command, for Captain Townsend, of Martha, was summarily court-martialled at Bodine's Tavern on April 1, 1814, a Training Day, for being too drunk to give orders.

Jug taverns were located at most of the important intersections of the sand roads, since the volume of freight and passenger travel was considerable in the eighteenth century and early nineteenth century in the pines. One major route ran from Philadelphia to Tuckerton, a coastal town on the edge of the Pine Barrens and the third officially established port of entry in the United States. The Philadelphia-Tuckerton stage stopped at Long-a-Coming, New Jersey (now Berlin), and then moved east through the pines, to Atsion, Quaker Bridge, Mount, and Washington, and on to the Wading River and eventually to Tuckerton. A large part of this road still exists, can be driven in an automobile, and has not been paved, oiled,

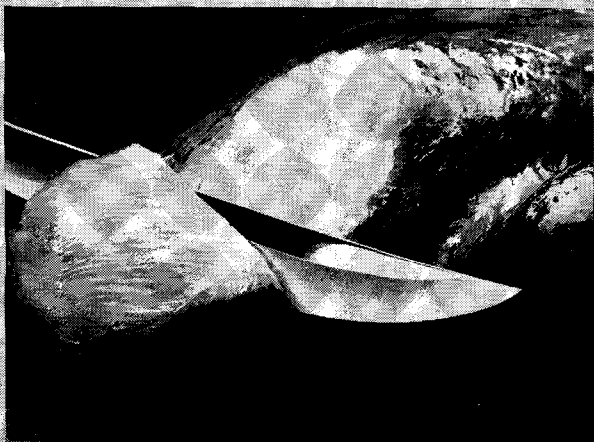
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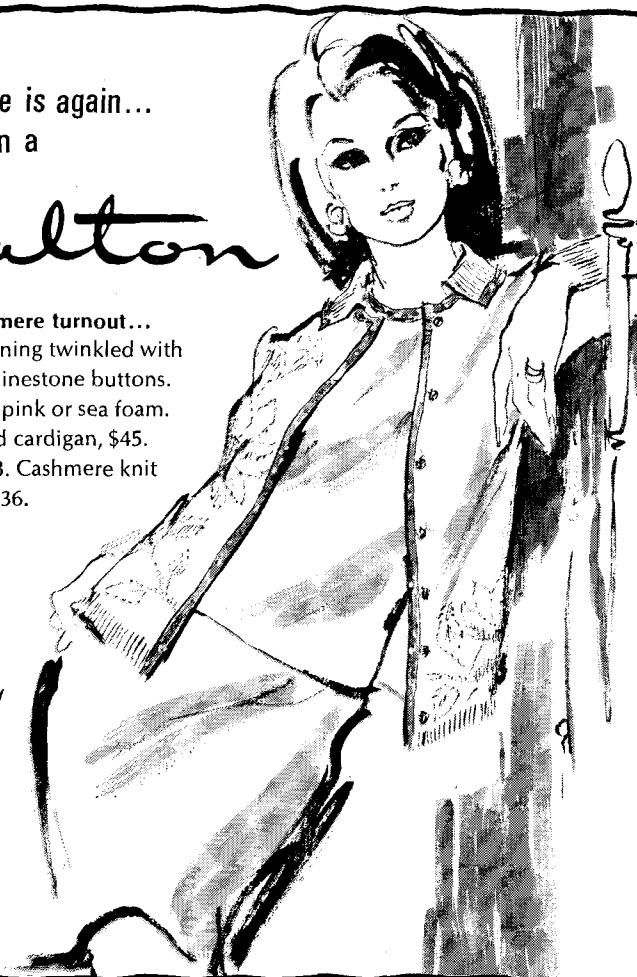
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or even scraped since it was cut through the woods when New Jersey was a royal colony. In some places between Atsion and Quaker Bridge, the road divides, because the wagon and stagecoach traffic was so heavy that it was necessary to have eastbound and westbound lanes in what may have been the first dual highway in North America. Bodine's Tavern was built where the Tuckerton Road crossed the Wading River. Similarly, a man named Arthur Thompson built Thompson's Tavern at Quaker Bridge, where a group of Quakers had put up a bridge over the Batsto River in 1772 in memory of numerous Quakers who had drowned while attempting to ford the stream. In 1805, four botanists who were staying at Thompson's Tavern went into the woods near Quaker Bridge and—in what proved to be a major botanical discovery—found an odd, small, beautiful fern (*Schizaea pusilla*, the curly grass fern), which grows almost exclusively in the Pine Barrens. Jonathan Cramer ran the tavern at Mount, where Fred Brown's grandfather had his last drink on earth. The tavern in Washington, in some ways the most important one in the pines, was used by the Committee of Safety during the Revolution as recruiting headquarters for the area. When a reasonably young and healthy-looking ironworker came through the door, a recruiting sergeant would clap him on the shoulder, buy him a drink, and attempt to persuade him to fight for his independence.

Weddings were held at Washington Tavern, and to one wedding during the Revolution came an uninvited guest named Joseph Mulliner, who, so the story goes, jabbed a pistol into the groom's ribs and told him to leave, which the groom did. Waving his pistol, Mulliner danced with the bride, and then, after drinking a yard or so of ale, retreated into the night alone. Mulliner, who became a legend in the pines, was the leader of a band of outlaws, and it was said that he recognized the groom as a fellow-outlaw and a deadly personal enemy. In general, Mulliner's biography has been cleaned up by romantic retelling, and it was even converted into fiction by Charles J. Peterson, whose novel "Kate Aylesford," published in 1855, is set in the Pine Barrens during the Revolution and has for a villain a dashing character modelled on Mulliner, who kidnaps the heroine. Mulliner was actually one of a class of particularly brutal criminals

who lived in numbers in the pines during the war and called themselves Pine Refugees. This was meant to suggest that they were Tories, like the Brittons and the Browsers, and that they were taking refuge for their own safety, were loyal to the King, and were therefore serving the King when they murdered people committed to the Revolutionary cause. The Refugees, who travelled—frequently masked—in packs on the sand roads, actually killed and robbed as many Tories as Whigs. They were known also as Pine Robbers and Pine Banditti. Poses hunted them down. When a Pine Robber was shot, people assembled to celebrate. Richard Bird, a gang leader like Mulliner, was shot by a posse that had followed him to a cabin in the woods where he was visiting a girl. The shot that killed him was fired through a window, and when the posse went inside they found the girl going through his pockets. The Pine Robbers raped women of almost all ages, they killed clergymen, and they stabbed or shot many people who knelt before them and begged for life. In 1781, Joseph Mulliner was caught, dancing with a girl at another party he had crashed, and he was tried and hanged.

A considerable part of the goods that moved inland over the sand roads during the Revolution had been captured at sea by pirates from the pines who carried letters of marque from the Continental Congress authorizing them to attack, possess, and sell British ships and British cargoes. During the war, up and down the American coast, privateers captured well over a thousand British ships, worth upward of twenty million dollars. New Jersey pirates hauled so many of these ships into the Pine Barrens rivers that British hulls and scattered timbers are still in the riverbeds. There is a dam at Penny Pot, on the Great Egg Harbor River, that was made from salvaged ship timbers. It was built to be nothing more than a cranberry dam, but it has in it seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of teak. One New Jersey sailor went out to sea in a small whaleboat with nine other men and came back into the Mullica River with a British warship and a British brig, which were auctioned, like most of the New Jersey prizes, at The Forks, near Batsto. In 1778, England tried to put down the New Jersey privateers. A flotilla of ships and eight hundred soldiers surprised Chestnut Neck, a fort across the mouth of the Mullica from Tuckerton, and

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For those with adventurous taste, may we suggest the following prize winning recipes from around the world.



BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL
(Prize Winning Recipe—Nassau Beach Hotel Competition, Bahamas)
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
1/4 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. White of Egg
1/4 oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1 1/4 oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop 1/4 section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

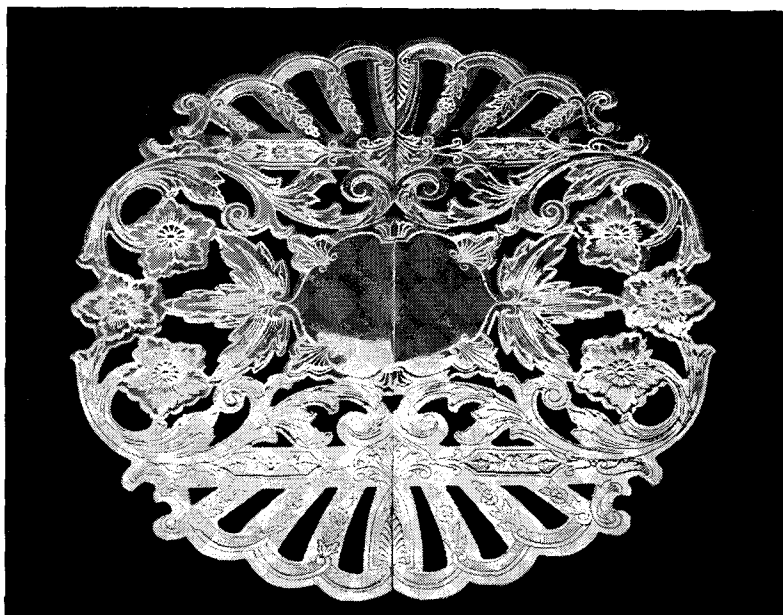
GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
3/4 oz. Galliano 1 1/2 oz. Rum
1/2 Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1 1/2 oz. Scotch 1/2 oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

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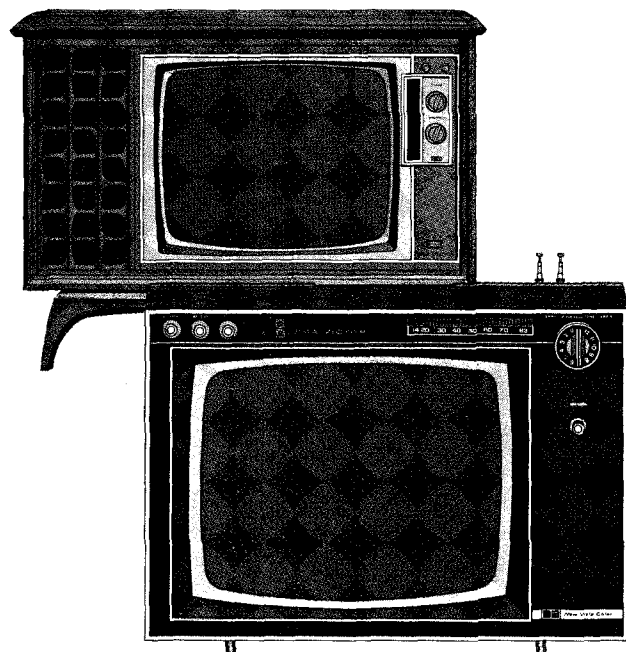
wiped it out. The force then moved upstream, intending to destroy the ships of privateers along the way and ultimately to raze the ironworks at Batsto. But a small boy warned Batsto that the British soldiers were approaching, and before they could do much of anything they were ambushed and their campaign was finished.

The iron industry in the Pine Barrens lasted for about half a century after the Revolution, and, curiously, reached its point of highest development just before it vanished. In the eighteenth-thirties, the iron towns were as populous and productive as they would ever be, and other industries that had developed concomitantly were flourishing, too. Woodcutters supplied great amounts of cordwood to New York and to Philadelphia, as they had for a hundred years. Sawyers, working mainly with white cedar, made shingles, clapboards, lumber, lath, and shipboards. Cedar panelling from the Pine Barrens had been used since before the Revolution in the homes of the rich of Manhattan. Cabinetmakers kept up the high standards of their predecessor Benjamin Randolph, who lived in Speedwell, just north of Hog Wallow, and owned an iron furnace there. Randolph made the writing desk that Thomas Jefferson used when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and he also made a wing chair that would be auctioned, in the twentieth century, for thirty-three thousand dollars. The era of iron in the pines ended after anthracite and iron ore were discovered in western Pennsylvania. The ore in western Pennsylvania was superior to the bog iron of New Jersey, not in the quality of the iron inside it but in the economy with which the iron could be got out. Anthracite had every advantage over charcoal. Iron smelting on a large scale began in Pennsylvania around 1840. Batsto Furnace blew out for the last time in 1848. Martha Furnace and Atsion Forge closed down about then, too. In less than twenty years, no ironworks of any kind were left in the pines. Depletion of the wood supply helped to force the closings. Each furnace used a thousand acres of pine per year, and the trees could not grow rapidly enough to permit an equilibrium. As early as 1846, the colporteur records of the American Tract Society reported, "The wood is generally gone, so the people are poorer than they were a few years ago and are likely to remain poor. Towns and populous neighborhoods can never be, on such barren sand." The pine towns

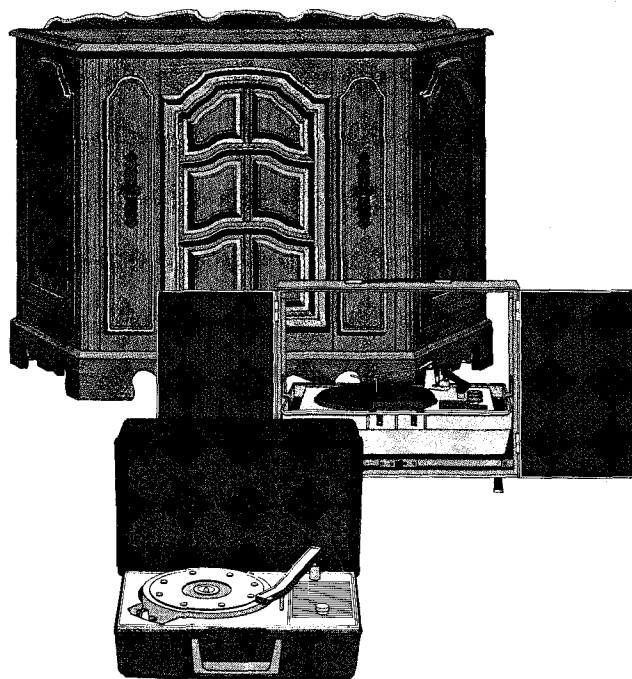


Perry Como's Holiday Special

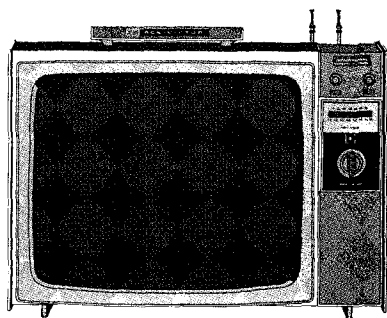
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did not give up at once, however. They tried to make other things. For example, the Wading River Forge & Slitting Mill, where pig iron from nearby Martha had been made into nails and other cut products, was converted into a paper mill. Heavy papers were manufactured there from marsh grasses. Some writing paper was produced as well, but it was yellow from the iron in the Wading River, and the line was discontinued. When four brothers named Harris bought the paper mill in 1855, the name of the community around it was changed from McCartyville to Harrisville. The Harrises were fussy but benevolent employers. Each man who worked for them got a rent-free house, a garden, horse-drawn-ambulance service, free ice, and a dollar and twenty-five cents a day for working from six until six. Harrisville was a neat little town, with picket fences, and with gas lamps lining its streets. If Richard Harris, one of the brothers, happened to see a gate ajar, he would look up the resident of the house behind the gate and tell him to try, please, not to be so unkempt. Ultimately, Harrisville could not compete with paper mills in other parts of the country. The ruins of the great paper factory—high, arched stone walls three feet thick—have gradually crumbled, but enough of them remains to suggest the scale of the original structure, which was seven hundred and fifty feet long. Of the town itself and the gas lamps there is nothing. Elsewhere in the Pine Barrens, glass factories were built in an attempt to find an industry that could replace iron. Herman City, a hamlet in the pines today, was given its name by visionary glassmakers who imagined tall buildings rising above the pine trees, financed by fortunes made in glass. The first mason jar was made in Herman City. Windowpanes were manufactured at Batsto, and also panes for gas street lamps, but by 1866 the surrounding forest was so cut over that the glassworks were forced to close for lack of fuel. The walls, before long, fell. Now, a hundred years later, a young archeologist named Budd Wilson has removed the sand and turf from the remains of the Batsto glass factories, no trace of which was above the surface. The project has the appearance of a dig on an island in the Aegean. Wilson has revealed the floors of the factories and the intricate brickwork, still intact, of the bases of glassmaking ovens. Perhaps on these foundations, or perhaps on replica foundations nearby, Wilson hopes to have glass factories again in operation

The International Set



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The Benjamin 1050 was created pretty much as an audiophile would create his own stereo system: by selecting the best available components, and intermatching them for the best obtainable performance.

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The 1050 is compact in all but the quality of its sound. With more than 80 watts undistorted power (IHF), it is probably the most powerful compact made—more than ample reserve power to handle the full dynamic range of modern records. A unique feature even permits an electric guitar to be "played along" with off-the-air, live or recorded music.

The oil finished walnut cabinet of the 1050 adds unobtrusive elegance to any decor; speakers, in matching enclosures. Price, complete, \$499.50.

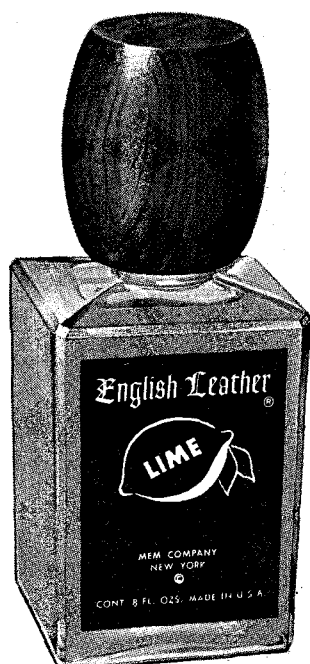
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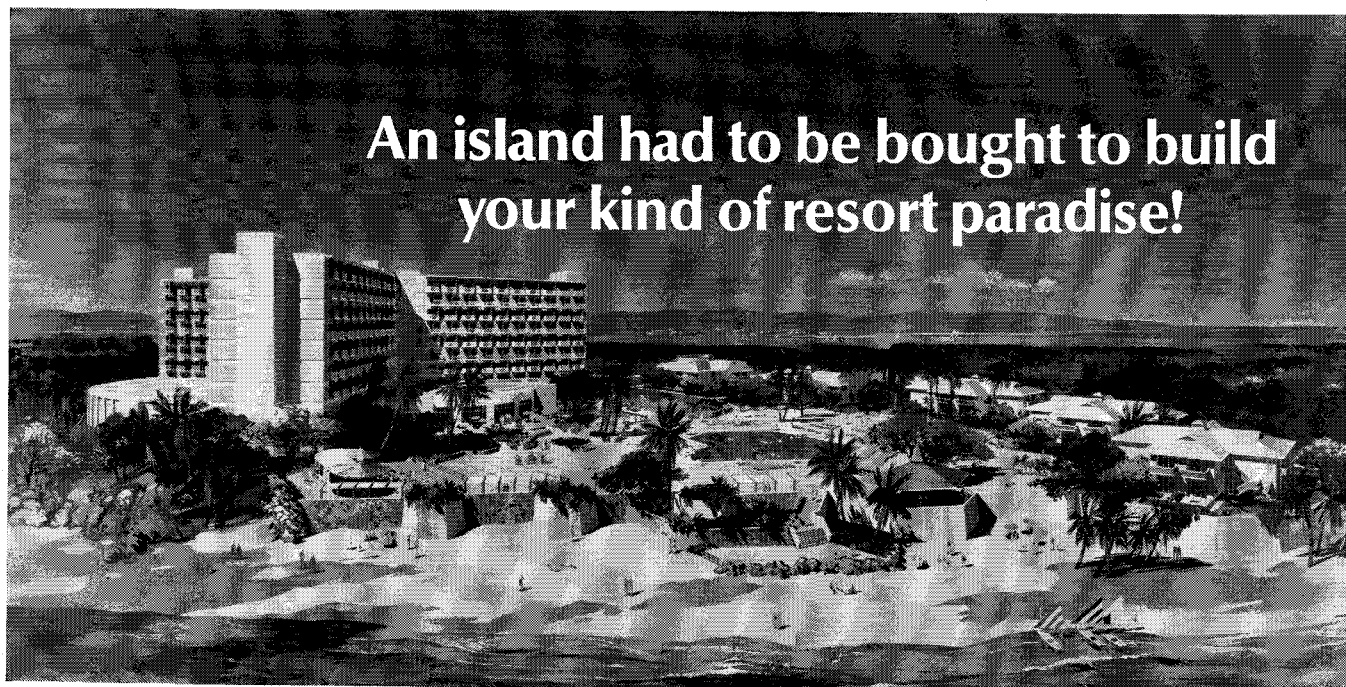
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in Batsto soon, as a part of the general restoration of the town.

IN 1859, when the population of the central Pine Barrens was about as large as it has ever been, the area had nonetheless remained wild enough for the *Atlantic* to report, "It is a region aboriginal in savagery, grand in the aspects of untrammelled Nature; where forests extend in uninterrupted lines over scores of miles; where we may wander a good day's journey without meeting half-a-dozen human faces; where stately deer will bound across our path, and bears dispute our passage through the cedar-brakes; where, in a word, we may enjoy the undiluted essence, the perfect wildness, of woodland life." The magazine feared, however, that accelerated development would soon clear this wild country. "It is scarcely too much to anticipate that, within five years, thousands of acres, now dense with pines and cedars of a hundred rings, will be laid out in blooming market-gardens and in fields of generous corn," the article concluded. "Five years hence, bears and deer will be a tradition, panthers and raccoons a myth, partridges and quails a vain and melancholy recollection, in what shall then be known as what was once the pines." The trend the *Atlantic* anticipated was the reverse of the one that actually took place. As the last of the iron furnaces gradually blew out and the substitute industries failed, people either left the pines or began to lead self-sufficient backwoods lives, and while the rest of the State of New Jersey developed toward its twentieth-century aspect, the Pine Barrens all but returned to their pre-Colonial desolation, becoming, as they have remained, a distinct and separate world. The people of the pines came to be known as pineys—a term that is as current today as it was at the turn of the century. After a generation or two had lived in isolation, the pineys began to fear people from the outside, and travellers often reported that when they approached a cabin in the pines the people scattered and hid behind trees. This was interpreted, by some, as a mark of lunacy. It was simply fear of the unknown.

The pineys had little fear of their surroundings, from which they drew an adequate living. A yearly cycle evolved that is still practiced, but by no means universally, as it once was. With the first warmth of spring, pineys took their drags—devices with tines, something like hand cultivators—and went into the lowland forests to gather



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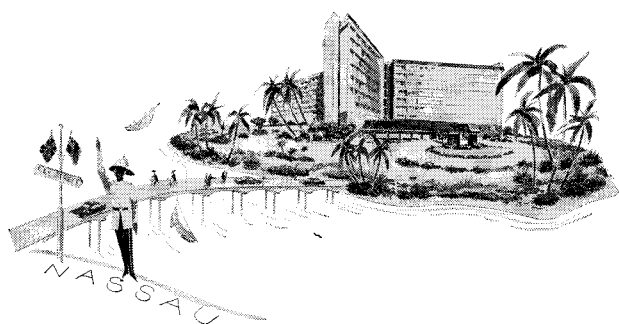
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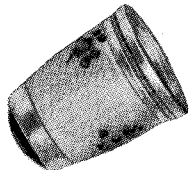
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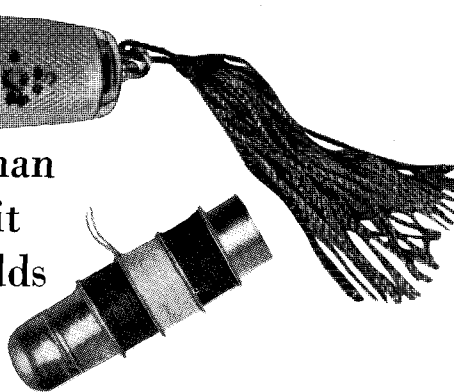
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sphagnum moss. This extraordinary material has such a capacity for absorbing water that one can squeeze it and twist it and wring it a dozen times and water will still come pouring out. Since the water is acidulous and somewhat antiseptic, sphagnum moss was used by soldiers during the Revolution when they lacked ordinary bandages. Florists provided a large part of the market for the pineys' moss. Boxes of cut flowers sent out by florists' shops all over the East used to contain—under and around the flowers—protective beds of sphagnum from the pines. Plastic moss has largely replaced sphagnum moss in the floral trade, but a market remains for it, and some people still gather it.

In June and July, when the wild blueberries of the Pine Barrens ripened on the bush, the pineys hung large homemade baskets around their necks, bent the blueberry bushes over the baskets, and beat the stems with short clubs. The berries, if just ripe enough, rained into the baskets. Fred Brown told me one day that he had knocked off his share of "huckleberries" in his time, and that many people still go out after them every summer. In the vernacular of the pines, huckleberries are blueberries, wild or cultivated. Huckleberries are also huckleberries, and this confuses outsiders but not pineys. Fred explained to me, when I pressed him, that "hog huckleberries" are huckleberries and "sugar huckleberries" are blueberries. He said, "Ain't nothing for a man to go out and knock off two hundred pounds in less than a day." In 1967, the average price for wild blueberries was fourteen cents a pound. People who gather wild blueberries now use No. 2 galvanized tubs instead of baskets. They beat the bushes with lengths of rubber hose. "Wild berries got a better taste than cultivated berries," Fred said. "Mrs. Wagner's Pies won't make pies with just cultivated berries." Millions of blueberry bushes grow wild in the pines, but when a forester who was doing field work for a doctoral thesis recently asked a piney assistant to cut one down, the piney refused.

Cranberries followed blueberries in the cycle of the pines. Cranberries grow wild along the streams and are white in the summer and red in the fall. In the eighteen-sixties and eighteen-seventies, people began to transplant them to the cleared and excavated bogs where ore raisers had removed bog iron, and that was the beginning of commercial cranberry growing in the Pine Barrens, where about a third of the United States total is now grown. Cranberry

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bogs are shallow basins, dammed on all sides, so that streams can fill them in late autumn and keep cold winter winds from drying out the vines. The older bogs were turfed out by hand, and the dams were built from the turf. In the fall, the berries were harvested by hand, with many-tined wooden scoops that went through the vines like large claws. Cranberry scoops are so primitive in appearance that they are sold as antiques in shops on Third Avenue and in Bucks County. In a few bogs in the Pine Barrens, scoops are still used, and only five years ago all bogs used them.

In winter, the cycle moved on to cordwood and charcoal. Woodcutters, in the seventeenth century, were among the first people in the pines. They were needed in the iron era, they remained when it was over, and they are still there. They are getting a good price for their pulpwood—seven dollars a cord. With a chain saw, a man can cut a cord of pine in less than an hour. "Oak isn't worth nothing, but the pine is way up," Fred Brown said one day. Charcoal burning also continued beyond the iron era and was actually a major occupation in the Pine Barrens until the Second World War. In the eighteen-fifties, fifty schooners made regular runs with charcoal from the Pine Barrens to New York. Countless four-mule teams hauled charcoal over the sand roads to Philadelphia in covered wagons. Eight-mule teams hauled larger wagons, full of the best grade, to the Philadelphia mint. Almost any piney knew how to make charcoal, and the woods were full of little clearings, which is one reason that so many culs-de-sac branch from the sand roads. Full-time colliers specialized in charcoal to the exclusion of most of the other occupations in the yearly cycle. They frequently made their pits with someone else's wood. They moved around a lot, nomadically, living in shacks that had no floors, or in tepee-shaped structures made of cedar poles and turf. They stored their supplies—mainly salt pork and apple whiskey—in turf-covered dugouts, in which they hid and sometimes died when wildfires overcame the forest. Charcoal pits were actually above-ground. They had the shape of beehives and were twenty feet high. To make them, colliers stacked cordwood in vertical tiers and covered the wood with chunks of sandy turf, known as floats. The colliers dropped burning kindling into a hole in the top and then sealed it over. They poked holes in the sides with a stick called a fagan, and

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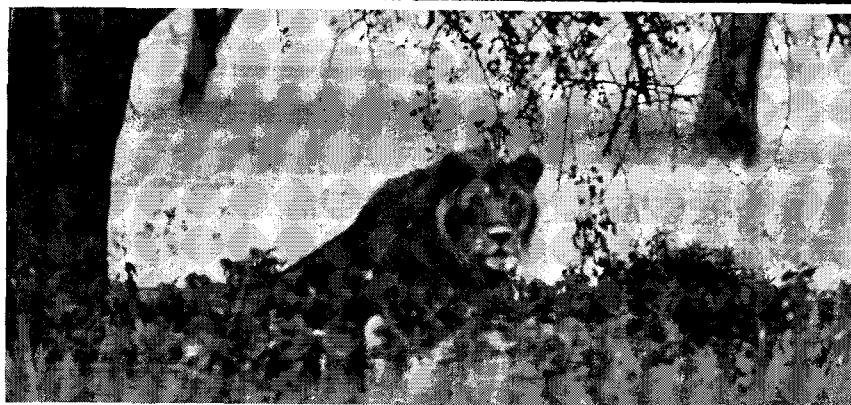
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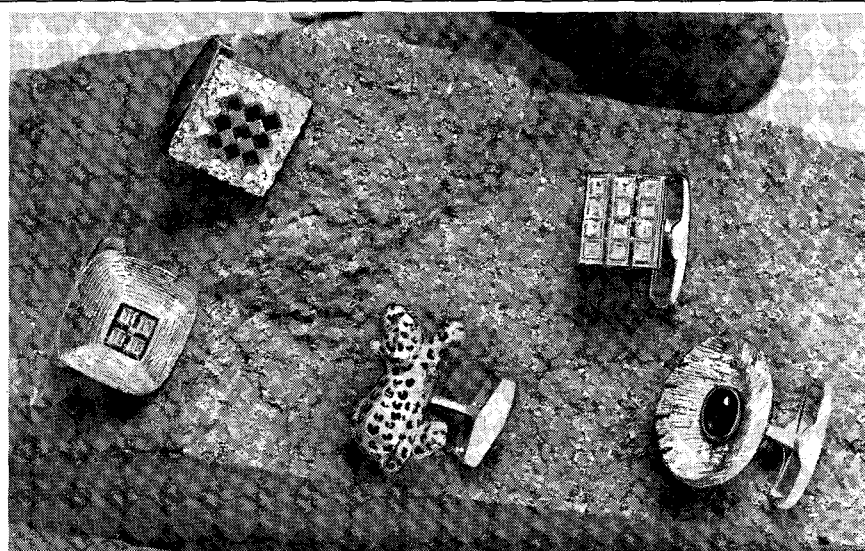


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kept watch over the pit day and night. If blue smoke came out, too much oxygen was involved in the combustion, and the colliers plugged a few holes. If white steam came out, the wood inside was charring perfectly. This went on for about ten days. The late George Crummel, the Indian collier of Jenkins Neck, had a dog that could watch a pit and would awaken him if the ventilating holes needed attention. With Crummel gone, there are only two or three colliers left in the Pine Barrens. The last important market was for bagged charcoal for back-yard cooking, but the modern briquette has all but eliminated that. Most "charcoal" briquettes are made in gasoline refineries as a petroleum by-product. On this subject, Fred Brown said one day, "These here charcoal brick-a-bats, or whatever you call them, that they sell—look at them, all you have to do is look at them. You *know* they didn't come from no tree."

Venison, of course, was available the year round to pineys, who have always felt detached about game laws. The sphagnum-blueberry-cranberry-wood-and-charcoal cycle was supplemented in other ways as well—most notably in December, when shiploads of holly, laurel, mistletoe, ground pine, green-briar, inkberry, plume grass, and boughs of pitch pine were sent to New York for sale as Christmas decorations. Small birch trees were cut in short lengths and turned into candleholders. People who specialized in pine cones became known as pineballers, and the term is still used. The Christmas business continues to be an important source of income in the pines. Modern pineballers pick about three thousand cones in a day. They like to get them from the dwarf forests—the Plains, as they are called—because the trees there are shorter than men, and can be picked clean. At the moment, pineballing is not as remunerative as huckleberrying. Pineballers are getting only three dollars and seventy-five cents per thousand cones, or about eleven dollars for a day's work. Pineys once sold rosin, turpentine, pitch tar, and shoemaker's wax. They cut laurel stems to sell to makers of pipes. They dug the roots of wild indigo for medicinal use (wild indigo is, among other things, a stimulant), and they cut the bark of wild cherry (a tonic) and collected pipsissewa leaves (an astringent). They sold laurel, ilex, and rhododendron to landscape gardeners. They sent wild flowers into the cities—trailing arbutus, swamp pinks, wild magnolias, lupine, azaleas, Pine Barrens gentians. They



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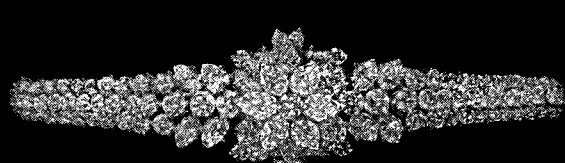
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made birdhouses out of cedar slabs, and they still do. They sold box turtles by the gross to people in Philadelphia, who used the turtles to keep cellars free of snails—a market that has declined.

WHILE isolation in the woods was bringing out self-reliance, it was also contributing to other developments that eventually attracted more attention. After the pine towns lost touch, to a large extent, with the outside world, some of the people slid into illiteracy, and a number slid further than that. Marriages were pretty casual in the pines late in the nineteenth century and early in the twentieth. For lawful weddings, people had to travel beyond the woods, to a place like Mt. Holly. Many went to native “squires,” who performed weddings for a fee of one dollar. No questions were asked, even if the squires recognized the brides and the grooms as people they had married to other people a week or a month before. Given the small population of the pines, the extreme rarity of new people coming in, and the long span of time that most families had been there, some relationships were extraordinarily complicated and a few were simply incestuous. To varying degrees, there was a relatively high incidence in the pines of what in the terms of the era was called degeneracy, feeble-mindedness, or mental deficiency.

In 1913, startling publicity was given to the most unfortunate stratum of the pine society, and the effects have not yet faded. In that year, Elizabeth Kite, a psychological researcher, published a report called “The Pineys,” which had resulted from two years of visits to cabins in the pines. Miss Kite worked for the Vineland Training School, on the southern edge of the Pine Barrens, where important early work was being done with people of subnormal intelligence, and she was a fearless young woman who wore spotless white dresses as she rode in a horse-drawn wagon through the woods. Her concern for the people there became obvious to the people themselves, who grew fond of her, and even dependent upon her, and a colony for the care of the “feeble-minded” was founded in the northern part of the Pine Barrens as a result of her work. Her report told of children who shared their bedrooms with pigs, of men who could not count beyond three, of a mother who walked nine miles with her children almost every day to get whiskey, of a couple who took a wheelbarrow with them when they went out drinking, so that one could wheel the other home. “In



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the heart of the region, scattered in widely separated huts over miles of territory, exists today a group of human beings as distinct in morals and manners as to excite curiosity and wonder in the mind of any outsider brought into contact with them," Miss Kite wrote. "They are recognized as a distinct people by the normal communities living on the borders of their forests." The report included some extremely gnarled family trees, such as one headed by Sam Bender, who conceived a child with his daughter, Mollie Bender Brooks, whose husband, Billie Brooks, sometimes said the child had been fathered by his wife's brother rather than her father, both possibilities being strong ones. When a district nurse was sent around to help clean up Mollie's house, chickens and a pig were found in the kitchen, and the first implement used in cleaning the house was a hoe. Mollie, according to Miss Kite, was "good-looking and sprightly, which fact, coupled with an utter lack of sense of decency, made her attractive even to men of otherwise normal intelligence." When Billie and all of their children were killed in a fire, Mollie said cheerfully, "Well, they was all insured. I'm still young and can easy start another family." Miss Kite reported some relationships that are almost impossible to follow. Of the occupants of another cabin, she wrote, "That May should call John 'Uncle' could be accounted for on the basis of a childish acceptance of 'no-matter-what' conditions, for the connection was that her mother was married to the brother of John's other woman's second man, and her mother's sister had had children by John. This bond of kinship did not, however, keep the families long together." Miss Kite also told of a woman who came to ask for food at a state almshouse on a bitter winter day. The people at the almshouse gave her a large burlap sack containing a basket of potatoes, a basket of turnips, three cabbages, four pounds of pork, five pounds of rye flour, two pounds of sugar, and some tea. The woman shouldered the sack and walked home cross-country through snow. Thirty minutes after she reached her home, she had a baby. No one helped her deliver it, nor had anyone helped her with the delivery of her nine other children.

Miss Kite's report was made public. Newspapers printed excerpts from it. All over the state, people became alarmed about conditions in the Pine Barrens—a region most of them had never heard of. James T. Fielder, the governor of New Jersey, travelled to the pines, returned to Trenton, and

sought to increase his political momentum by recommending to the legislature that the Pine Barrens be somehow segregated from the rest of New Jersey in the interest of the health and safety of the people of the state at large. "I have been shocked at the conditions I have found," he said. "Evidently these people are a serious menace to the State of New Jersey because they produce so many persons that inevitably become public charges. They have inbred, and led lawless and scandalous lives, till they have become a race of imbeciles, criminals, and defectives." Meanwhile, H. H. Goddard, director of the research laboratory at the Vineland Training School and Miss Kite's immediate superior, had taken the genealogical charts that Miss Kite had painstakingly assembled, pondered them, extrapolated a bit, and published what became a celebrated treatise on a family called Kallikak—a name that Goddard said he had invented to avoid doing harm to real people. According to the theory set forth in the treatise, nearly all pineys were descended from one man. This man, Martin Kallikak, conceived an illegitimate son with an imbecile barmaid. Martin's bastard was said to be the forebear of generations of imbeciles, prostitutes, epileptics, and drunks. Martin himself, however, married a normal girl, and among their progeny were generations of normal and intelligent people, including doctors, lawyers, politicians, and a president of Princeton University. Goddard's work has been discredited, but its impact, like that of Governor Fielder's proposal to segregate the Pine Barrens, was powerful in its time. Even Miss Kite seemed to believe that there was some common flaw in the blood of all of the people of the pines. Of one pinelands woman, Miss Kite wrote, "Strangely enough, this woman belonged originally to good stock. No piney blood flowed in her veins."

The result of all this was a stigma that has never worn off. A surprising number of people in New Jersey today seem to think that the Pine Barrens are dark backlands inhabited by hostile and semi-literate people who would as soon shoot an outsider as look at him. A policeman in Trenton who had never been to the pines—"only driven through on the way downa shore," as people usually say—once told me, in an anxious tone, that if I intended to spend a lot of time in the Pine Barrens I was asking for trouble. Some of the gentlest of people—botanists, canoe-men, campers—spend a great deal of time in the pines, but their influence

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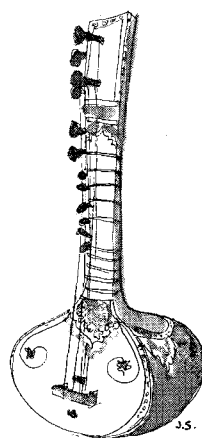
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has not been sufficient to correct an impression, vivid in some parts of the state for fifty years, that the pineys are weird and sometimes dangerous bare-foot people who live in caves, marry their sisters, and eat snakes. Pineys are, for the most part, mild and shy, but their resentment is deep, and they will readily and forcefully express it. The unfortunate people that Miss Kite described in her report were a minor fraction of the total population of the Pine Barrens, and the larger number suffered from it, and are still suffering from it. This appalled Elizabeth Kite, who said to an interviewer in 1940, some years before her death, "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to correct the idea that has unfortunately been given by the newspapers regarding the pines. Anybody who lived in the pines was a piney. I think it a most terrible calamity that the newspapers publicly took the term and gave it the degenerate sting. Those families who were not potential state cases did not interest me as far as my study was concerned. I have no language in which I can express my admiration for the pines and the people who live there."

The people of the Pine Barrens turn cold when they hear the word "piney" spoken by anyone who is not a native. Over the years since 1913, in many places outside the pines, the stigma of degeneracy has been concentrated in that word. A part of what hurts them is that they themselves are fond of the word. They refer to one another freely, and frequently, as pineys. They have a strong regional pride, and, in a way that is not at all unflattering to them, they are different from the run of the people of the state. A visitor who stays awhile in the Pine Barrens soon feels that he is in another country, where attitudes and ambitions are at variance with the American norm. People who drive around in the pines and see houses like Fred Brown's, with tarpaper peeling from the walls, and automobiles overturned in the front yard, often decide, as they drive on, that they have just looked destitution in the face. I wouldn't call it that. I have yet to meet anyone living in the Pine Barrens who has in any way indicated envy of people who live elsewhere. One reason there are so many unpainted houses in the Pine Barrens is that the pineys believe, correctly, that their real-estate assessments

would be higher if their houses were painted. Some pineys who make good money in blueberries or cranberries or in jobs on the outside would never think of painting their houses. People from other parts of New Jersey will say of Pine Barrens people, "They don't like to work. They can't seem to hold jobs." This, too, is a judgment based on outside values. What the piney usually says is "I hate to be tied down long to any one job." That remark is made so often in the pines that it is almost a local slogan. It expresses an attitude born of the old pines cycle—sphagnum in the spring, berries in the summer, coaling when the weather is cold. With the plenitude of the woodland around them—and, historically, behind them—pineys are bored with the idea of doing the same thing all year long, in every weather. Many of them have to, of course. Many work at regular jobs outside the woods. But many try that and give it up, preferring part-time labor—always at rest in the knowledge that no one who knows the woods and is willing to do a little work on his own is ever going to go hungry. The people have no difficulty articulating what it is that gives them a special feeling about the landscape they live in; they know that their environment is unusual and they know why they value it. Some, of



course, put it with more finesse than others do. "I'm just a woods boy," a fellow named Jim Leek said to me one day. "There ain't nobody bothers you here. You can be alone. I'm just a woods boy. I wouldn't want to live in a town." When he said "town," he meant one of the small communities in the pines; he preferred living in the woods to living in a Pine Barrens town. When pineys talk about going to "the city," they usually mean

Mt. Holly or the Moorestown Mall or the Two Guys from Harrison store on Route 206. When Jim Leek said "nobody bothers you" and "you can be alone," he was sounding two primary themes of the pines. Bill Wasowich said one day, "The woods just look nice and it's more quieter. It's quiet anywhere in the pines. That's why I like it here." Another man, Scorchy Jones, who works for the state Fish and Game Division, said this to an interviewer from a small New Jersey radio station: "A sense of security is high among us. We were from pioneers. We know how to survive in the



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SECTION I

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PAGE 1

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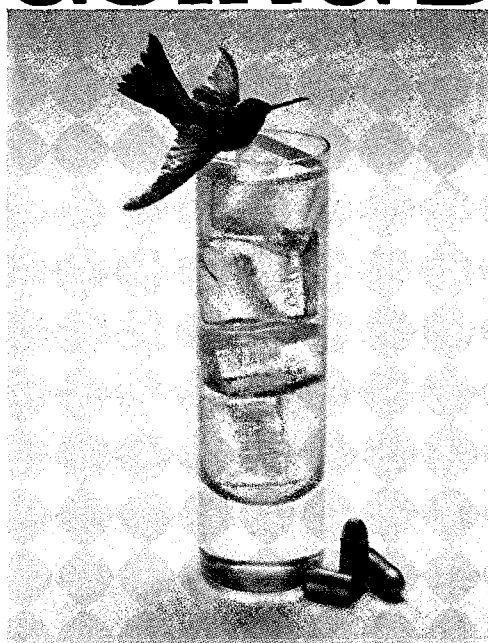
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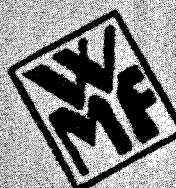
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woods. Here in these woods areas, you have a reputation. A dishonest person can't survive in the community. You have to maintain your reputation, or you would have to jump from place to place. A man lives by his reputation and by his honesty and by his ambition to work. If he doesn't have it, he would be an outcast. These people have the reputations of their parents and grandparents ahead of them—and they are proud of them, and they want to maintain that same standard. They don't worship gold. All they want is necessities. They would rather live than make a lot of money. They live by this code. They're the best citizens in this country." Later in the interview, Jones said, "Unless these wild areas are preserved, we're going to get to the point where dense population is going to work on the nervous systems of the people, and the more that takes place, the poorer neighbors they become. Eventually, like birds or animals confined to too small an area, they will fight among themselves. Man is an animal as well." People known in the pines as "the old-time pineys"—those who lived wholly by the cycle, and seldom, if ever, saw an outsider—are gone now. When the United States Army built Camp Dix on the northwestern edge of the Pine Barrens during the First World War, civilian jobs were created, and many people of the pines first got to know what money was and how to use it. Paved roads first crossed the pines in the nineteen-twenties. Electrical lines, the Second World War, and television successively brought an end to the utter isolation of the pineys. But so far all this has not materially changed their attitudes. They are apparently a tolerant people, with an attractive spirit of live and let live. They seem to like hard work, if not steady work, and they like to brag about working hard. When they say they will do something, they do it. They seem shy, like the people who went before them, but when they get to know an outsider they are not shy and will generously share their tables, which often include new-potato stews and cranberry potpies. I have met Pine Barrens people who have, at one time or another, moved to other parts of the country. Most of them tried other lives for a while, only to return unreluctantly to the pines. One of them explained to me, "It's a privilege to live in these woods."

THE vernacular language of the pines is splendidly metaphorical. An outsider needs a glossary to follow



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simple directions—for example, “Go down here about a mile and turn left at the fingerboard.” A fingerboard is a place where several roads come together. A point is a place where a road forks. When highway workers do anything to a road, they are said to be sciencing it. One day while I was driving along with Fred Brown, he said, “I didn’t know this road was oiled all the way to here.” The road was covered with pavement. Applejack is the laureate liquid of the pines. It is known as jack, and its effects are known as apple palsy. Pineys are much more imaginative than non-pineys with the common names of plants and flowers. There is a plant in the Pine Barrens that has velvety, magical leaves to which water absolutely will not adhere. Its common name is golden club. The pineys call it neverwet. Another plant, an *Arenaria*, is small and beautiful, and on its white flowers there is always a shining fluid. The plant’s common name is sandwort. The pineys call it sparkle. They even have a better name than lady’s-slipper. This small and exquisite orchid grows in the pines, where the natives call it a whippoorwill shoe. Of course, every last piney, shown a lady’s-slipper, would not say, “That is a whippoorwill shoe.” The Pine Barrens are too vast for that, and much of the pines vernacular is sub-regional. I doubt if Fred Brown would know a whippoorwill shoe from a lily of the valley; and, for all I know, he may be the only man in the pines who calls whiskey rum. At least, he is the only one I have ever heard call whiskey rum, but I have heard him say it many times. When he drinks his rum straight, or neat, he says he is drinking it clear. Fred refers to guardrails—the things that run along beside highways to protect cars—as guardrails. Many pineys call them bannisters. Soft sand is called sugar sand, and when a car gets stuck in it, the car is said to be set. The people say “thataway” and “tater” and “I ain’t a-gonna.” They also say “passed away.” Homes are sometimes called homesteads. A native guide is a wood-jin. Grouse are called pheasants. The pine trees themselves—the predominant pitch pines, at any rate—are called Old Jersey Bull Pines. Whenever Fred Brown referred to a man’s wife—including, on one occasion, the wife of the President of the United States—he said “his woman.” Fred says “spragnum” for “sphagnum,” “braken” for “bracken,” and “fastly” for “quickly,” and when he was telling me that he had never flown in a plane he said, “I could of flew lots of times, but I

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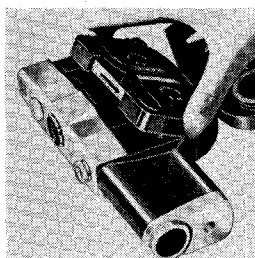
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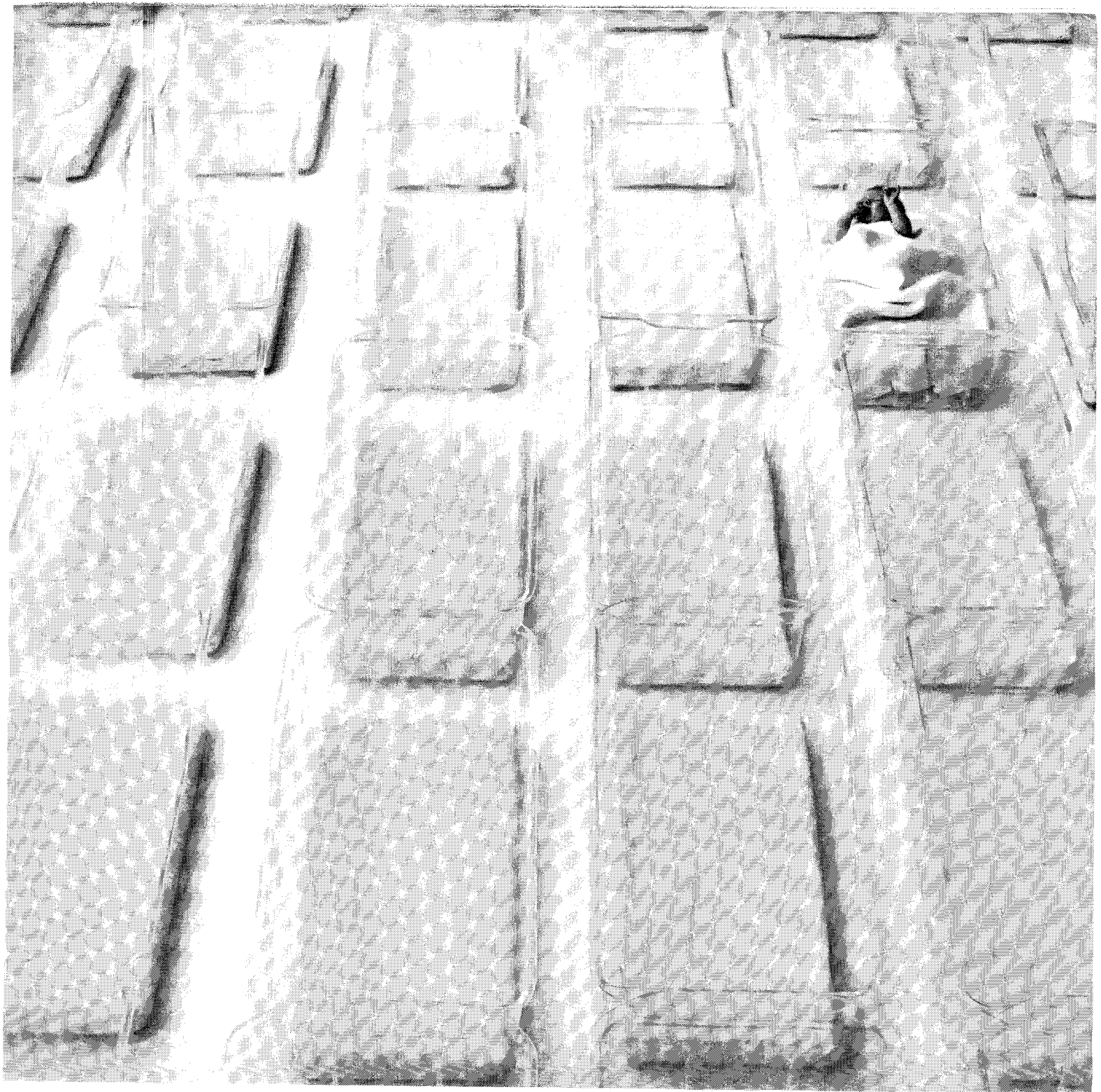
Braun makes appliances so beautiful the Museum of Modern Art exhibits them. Here are four newcomers...each a unique gift. The 1.5v battery travel toothbrush goes anywhere without plugging in. \$10. The heater-ventilator with thermostat can heat or ventilate a big or small area. \$29.95. The permanent

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never cared to." In Tuckerton one day, he stopped a man to ask directions of him, and he said, "Excuse me, are you acquainted here?" In the vernacular, a low, wet area where the Atlantic white cedars grow is called a cripple. If no cedars grow there, the wet area is called a sponge, which is pronounced to rhyme with "sung." Some people define sponges and cripples a little differently, saying that water always flows in a cripple but there is water in a sponge only after a rain. Others say that any lowland area where highbush blueberries grow is a sponge. With all this, it is no wonder that the names of places in the pines are so distinctive. In the nineteenth century, a man named Jacob Ong—whose name was pronounced conventionally, like "song" or "long"—went to a dance in a village in the northern part of the pines, and he somehow infuriated one of his partners, and she pulled Ong's hat from his head and crunched it under her feet. Ong is said to have taken the hat and tossed it up into a tree, where it caught on a branch and remained for months. The settlement below became known as Ong's Hat. It is one of the vanished towns, but cartographers find it irresistible, and it still appears on road maps. Once, in the eastern pines, there was a cranberry dam that kept giving way, and whenever it did one of the cranberry workers said, "Here's trouble." Then the dam gave way twice in a single week, and when this happened the man said, "Here's double trouble." That particular bog, which was run for years by the Double Trouble Cranberry Company, has been bought by the State of New Jersey, along with two thousand acres of surrounding land. It is now Double Trouble State Park.

Fred Brown told me one day that in modern times there have been certain adjustments in the ways that some of the older Pine Barrens families pronounce their names. "The Browers used to pronounce their name Brewer," he said. "They're still Brewers as far as I'm concerned, but they say they're Browers. It ain't changed them any, so far as I can see. The Jervises call themselves Jarvises now. The Salmons used to pronounce it Simons. Fifteen to twenty years ago, they started calling themselves Salmons." There is not much that Fred could do with the name Brown, even if he were inclined to, but his great-grandfather Zachariah Jenkins was the man for whom Jenkins and Jenkins Neck were named, and Fred is quick to point this out. Fred was born in Jenkins on June 29, 1887. His



America is missing 100 million babies.

Back in the Fifties the demographers said the population of the U.S. would reach 400 million by the year 2,000. Now, the revised figure is 300 million.

An error of 100 million people?

What happened is the demographers assumed people would continue to have three, four, even five kids.

The next generation of newlyweds thereupon double-crossed them.

Today, most couples seem to figure that two children are enough. Why?

The prevailing theory, says Forbes, is that it isn't "The Pill," but the high cost of educating the kids that keeps the family small.

Now then, if your motto is "Babies are our business, our only business," and your name happens to be Gerber Products Co., all this means you're in for some serious consequences.

(A Forbes story reports that Gerber is grossing close to \$200 million a year; but despite an over-all gain, they concede a loss in baby food sales of three to four million dollars.)

Of course, says Forbes, you don't have to only be in the baby business to get in trouble:

From home building to autos, household furnishings to food, U.S. industry keeps a sharp eye on population figures.

Which is all well and good, because Forbes believes businessmen should keep up with current trends. (We pride ourselves on our accurate research, statistics and figures because we know it costs businessmen money to make a mistake.)

But one of the things not to do with a trend, says Forbes, is to base your future business largely on where you think the population figures are going.

Who knows, Americans could start having five children again.

But don't count on it.

Forbes: capitalist tool



**Haleakala's soil is so rich,
the Hawaiian silversword
can't be found anywhere else.**

**Neither can the great tasting
rum we make there.**

**Made in paradise
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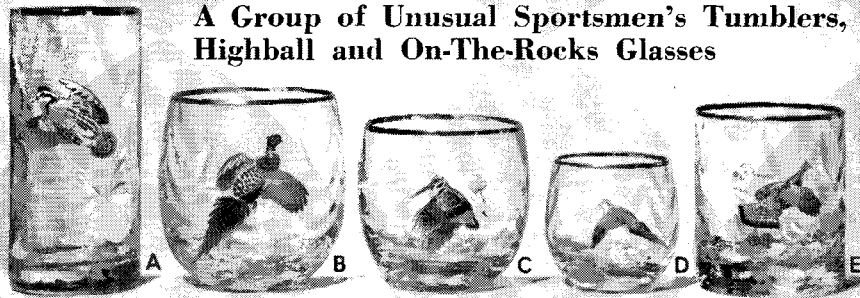
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father did several things but was chiefly a cabinet-finisher. The school where Fred helped to plant the red cedar tree was near the Godfrey Bridge on the Wading River. "I made the fifth reader," Fred said. "That's the highest one there was in the school at that time. From what I've heard, it would be equal to the eighth grade today." He finished school at the age of fifteen. He worked with his father, as a carpenter, for a while. He also became skilled as a sawyer and worked in sawmills. "I cut cedar, I grew cranberries, I worked for construction companies, I gathered wild huckleberries, wild cranberries, moss—I pulled, I expect, two or three hundred carloads of moss," he said. "The only laws I ever used—if I was hungry and wanted a pheasant or a deer or something, I went out and killed it." When Fred was young, the now vanished towns were still vanishing, and he remembers the last people who lived in them. In Washington, for example, he said to me one day, "Jim Snow's was the last house. I went to school with Jim Snow's son and his daughter. It was a good house. Jim Snow's daughter runs Jennings' bar, in Indian Mills. She is two years older than I am. Right there is where she was born, and don't let her tell you she wasn't." In Martha once, standing under the old catalpa trees, with their long-podded seeds hanging down above us, Fred said, "The big mansion was there. I eat chicken potpie in that mansion. Aunt Katie Gunner was the last person to live here, in the mansion here under these bean trees." In 1910, Fred married a girl named Elizabeth Mick. They raised their seven children first in Jenkins and then in the house where Fred now lives in Hog Wallow. Elizabeth Brown died in 1948 and is buried in the pines, where Fred will be buried. Their children are now, in descending order of age, a housewife in a town on the edge of the pines, a retired state policeman, a guard in a juvenile home near the pines, a mechanic, a laborer for the state highway department, a wild-huckleberry picker and part-time junkman, and a beautician in Alexandria, Virginia. Fred himself was for many years—from 1915 to 1952—a cranberry broker. Dressed in overalls, he went around in horse-drawn wagons, then in Model Ts. He bought cranberries in the bogs and took them to canneries on the periphery of the Pine Barrens. "One was to New Egypt," he told me. "One was to Williamstown. One was to Folsom. One was to Egg Harbor. And one was to Landisville."

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These canneries eventually became part of the interstate coöperative Ocean Spray. Fred was also a blueberry broker, and he had his own small bogs and fields. "I just happen to be the one man in the State of New Jersey that grew seventeen straight crops of cranberries," he said once when we were riding along on a cranberry dam in my car. He explained that cranberry growers usually have to let their bogs be idle in one of every seven years. They do this by leaving the bogs flooded through blossom time, which is around the Fourth of July. Most bogs lose their vitality after about six years of growing and need a year of renewal.

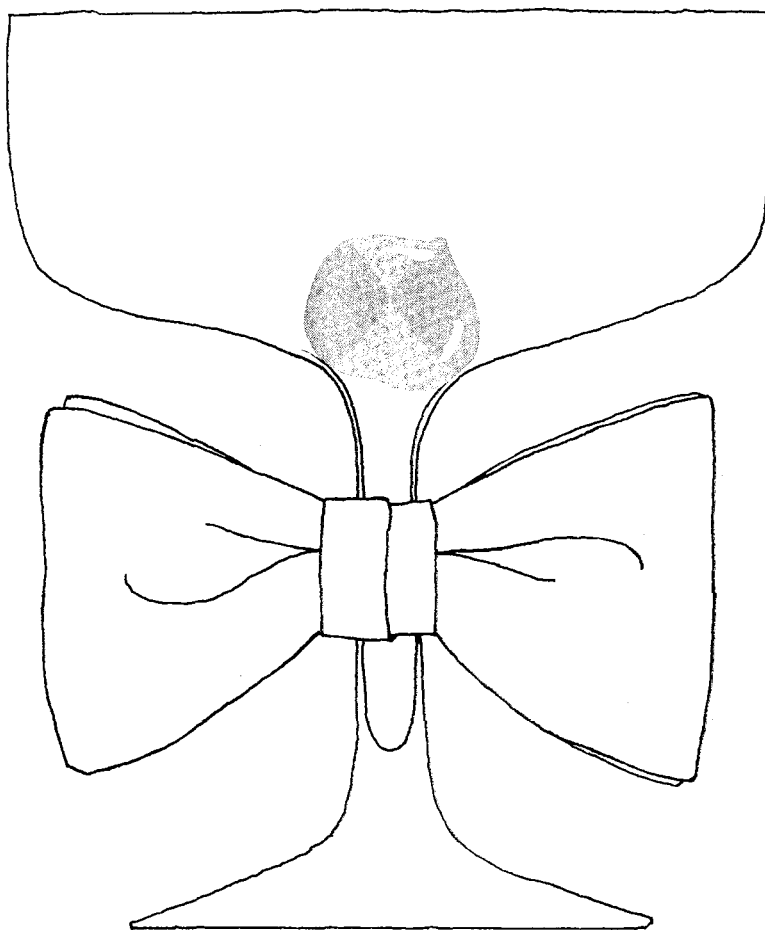
"I believe they get that seven years out of the Bible," Bill Wasovwich said, from the back seat. "That seven years is in the Bible."

"I used fertilize and light sand," Fred said. "That will do it."

A fairly uncomplicated machine now knocks cranberries off the vines at harvest time, but the day of the hand cranberry scoop is so recent that Bill, at twenty-seven, is remembered as the last of the champion scoopers. He picks at his nails modestly when this is said, but it is apparently true. Growers told me Bill worked so hard that they had to go out into the bogs at dusk and actually take the scoop from his hands in order to force him to stop for the day. Fred says that he, too, was a great picker in his time. "I seen a Portuguese scoop a half-barrel box in less than two minutes," he told me. "The best I could do was three minutes. There wasn't another man out of eighty that could scoop one in three minutes." Field, bog, and forest, Fred once owned five hundred and seventy-five acres, in Jenkins and in Hog Wallow. Now he owns one acre.

At Fred's house one day, Bill asked me if I would like to go down the road and see his bog. On the way, we stopped at his cabin. It is a small, sturdy saltbox in the woods, perhaps eighteen feet on a side. Bill had then lived in it for three years. It was clean within, and almost empty. An enamelled cabinet, a kerosene stove, and a small table were the only pieces of furniture in the room. Leaning against the doorjamb was a high-velocity rifle. A kerosene lamp on the table had been in the same position for a long time, for up the wall behind it went a wide and thick V of lampblack that pooled into a black hemisphere on the ceiling. Beside the lamp on the table was a huge book, larger than a Webster's New International Dictionary. It was open, and strewn all over it and the rest of the

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include The Nut.
And make it a dressy affair.

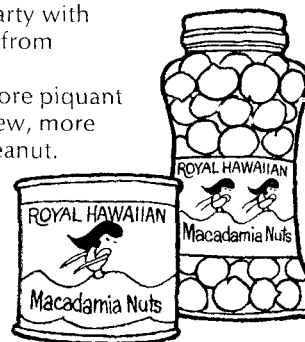


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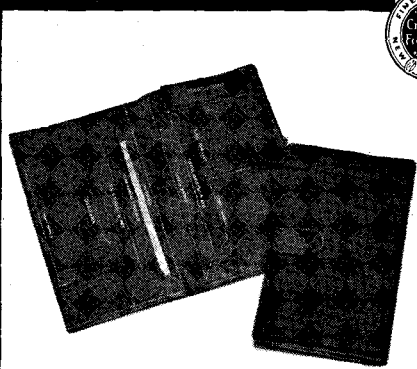
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*TRADEMARK **DUPONT REG. T.M.

table were sheets of lined white paper covered with writing.

The first thing I asked Bill after we went into the cabin was where he slept, because there was no bed or cot.

"On the floor," he said. "I have a sleeping bag."

I then asked what the book was.

Bill said that it was a Bible and that he was taking a Bible correspondence course from Ambassador College. He was in the middle of the eighth course he had taken in Biblical studies. The enormous Bible was the largest he had been able to buy. He said it had cost twenty-seven dollars, and he explained that he needed large type so that he could read in the kerosene light at night. I picked up the heavy rifle and balanced it in my hands. Bill said it was a 44/40 Winchester, a model first built in 1873, and that it fired big, two-hundred-grain bullets. Unfortunately, he went on, the cartridges cost eight and a half dollars for a box of fifty, so he couldn't use the rifle very often. When he treats himself to a box of bullets, he does not space out the pleasure. He prefers to shoot up the whole boxful as rapidly as he can. The rifle has lever action and holds fifteen shells at a time. Bill selects a target, frequently nothing more than a pine tree, and rips it with fifty bullets. Sometimes the bullets cut the tree down. For other purposes, he said, he had only used the rifle three times—once to kill a dog, once to kill a deer, and once to frighten a reporter, who drove up in a car that had the name of a Trenton newspaper on it, got out, and peered through a window into Bill's cabin, in an attempt—Bill thought—to see how pineys live. Bill picked up the rifle, and the reporter ran to his car and drove away. "I'd have never shot to kill him," Bill told me. "But I'd have threw lead at him if I'd been scared enough. I wasn't scared enough."

Bill's bog is small—four acres. He only has time for it when he is not at work in other men's bogs, and for more than two years he has been clearing it and building up its dams by hand. The forest edges it on three sides, another bog on the fourth. Among the trees that line Bill's land are white birches and dark cedars. It is a pretty corner in the pines. Bill's hope is that he will marry, build a home there, and raise a family. "I intend to build a house down my bog or die trying it, I can tell you that," he said.

I asked him if the land was actually his.

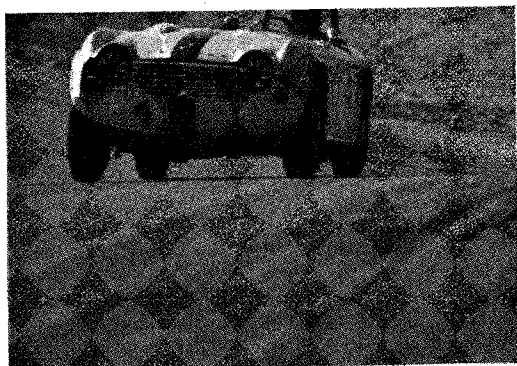
He said that his employer had given



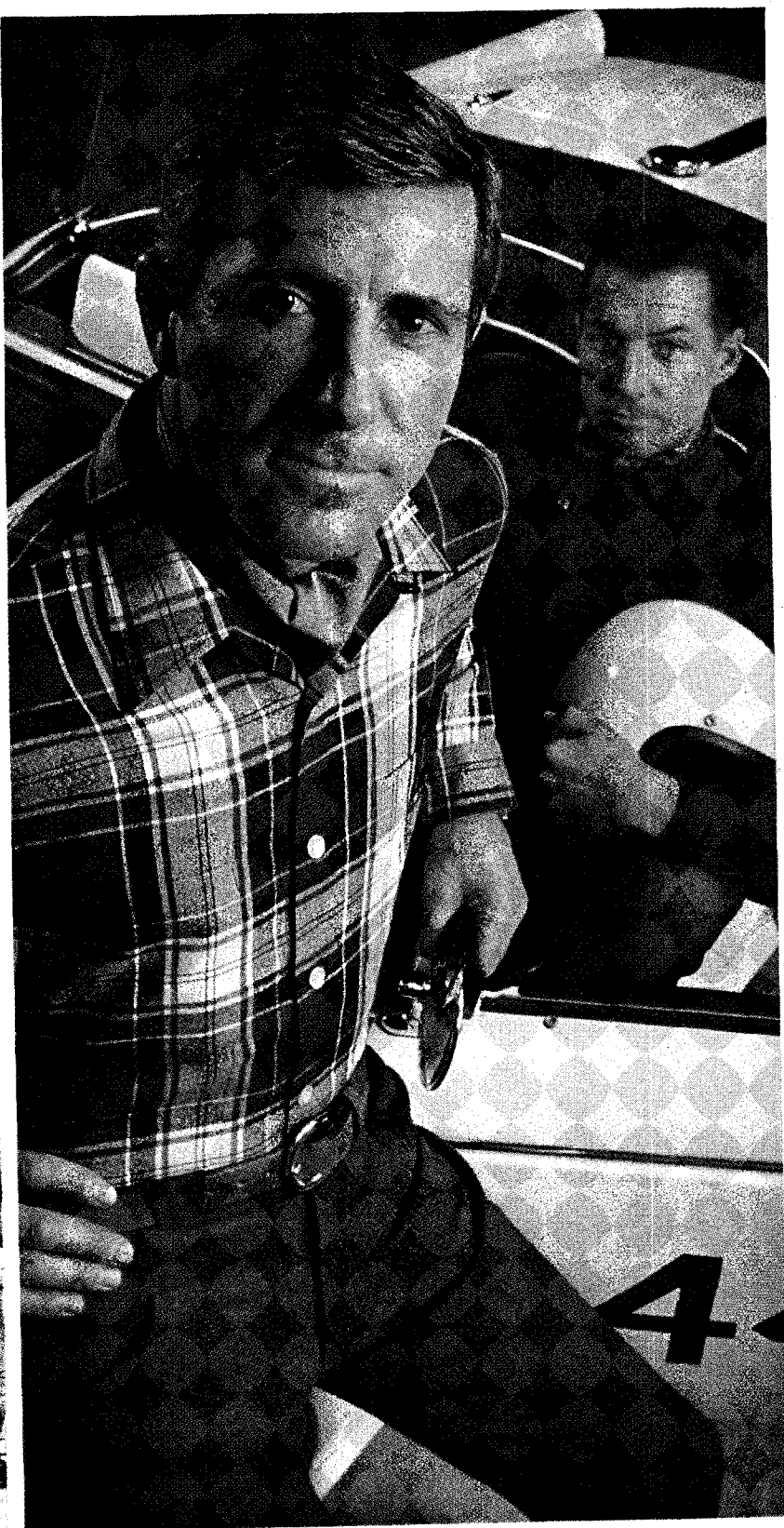
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it to him, but that he had no deed. "It's as good as my bog," he went on. "They can't take it away from me. They could, legally. But they'd have to get the state troopers. They take this bog, they take me with it. I'll get up here with my rifle. I took out stumps in here the size of chairs."

Bill spent one year in high school, in a town just outside the pines. For a number of years after that, while he was working in cranberry bogs and blueberry fields, he drove cars and pickup trucks without a driver's license. One day, when Bill was driving too fast in a pickup he had, he saw a state trooper approaching him from behind, and he put his foot to the floor and started a chase, which the trooper lost because Bill led him through a series of bogs and eventually set him in sugar sand. Unfortunately for Bill, the trooper had read his plates. Bill was soon arrested and put in jail for seventy days. Disgusted with life, Bill sold his pickup for a hundred dollars and caught a Greyhound bus for the pinelands of Georgia, where he cut pulpwood near Waycross and Fargo for about a year. He became so lonely that he took another Greyhound north to New Jersey. "When I came back, I was never so glad to see anything as these woods," he told me.

I asked him if he was going to be married soon.

"Who to?" he said. "I been looking for ten years. Like my father, I'm no good. I've always been scared of girls, all my life." He went on to say that at one time there had been a girl he was fond of, but he had never taken her out. "The bravest I got was to talk to her once," he said. Bill carves Indian dolls out of wood, and he would like to give them to a girl, but he knows no one he can give them to.

ONE day, Fred Brown told Bill and me that when he was eighteen he liked his women in the age range of fifteen to sixty-two. He also told us a story about a fight he once had over a woman. He said he had been "jumped by three guys" one night when he walked into the Peacock Inn, in Chatsworth, a pine town about six miles north of Hog Wallow. "The girl—they wanted her, she wouldn't have them," he said. "They couldn't go with her. I could. They had all tried me singlehanded and they knowed they couldn't handle me one at a time. Ander Bozarth got his jaw broke. I threw him across the pool table and his head hit the pocket that was iron. Bill Green—I threw him over the

THERE IS NO MAGIC IN IT.



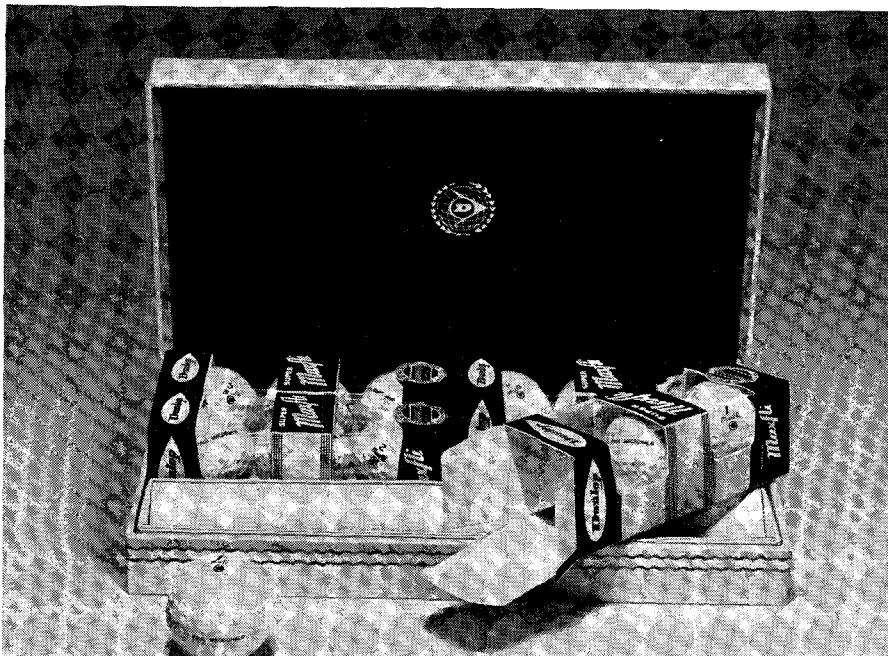
Moustache is for men whose image of themselves is already complete.

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By **DUNLOP**

bar and he went right into the big barrel full of bottled beer and ice. Bill Ford was next. Howard Sooy, who was watching—he was a friend of mine—he couldn't stand to see three on one. He grabbed Bill Ford and knocked him out. I was eighteen. I would say the girl was around forty." Fred brags winningly. One reason he is so good at it is that bragging is an honored craft where he lives, an element in the general art of storytelling, which was once of enough importance in the Pine Barrens to give rise to a class of local Homers, some of whom did nothing at all but travel through the woods telling tales. Big Bill Estell, who died in 1882, told stories for a living, and explained to people that he was too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work. Cracky Wainwright—whose name, in the pines, is pronounced Wine-right—went around telling stories and stopped off at his own house once a year. Ander Bozarth, the fellow whose jaw Fred Brown disassembled in Chatsworth, was a male Scheherazade, known for his ability to tell a different story every night for months. Stories were told beside burning charcoal, and beside bonfires that used to blaze at night in cranberry-harvest time, when, before the automobile, pineys slept in the woods near the bogs they were working in. Most stories at least began with truth, but some never gave it a nod.

In the late nineteen-thirties and early nineteen-forties, a graduate student from the English Department of Indiana University went around the Pine Barrens collecting stories. He was motivated in part by the somewhat melancholy knowledge that the development of broadcasting was going to wash away much of this part of regional American life. The student, Herbert N. Halpert, is now a professor of English at Memorial University, in Newfoundland. His doctoral dissertation was called "Folktales and Legends from the New Jersey Pines." He dated each story he heard. On June 19, 1941, a piney named Charles Grant told Halpert, "I heard old Cracky Wainwright say he seen two black snakes come together, and they was both mad. He seen they was going to fight, so he stood and watched them. The one got ahold of the other one's tail and began to swallow it. And the other one got ahold of the other one's tail and began to swallow *him*. He said they kept on fighting and swallowing one another until both snakes was swallowed. There wasn't *any* snake left

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there at all." Grant also told Halpert a story about a piney who went around for a long time claiming that he had a pair of horns in his shack seventeen feet from tip to tip. People liked this brief story and kept asking the man to tell it. Eventually, as Grant remembered it, "He said no, that was one lie he had told so much he believed it himself. He said he had told about putting the horns up in the middle of his shack so much he believed they was there. So he said the last time he was there he made up his mind he would crawl up there and see if there was anything there. He said he went up there and there they was—seventeen foot from tip to tip." On June 26, 1941, a piney named George White told Halpert, "I heard of this old fellow travelling, and he had a jug of liquor with him. Come by this pond and he was taking a drink. And the frogs hollered, 'Jug-and-all, jug-and-all.' And he threw the jug and all in, because he thought the frogs wanted jug and all." On September 1, 1942, Stacy Bozarth, a collier, told Halpert about a man who had killed a deer. "He hit him with one shot and hit him in the hind foot and hit him in the ear," Bozarth said. "Now how could he do it? Can you tell me? Well, I can tell you. Well, the deer had his hind foot up scratching his ear."

After reading these stories, I repeated them to Fred Brown, who blew air through his teeth and said he had heard them all. He said *he* could tell me a *true* story. He asked if I had heard about a couple named Will and El Nichols. "Will and El Nichols dreamed three times—this ain't second-handed, this is first-handed—they dreamed three nights straight that there was an iron-handled drawer buried up to Tulpehocken, on the road that goes from the Joe Holloway Field and comes out to the High Crossing. They dreamed that there was a box there—with an iron drawer in it—near an old-fashioned walnut tree right along the road. Neither one told the other that they had dreamed anything. One morning, they got up and Will said to El, 'I'm going up to Tulpehocken.' 'So am I,' said El. They went up, and dug, and found a box full of buckskin bags full of gold coins. I've seen the hole where they dug that out. They would never tell how much gold they got, but they had nothing before and they had money the rest of their lives, and they had it when they died. They lived down here to Bulltown." Fred had an afterthought. "People used to put gold coins



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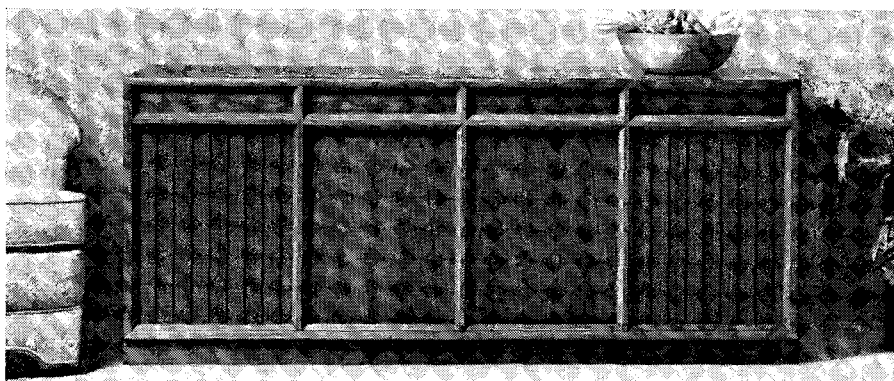
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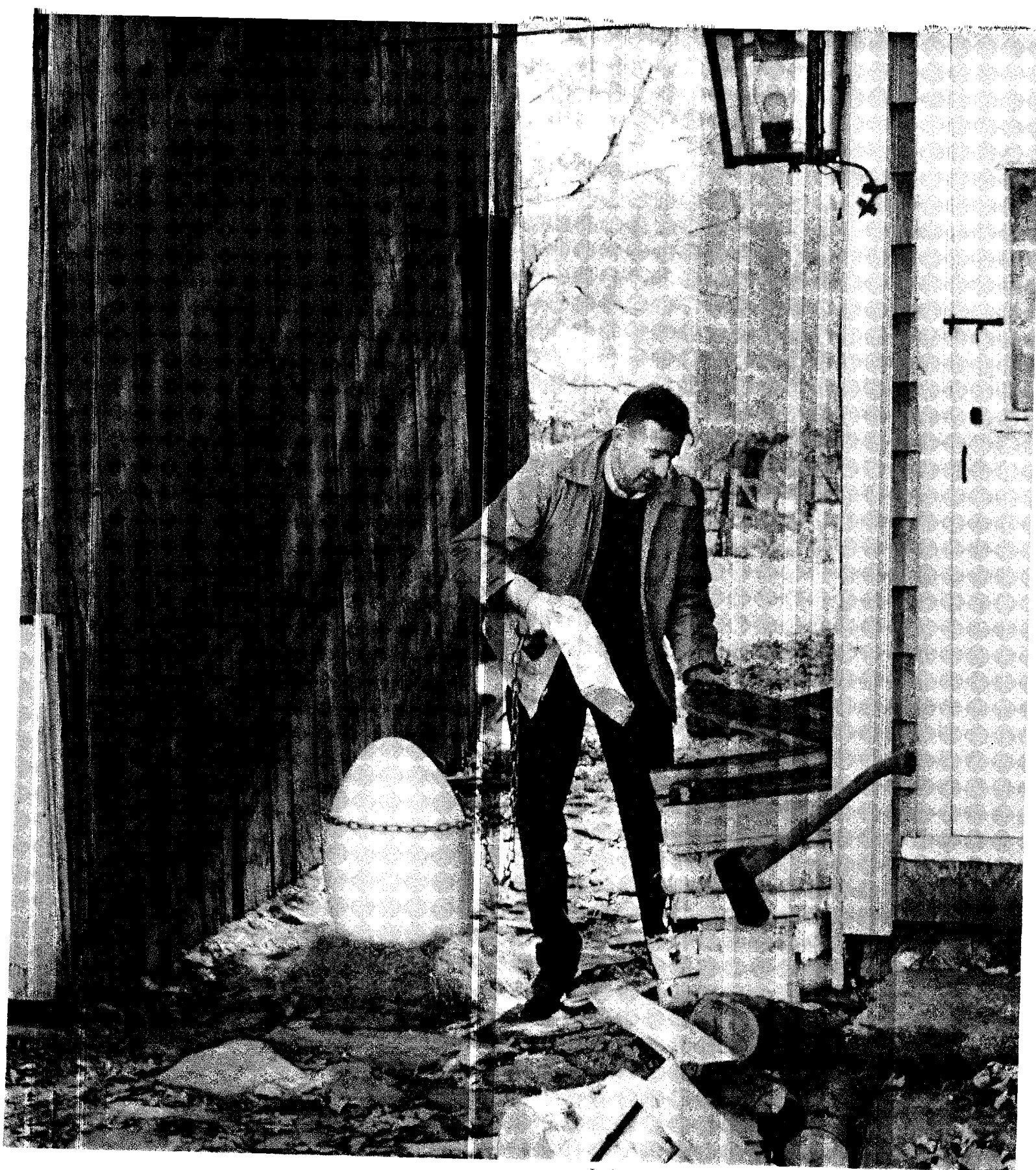
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in buckskin bags and bury them all over these woods," he said.

The Pine Barrens have had two Paul Bunyans and one Merlin. Jesse Johnson is a local legendary figure who is said to have been seven feet tall and to have been capable of carrying two horseloads of stone. The other strong-man hero was a woodchopper, and he is said to have been capable of cutting ten cords of wood in a day. His name was Salt Caesar. The wizard of the pines was Jerry Munyhon. He could make a cat's paw come through a key-hole. He could cause axes to chop wood by themselves. He could cause money to multiply. He was bulletproof. And he once caught a bullet that was fired at him and handed it to the man who had done the shooting. From some distance away, Munyhon could cause a man to stop in his tracks. Munyhon's cane was superior to Toulouse-Lautrec's. Munyhon's cane, on its own, could *go and get* whiskey. Munyhon is said to have lived in one of the iron towns, and to have died in the eighteen-sixties. Once, he asked for work at an iron furnace and was turned down. He stopped the furnace by causing it to fill with black and white crows. He got the job, and the crows flew away. Munyhon once came upon a six-mule team that was trying, unsuccessfully, to pull a wagon with a huge boiler on it up a hill. He had a Leghorn rooster under his arm, and he tied it to the tongue of the wagon and said, "Shoo!" The rooster pulled the load up and over the hill. Of all his powers, Munyhon's most widely celebrated one was a remarkable ability to create in the minds of women the illusion that they were walking in thigh-deep water when in fact they were walking on dry land. Up went their skirts.

Munyhon's water trick has parallels that go back as far as King Solomon, who pulled a similar trick on the Queen of Sheba. His horsepowered rooster has antecedents in the lore of several European nations. European sources can be found for many of the legends of the pines. In America, the Pine Barrens have been a kind of cultural middle ground, where regional traditions overlap. Halpert wrote in his dissertation, for example, "This region is the meeting place for the Northern and Southern folk-song traditions. Certain songs and ballads are found in New England and other Northern states. Others are encountered only in the Southern states. In South Jersey, the various tides of immigration met, and here one often finds a husband and wife, one singing



Laying in fireplace wood for winter—photo by Burt Glinn

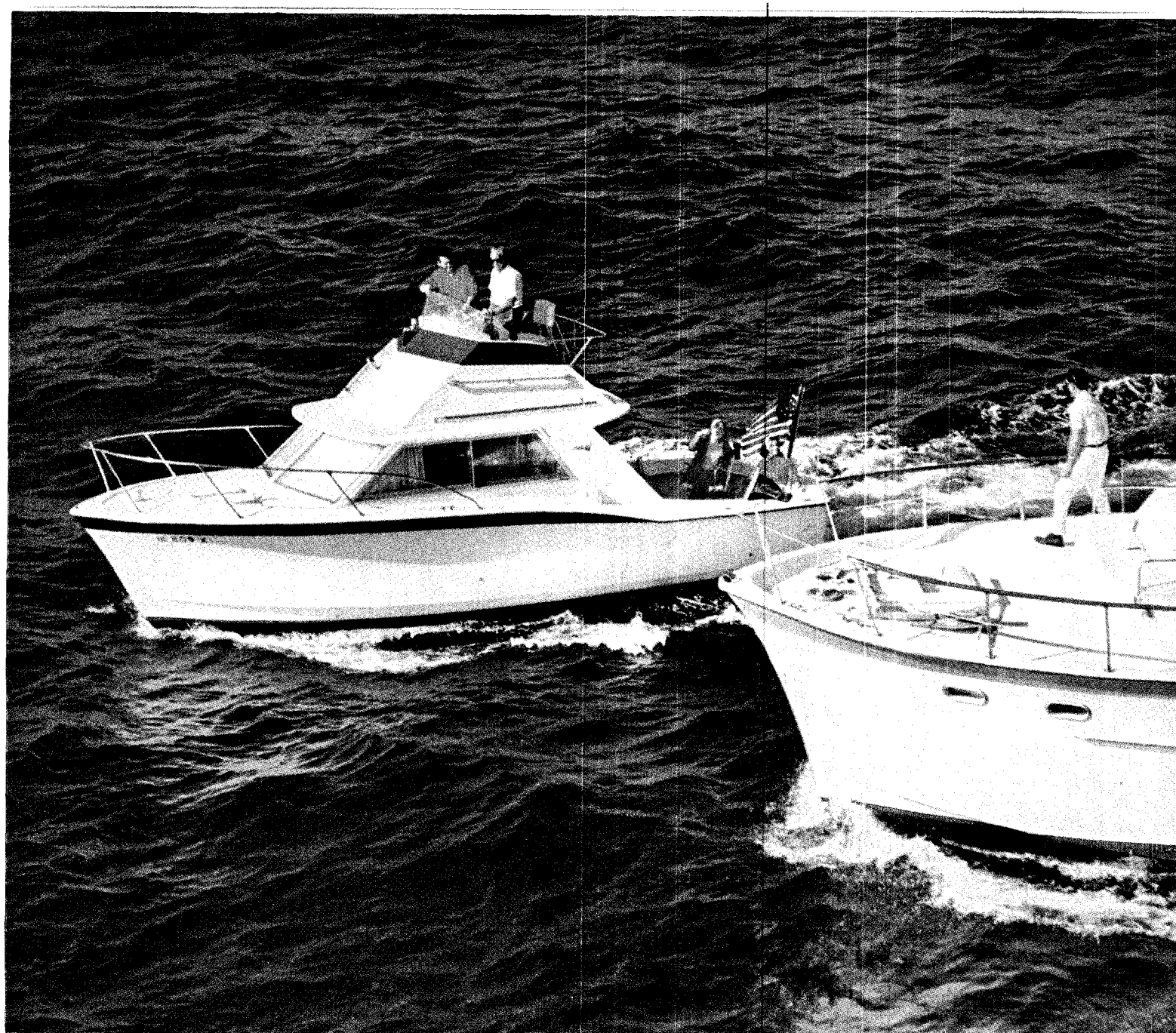
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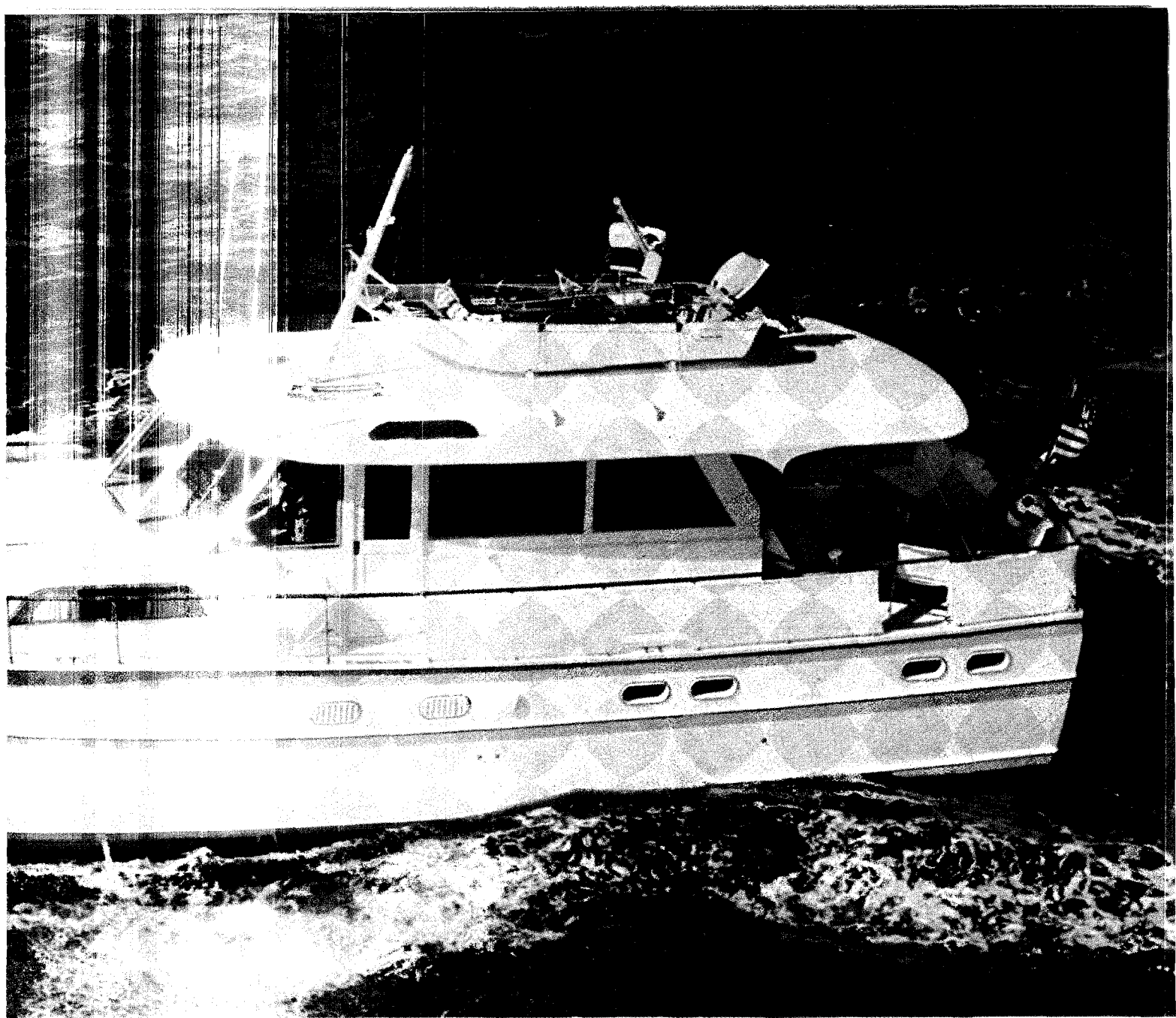
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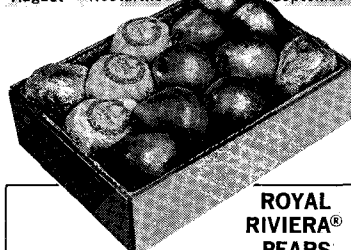
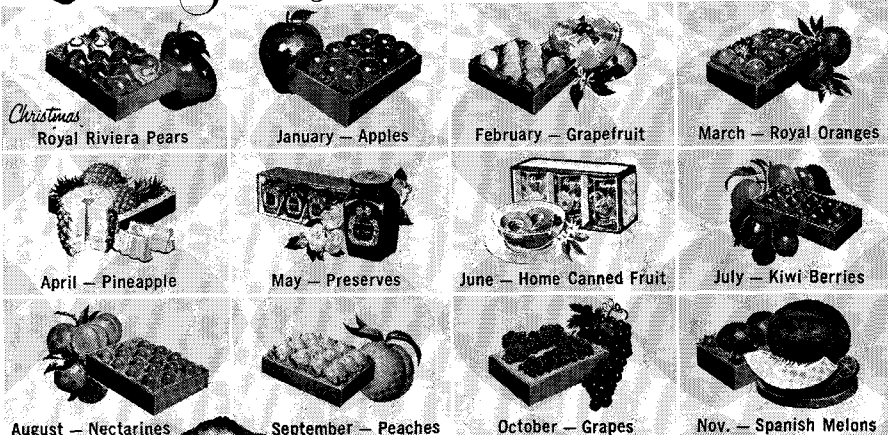
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the Northern variances and the other the Southern, each of course insisting that his or her version is the true one." Men who sing have always been particularly respected in the Pine Barrens, where the test of a singer's repertory is: Can he sing from morning until evening without repeating himself? Pineys once made violins out of red maple from the swamps. Sam Giberson (1808-84), known throughout the pines as Fiddler Sammy Buck, one night told a group of people that he thought he could beat any competitor both as a fiddler and as a dancer—"and," he went on, "I think I can beat the Devil." On his way home, Giberson met the Devil himself at a bridge. The Devil told him to play his violin, and while Giberson played the Devil danced. Then the Devil played the violin while Giberson danced. Giberson was the kind of dancer of whom people said things like "I seen him put a looking glass on the floor and dance on it—he was that light when he danced." But the Devil danced even more lightly and beautifully than Giberson, and the Devil played the violin more sweetly. Giberson conceded defeat. The Devil then said that he was going to take Giberson to Hell unless he could play a tune that the Devil had never heard. Out of the air, by Giberson's account, a tune came to him—a beautiful theme that neither Giberson nor the Devil had ever heard. The Devil let him go. That is what Giberson told people on the following day and for the rest of his life. The tune is known in the Pine Barrens as Sammy Giberson's Air Tune. No one, of course, knows how it goes, but the Air Tune is there, everywhere, just beyond hearing. Giberson drank a lot, like many of the fiddlers of his time.

Fred Brown said he might have competed with a man like Giberson once, but not at the age of seventy-nine. "I can't jig no more like I used to," he told me. "My legs won't twist around like they would. Wherever there was music, I used to jig. For years, we had a dance every Friday night to Chatsworth, in the hall. Now they go to a bar somewhere, and get half drunk, and go home. The younger people, they don't never waltz or two-step or time-and-a-half."

The Pine Barrens once had their own particular witch. Pineys put salt over their doors to discourage visits from the Witch of the Pines, Peggy Clevenger. It was known that she could turn herself into a rabbit, for a dog was once seen chasing a rabbit and the rabbit jumped through the window of a house, and there—in the same

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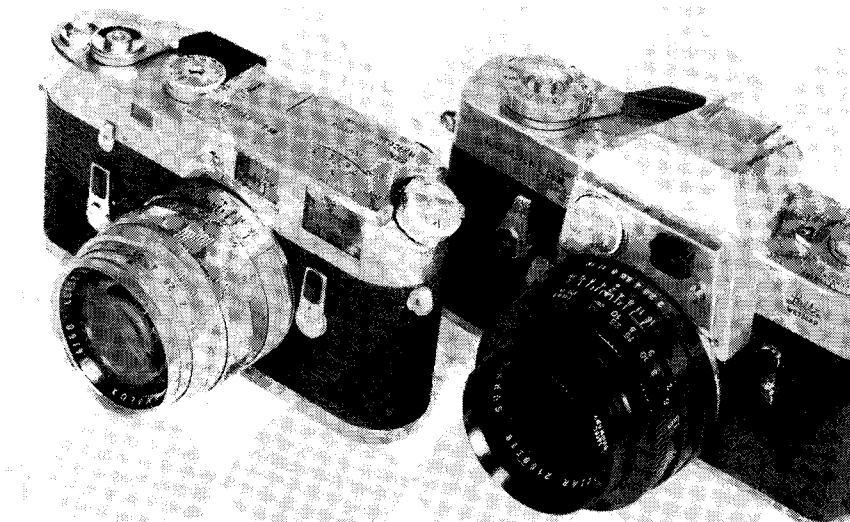
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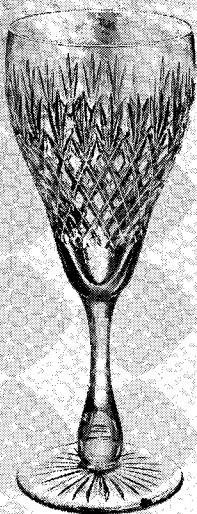


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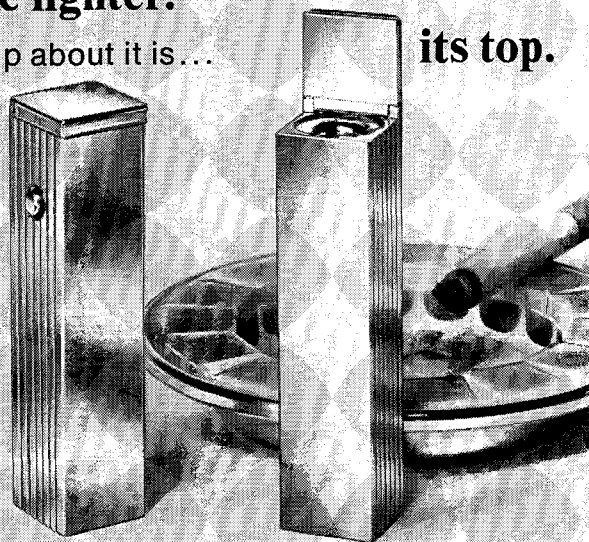
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instant, in the window—stood Peggy Clevenger. On another occasion, a man saw a lizard and tried to kill it by crushing it with a large rock. When the rock hit the lizard, the lizard disappeared and Peggy Clevenger materialized on the spot and smacked the man in the face. Clevenger is a Hessian name. Peggy lived in Pasadena, another of the now vanished towns, about five miles east of Mt. Misery. It was said that she had a stocking full of gold. Her remains were found one morning in the smoking ruins of her cabin, but there was no trace of the gold.

The Pine Barrens also have their own monster. This creature has been feared in the woods—on a somewhat diminishing scale—from the seventeen-thirties to the present. It is known as Leeds' Devil, or the Jersey Devil, and a year or so ago the *Trenton Times* ran an article, with a Pine Barrens dateline, that said, "State Police from the Tuckerton Barracks today are searching for a wild beast. . . Trooper Alfred Potter reported finding a footprint that was so large a man's hand could not cover it. . . Many remember the legend of the Jersey Devil." From "a farm in a woodland swamp," the beast had carried away two large dogs, three geese, four cats, and thirty-one ducks. Remains of these animals were found, but that was all that was ever found. If the perpetrator was Leeds' Devil, the haul was modest, for Leeds' Devil had in the past been said to have devoured small children and to have mutilated strong young men. Over the years, the physical appearance and the personal history of the monster have been variously described. There are two main versions of its birth, which occurred early in the eighteenth century—one that a woman named Leeds so scornfully treated a preacher who was trying to convert her that the preacher told Mrs. Leeds her next child would be the offspring of Satan, and the other that Mrs. Leeds had so large a family that she cursed all unborn children and said she hoped she would give birth to the Devil, which she did. The Devil child's appearance was said to combine the features of a bat and a kangaroo. It was described in Cornelius Weygandt's book "Down Jersey" as "a leather-winged, steel-springed jumper of goat size that could clear a cranberry bog at a bound." (A variant was that it had a horse's head, the wings of a bat, and a serpent's tail.) It tore at its mother's flesh while it nursed. At the age of

four, it killed its mother and its father and began its terrible wanderings, cutting the throats of hogs, horses, cattle, sheep, children, women, and men, and leaving cloven tracks. People used to hang up lanterns to scare the Jersey Devil away. Most people in the Pine Barrens now look upon the Jersey Devil as pure legend, but there are many who do not. Unexplained and sinister events will still cause its name to be spoken in serious voices.

Bill Wasovwich, for his part, is not certain whether he believes or disbelieves. "I was out in a swamp once on a moonlight night," he told me. "A mist came up, laying out in there like a blanket. You've seen those nights. Fog was rising up like a thing coming through water. Something screamed. My hat flew off my head. I ran home, through briars. My arms was all cut up when I got home."

Fred Brown believes. "The Jersey Devil is real," he told me. "That is no fake story. A woman named Leeds had twelve living children. She said if she ever had another one she hoped it would be the Devil. She had her thirteenth child, and it growed, and one day it flew away. It's haunted the earth ever since. It's took pigs right out of pens. And little lambs. I believe it took a baby once, right down in Mathis town. The Leeds Devil is a crooked-faced thing, with wings. Believe what you want, I'm telling you the truth."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the first of two articles on the Pine Barrens.)

Tourists from the United States not only will find the Swedish switch has everybody driving on the same side of the highways, but...—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Hey! A solution at last!

However, by putting all the blame on the contractor, Mrs. Hicks has merely thrown a red herring into a school construction labyrinth already clogged with red tape.—*Boston Herald.*

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NICHE VO

THE trouble with "The Promise," a Russian importation by Aleksei Arbuzov at the Henry Miller, is that—at least in translation (by Ariadne Nicolacff)—it all too often sounds like one of those satiric routines with which Mike Nichols and Elaine May used to entertain us, and since the play is supposed to be deadly serious, this unintended comicality hurts. There are three characters involved here, and at the outset—the scene being Leningrad under siege in 1942—they are presented as adolescents, ranging in age from fifteen to seventeen. Whatever their other attractions, the members of the cast—Eileen Atkins, Ian McKellen, and Ian McShane—are hardly in their teens, and their decidedly English accents are of no help in inducing us to believe that they are bona-fide Russians. The implausibility of the drama, the plot of which I'll get around to in a minute, is compounded by the direction of Frank Hauser, who seldom permits his actors to have a quiet moment, and there is not much help to be had from the set, by William Ritman—a room in a Leningrad apartment, where the only indication of a city close to destruction is the absence of sheets on a mattress. Nor did vague offstage rumblings convince me that I was getting a true picture of the way things were in Leningrad in those days.

The title of the play has to do with the obligation of the survivors of the Second World War to make sure that their dead have not died in vain. The heroine is a doctor's daughter who aspires to become a kind of Florence Nightingale. (It is

when she talks about her dreams of a splendid medical future that she sounds most like Elaine May, who, you may remember, once wanted to be a dental assistant in a leper colony.) As played by Miss Atkins, she is something less than compelling, and Mr. McShane and Mr. McKellen, as the two men in her life, struck me as rather dull. Mr. McShane portrays a mendacious, blustering resident of Leningrad, who inflates a scratch on his arm into a major wound, which he claims to have suffered while capturing a German parachutist. Despite, or because of, his boasting, he eventually achieves high rank in the Soviet Army. Mr. McKellen, on the other hand, is shy, modest, and poetic, and Miss Atkins' dilemma, which takes

a hell of a long time to resolve—the last act brings us up to 1959—is whether to go for the Army big wheel or for her gentle chum, who has undeniably lost an arm in combat. Nothing really enthralling develops as this triangle sorts itself out, but I suppose it's a good thing to have a modern Russian play, however inferior, on view hereabouts. I wish my welcome could be more cordial.

A NEGRO cast has taken over "Hello, Dolly!" at the St. James, and I must say that a lot of bounce has been added to a show that has been running since the McKinley Administration. Particularly meritorious is Pearl Bailey—the Dolly on this occasion—who is, of course, an entertainer impossible to fault. Also on hand is Cab Calloway, who can still strut with the best of them. The production has been exuberantly restaged by Lucia Victor, and Freddy Wittop has supplied some dazzling costumes. The ubiquitous Oliver Smith created the settings, which are admirable. —JOHN MCCARTEN

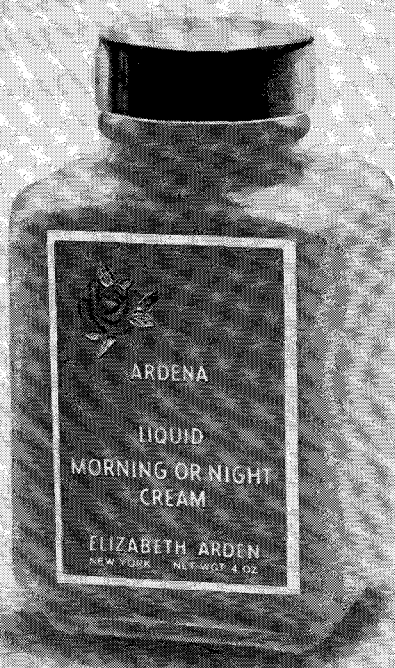


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If Winter Comes...



THERE'S an adage, frequently heard on the backstretch, that good horses always have a lot of poor relations. Horseplayers were quick to repeat it after Captivate, a half sister to Dr. Fager, finished fourth in the Demoiselle Stakes for two-year-old fillies at Aqueduct the other afternoon. How justified they were is debatable, since she was in the forefront of it, bucking a stiff head wind, before she tired. Allie's Serenade, coming from behind, won by a length and a half from A Pleasant Sort, and Wish Well was third.

ALTHOUGH many horses, some of whom won't be missed, have stomped off to Florida, where Tropical Park opened last weekend, there is still plenty of action at the Big A. This Saturday, there's the Gallant Fox Handicap, and next Wednesday the Remsen, which Damascus won last year. The Stuyvesant is on December 2nd, the Display on December 9th, and the Synsonby on closing day, December 15th. There will be no more races on the grass, so Fort Marcy will rest on his International laurels until Hialeah opens, in January. Damascus is going either to California or to Florida. Australia's Tobin Bronze, who was third in the International, will race at Santa Anita, in the colors of a couple of Californians, William Brelant and Irving Litz. Ribocco, who ran so disappointingly, has been leased by his owner, Charles Engelhard, to Thomas Evans and will stand at Evans' stud in Virginia.

I HAD another look at the grounds and the new grandstand at Belmont Park last week, and was amazed at the progress. It's a good bet that the hundredth Belmont Stakes will be run there in June, as people have been hoping. By a fortunate happenstance, I made the grand tour with Edward T. Dickinson, the president of the New York Racing Association, who was showing the place off to James Cox Brady, the chairman of the board, and Vincent O'Brien, who handles Mr. Brady's horses in Ireland, and who developed John McShain's Ballymoss, the



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best (and unluckiest) racer ever to have come from abroad for the Washington, D.C., International. (He was third in that scramble in 1958.) Before that, O'Brien was wizard with jumpers. Among his achievements were winning the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase three years in a row, with Early Mist, Royal Tan, and Quare Times, and taking three Cheltenham Gold Cups with Cottage Rake. This season, he had a string of nice two-year-olds, among them Mr. Brady's Hibernian. Quite his best performer, however, was the American-bred Sir Ivor, a bay colt by Sir Gaylord out of Attica, whom he trains for Raymond Guest. After winning the National Stakes at the Curragh, Sir Ivor went on to the easiest of victories last month in the Grand Criterium at Longchamp, France's most important event for two-year-olds.

To get back to Belmont, O'Brien said that what he saw there impressed him no end. At present, most of the work is being done on the interior of the stand. One of the outstanding innovations is that grandstand patrons will have the entire first tier of the building to themselves, so some of them will be right on the finish line, which isn't the case at a number of other tracks. Whole blocks of the seats are in place, and, by the way, they are the same as those in the clubhouse section. They're comfortable, too, I can report. Speaking of the clubhouse, the restaurant there will have two sections—or maybe there'll be two restaurants—one facing the racecourse, as at Saratoga, with tables on three levels, and the other overlooking the saddling paddock and walking ring. The paddock will be something special. There will be a sort of amphitheatre around part of it, where people who like to look at horses can stand and see them at close range before they go to the post. And for those who want to watch a race from the best vantage point, I recommend the top tier of the stand. It will be easy to get to, what with elevators and escalators all over the place. The view from the top is breathtaking. Of course, no landscaping can be done until spring, but I'm sure it will be in keeping with everything else. I can hardly wait till opening day.

IT is with regret that this department records the death of Native Dancer, one of the great horses of American racing. The seventeen-year-old gray by Polynesian out of Geisha suffered a blocked intestine in Maryland at the Sagamore farm of Alfred Gwynne



there she is again...
in a

Dalton

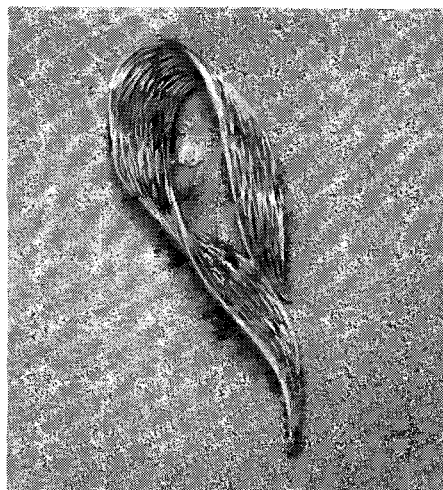
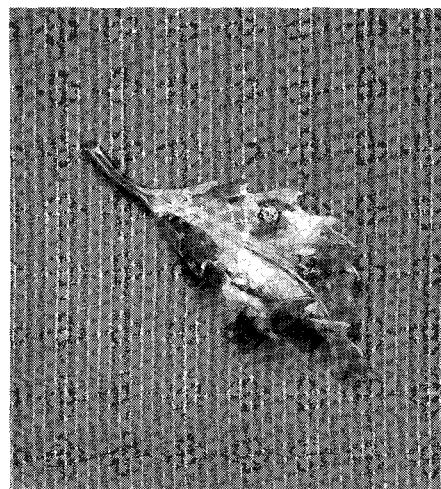
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Vanderbilt, who bred and owned him, and he was taken to the University of Pennsylvania's New Bolton Veterinarian Center, where he died on the operating table. In the three seasons he raced, the gray whirlwind won twenty-one of his twenty-two starts. He was unbeaten at two and at four, and his only defeat was in the 1953 Kentucky Derby, in which he was slammed by a beast named Money Broker going into the clubhouse turn, starting a chain of bad luck he couldn't overcome. He finished a head behind Dark Star, a 25-1 shot.

I've always thought that Native Dancer's masterpiece was in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park the following year. He gave from thirteen to twenty-four pounds to eight first-class runners, and came from far out of it in the last quarter to win by a neck—a performance that compares well with Buckpasser's famous Suburban. An imposing and handsome individual, Native Dancer did more to make gray horses popular than any other thoroughbred I can remember. He was especially the idol of the teen-agers of those days (he was the first equine television star), and for years after he was out of racing he got stacks of fan mail. As a sire, he had sons and daughters who won not only in this country but in Canada, England, and France. To name a few, Kauai King won the Kentucky Derby last year; Hula Dancer, a filly, was a star in France; and Dan Cupid, who also raced well in France, sired Sea Bird, winner of the English Derby and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, who was hailed over there as an all-time great.—AUDAX MINOR

The highlight of the second half of the program was the Vincent Persichetti "Sonata for Two Pianos, Opus 13." At the same time the work was stark, strident, soul-searching, sinister, romantic, realistic, whimsical, unpredictable, forlorn, languishing... a now, multi sound, sometimes unrelated, like a life abstract.

As far as the Abram Chasins arrangement of Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltz" and the three empire numbers are concerned, only one word expresses this listener's impression... tickles.

—Lewiston (Pa.) Sentinel.

And just when we were developing a taste for the multi-word impression.

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—Cruise announcement in the Washington Sunday Star.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Snowbound



THE quality that distinguishes a Swedish movie called "Guilt" is unpleasantness. It is so consummately unpleasant, indeed, that it sets a sort of standard; if there were an Oscar for odiousness, how readily the

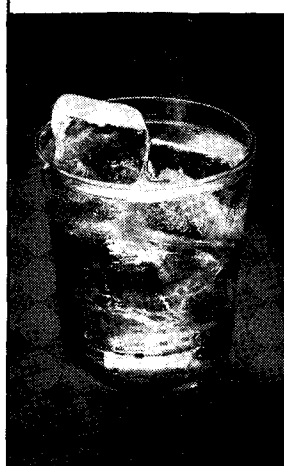
Academy could award it to this sour study of misogyny, and how often in future other sour studies in the same field could be measured against it and found wanting! The picture was shot in winter and mostly out-of-doors in the snowbound, shrunken-with-cold countryside near Stockholm, but the iciness of the roads over which the hero hurls his murderous Volvo is nothing to the never-failing iciness of his heart. The cast of "Guilt" consists of but two people—a good-looking young architect and his not very good-looking girl friend, whom he remembers to telephone for dates only when, as he takes care to tell her, a physical need must be met—and its plot consists of their reaction to a ghastly accident for which he is responsible and for which he would like to force her to share the blame. The architect hates women and loathes himself; the only pleasures he experiences are driving a car dangerously fast and wounding his girl's feelings, and whenever possible he practices the economy of combining the two. The accident causes him to lose confidence in these arrangements. Rounding a bend in a road at high speed, he observes too late a pedestrian in his path; the pedestrian is killed, and the architect chooses to leave the scene. He is not so much afraid to face the legal consequences of what he has done (unjust as any punishment is bound to be, since he considers himself a valuable member of society and the pedestrian a dotty old nobody) as afraid to face the psychological consequences of his having been, for once, in the wrong. He has always been as perfectly disciplined a driver as he has been a lover—we see him undressing to make love with the unhurried neatness of a surgeon dressing to perform an operation—and he responds with near hysteria to the marring of the smooth surface of his inhumanity. Sooner or later, the police will arrest him as a hit-and-run driver,

have you met my sister?

she's sweet...

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Stock '84 Cocktail

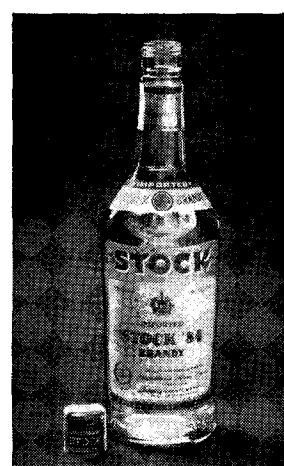
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and sooner or later the girl will tire of being lacerated by his words and deprived of love by his lovemaking. No matter, for in both cases the damage will already have been done. He will be but a failed monster, fumbling his way about among a thousand other failures.

"Guilt" was written and directed by the novelist Lars Görling. Oddly enough, the subject matter of the movie is not guilt but revulsion. Yeats says that the soul learns at last that it is self-delighting, but the message reiterated throughout "Guilt," in the same monotonous and yet anguished tone of voice, comes close to saying that the soul learns at last that it is self-disgusting. It will serve as a sad postscript to the movie to note that it is not only the first Mr. Görling ever directed but also the last. As the result of a motor accident of his own, he died in Sweden in July, 1966, at the age of thirty-four.

"THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS" is a terrible movie. It was directed by Roman Polanski and in part written by him, and he plays one of the featured roles. Mr. Polanski has protested publicly through an associate that the movie has been so altered by recutting, redubbing, and other means that "it no longer represents the motion picture created, written, and directed by Roman Polanski." It would be instructive to students of movie-making to see the picture as it left Mr. Polanski's hands and so be able to judge precisely how much better or—as I suspect—how much worse it was in its original form than it is now. "Created," indeed! When we succeed, we are not tempted to be pretentious.

—BRENDAN GILL

HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[From the Albuquerque Journal]

PROBLEM A DAY

If it takes a certain clock 7 seconds to strike 7 o'clock, how long will it take this clock to strike 10 o'clock?

ANSWER

10½ seconds. There are 6 intervals between one and seven o'clock, each of 1 1-16 second duration. There are 9 intervals between one and 10 o'clock. Therefore, multiply 1-1-16 by 9.

Left-over turkey and dressing should be placed in the refrigerator in separate shallow containers, and they should be spread in thin layers to permit rapid scooting.

—Monte Vista (Colo.) Journal.

Remember, it's dark in there.

Christmas time...

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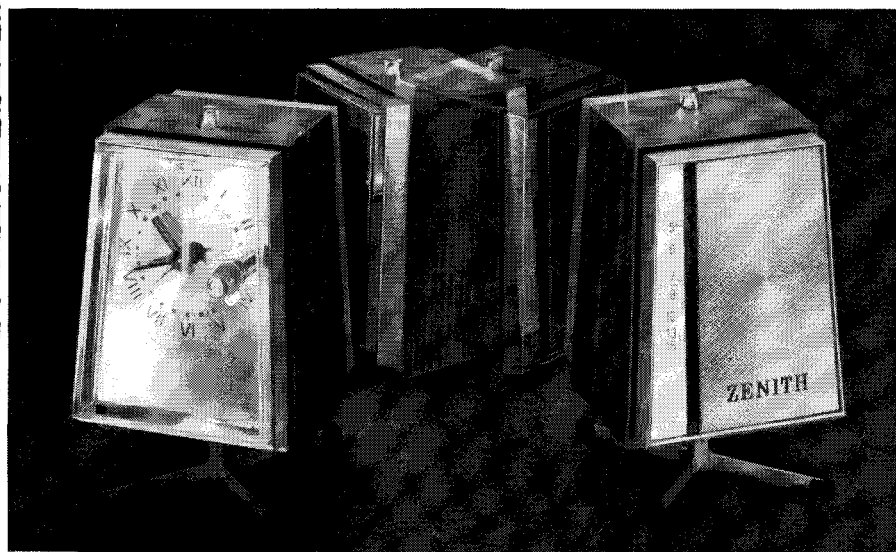
FOOTBALL

Market Letter



THE time is not yet at hand (but it must be coming) when, as the National and the American Leagues continue their process of parturition, there will be more football units under professional management than there are under educational auspices. The balance of trade has already been upset in some of our big cities; George Washington, which helped represent the District of Columbia for all those years, finally instructed its players to turn in their uniforms and let the Redskins run the capital city, and New York, where Columbia labors alone (if one excepts the informal athletics of such schools as Fordham) to uphold the academicians, now looks to the Jets and the Giants. Those who *can* look, that is, because seats on the home grounds—Yankee Stadium and Shea—have become practically hereditary, like seats in the House of Lords, a non-professional outfit. Yet seats at Baker Field, where Columbia entertained (more or less) Dartmouth a while back, are plentiful—ten thousand customers for that match, while, in another part of town, Fordham's informal squad was putting down Manhattan to the tune of 33-7 and thirteen thousand customers. Thirteen thousand, at that, was far better than what N.Y.U. and Fordham, in their days of gigantism, were drawing for their annual meetings, before they discovered that academic football (considered as a box-office matter instead of as a Saturday pastime) could no longer stand up to the professional commodity in any large community. What does this do to the human psyche, the human sense of loyalty (already sufficiently tossed and turned in these times)? We who were brought up to pridefully watch, according to our bent, the slow flowering of Army's Charlie Jarvis and Columbia's Marty Domres and Dartmouth's Gene Ryzewicz in their freshman season and to follow them through their three-year term of duty on the varsity must soon become perpetual turncoats; we must revile Fran Tarkenton when he is quarterbacking the Minnesota Vikings but love him when he is running the New York Giants, and we must change our opinion of Cookie Gilchrist a dozen times as he bounces (the proper word for him) from one professional

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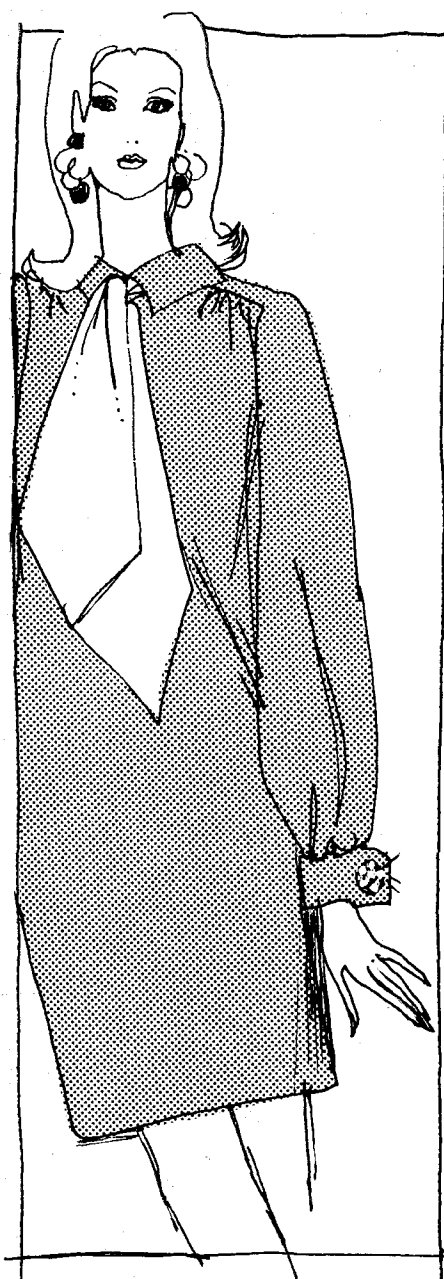
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team to another. Or we must take to the hills and the country towns—to Exeter, where those who will be the leaders of next year's Harvard freshman team will be going up against Andover; to Amherst and Williams-town and Hartford for the Little Three matches; to Ithaca and Han-over to consider the Ivy League's progress.

George Washington's football players did not go to waste. Steve Molnar, its husky Canadian fullback, simply moved on to Utah, and a couple of weeks ago to West Point—not as a cadet but as a performer on Utah's football troupe. And troupe it is, earnest and hard-working, with its eleven-game schedule and its long-distance traveling. The middle of its line is a weighty matter—McBride at 231, Fernandez at 246, and Joe Johnson at 265. More than a dozen of its performers have done two years of football at junior colleges, and nearly a dozen are red-shirters—that is, after a season of freshman football they practice a year with the varsity before actually playing on it. All this is heads-up, out-in-the-open, and legitimate collegiate football (of its kind), and since the men have done so much campaigning together, there is a do-or-die but cohesive Foreign Legion air in their maneuverings—the way the line shifts from four to five to six men and back, the way the linebackers charge in on the oblique as a defense measure against a play up the middle, the speed and hula-dance swerving of the runners. There's an Ed Johnson, too, at only 222, who played guard two years in the Army and two years in junior college before he ever saw Utah, and there's plenty of other muscle—not enough to beat Army, but enough to put on a tremendous and vivid show. It's Evolution, that's what it is, and I guess we can all either admire it for what it is or else go climb a tree—a tree in the groves of Academe.

—J. W. L.

FALL

A door to the forest swings on hinges
as the invisible phoebe sings.
The floor is a roof fallen in.
Through arches of silence between,
a fox and a rabbit look out
for a clump or thicket of scent.
Listening, a man stands still as a tree,
a gun prolonging his shadow.
Only the blacksnake fully appears,
deaf and warm on a rock in the sun.

—JON SWAN



Actual size detail from the 11" x 15" Currier & Ives print, "The Lakes of Killarney".

Anyone who's ever been to Ireland will tell you that you don't have to be Irish to love Ireland. Same goes for "Ireland of the Welcomes" magazine (a handsomely gathered offering of Irish poems, pictures and prose by people like Frank O'Connor, Brendan Behan and that renowned international Irishman, Art Buchwald). Our Christmas special to you and every Irish-hearted friend on your gift list is two years (12 issues) of "Ireland of the Welcomes" for only \$4 (\$1 off), mailed to you from Dublin. As a bonus, we'll add the Currier & Ives color print, "The Lakes of Killarney" (there's a bit of it above).

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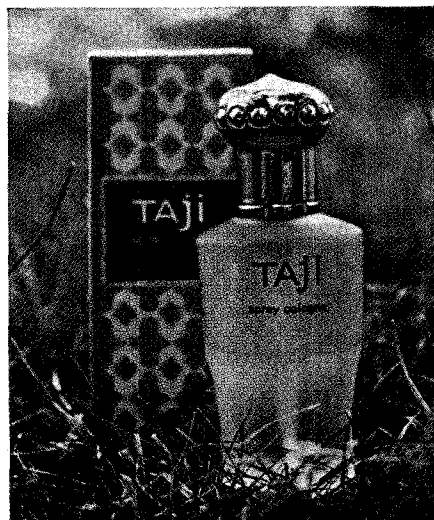


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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

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CHRISTMAS is coming. Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming! Every year we pass this word along, sounding like a heralding angel or a

Paul Revere, depending on how you feel about Christmas. Our mission, as always, is to describe some of the more attractive merchandise in the stores at this festive season, and thus save you from unnecessary buffeting in the crowds, from unrewarding forays in the stores, from tension headaches, and from buying all your presents at the drugstore on December 24th. On the following pages we will describe a number of likely gifts for women and some clothes that might please little girls and boys, so if you will take a piece of paper and write down the names of all the women (and all the little girls and boys) whom you plan to salute this year with more than a "Merry Christmas," we can set out.

First on the agenda are things that have to be made to order. The days are dwindling to a precious few, you know, and the waiting time on made-to-order objects is (unless otherwise stated) two weeks. If a lady high up on your list is making do without a white mink cape-jacket, this lack can be corrected at S. J. Glaser, 26 East 56th Street, where they will be happy to run up a white mink cape-jacket with the skins worked in horizontal two-inch rows, so that to the naked eye it might be ermine. It has a small band collar, three jewelled buttons down the front, and jewelled clips that fasten the front to the back under each arm, giving the effect of sleeves; \$795. For a girl who likes attention ("Excuse me, Miss, what kind of fur is that?"), Harold J. Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue (69th), will make a coat of natural Argentine skunk. In Argentina, the skunks are brown, tan, and white, instead of the way our skunks are. This coat has a funnel collar and flares from the middle of the back, and the skins are worked horizontally. A collar-to-hem zipper keeps drafts from creeping in, and the price is \$395. Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue (67th), puts together a parka out of another unusual fur—unsheared natural Canadian otter, which is dark brown shading to light brown. Hip length, with a turnover collar and a zippered front, this parka costs \$675. If you want to give fur

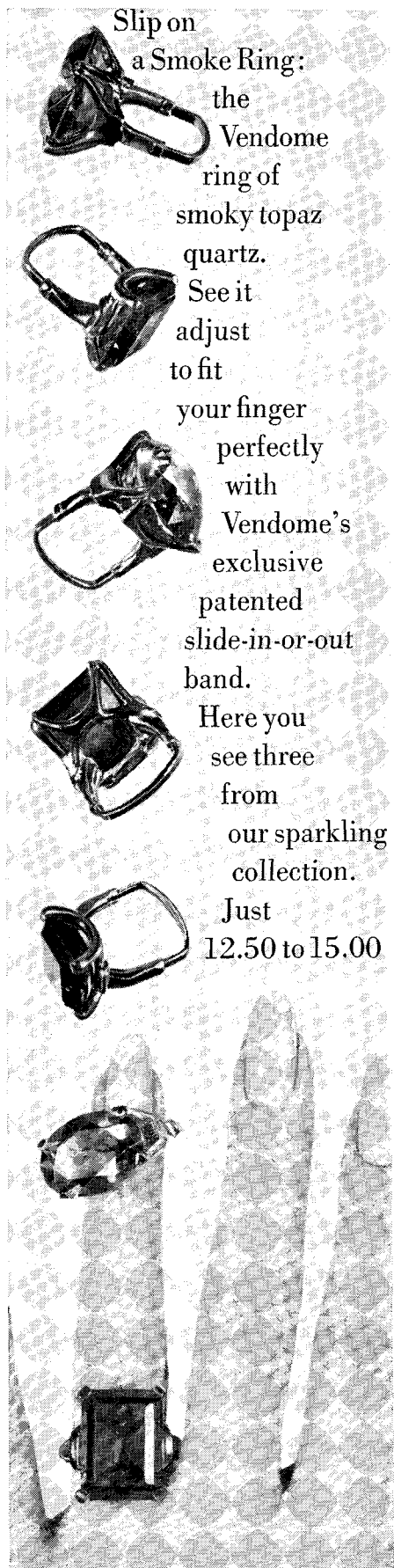
but not all *that* much fur, you might stop in to see Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th). He makes fur pillows, a foot or so square, and if the fur is flat, such as calfskin, he will put a three-initial monogram of contrasting skin in the center of one side. Prices start at \$35, for a calfskin pillow; the furrer the fur, the more expensive the pillow. A lady who has been carrying documents and papers around town in an old manila envelope would quite possibly prefer to carry them in an attaché case of spotted cat framed in brown calfskin. Such a case (twelve inches long and ten inches high) may be ordered from Georges Kaplan in exchange for \$350. Mr. Kaplan's idea of fun and games is to make a standard-size chessboard or backgammon board of black and white calfskin bordered with brown calfskin (\$225); a brown calfskin dice cup (\$45) can go with the latter.

Now for some at-home outfits, likely to start their delighted recipients off

on a splurge of party-giving. Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (75th) and 16 East 56th Street, harks back to the days of Carole Lombard with one-piece culottes of satin-back crêpe. They are sleeveless and collarless and very full in the legs, and they really ought to be accompanied by a polar-bear rug for reclining on. The price is \$55, in dozens of colors, and \$10 more in white, because white needs a lining. You can also find very wide one-piece culottes at Sportique Unlimited, 816 Madison Avenue (67th), in an eight-inch-square wool plaid of red, green, white, and black. These culottes are sleeveless, too, but they have a deep V neckline and a cummerbund of yellow crinkled silk; \$90. Another eye-catcher at Sportique is a long tubular dress of white wool jersey printed all over with large blue blobs that look as if Rorschach himself had designed them. The dress has a turnover collar, no sleeves, and a matching cummerbund—demure enough, except that the skirt is slit to



"Something for a man who stalks about muttering,
'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.'"



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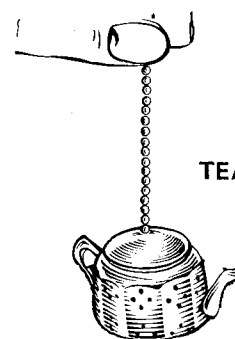
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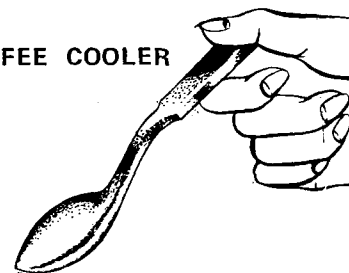
the knees to reveal matching stockings; \$100. Although the at-home items at Marianne Spottiswoode, 33 East 68th Street, are for the very dashing sort of girl who never stays home, don't let that stop you—the girl who gets them is sure to wear them out on the town. How about marabou knickers, very full, and ending two inches above the knee? You—or, rather, that dashing girl—can have these in black, white, emerald, brown, or peacock marabou, sewn on silk crêpe. The price is \$150. To go with the knickers the shop offers a long-sleeved satin-back crêpe shirt with a plunging neckline. In the same colors as the knickers, and with a matching cummerbund, it is \$75. If you are racking your brain over what to give the Garden Club president or your bishop's mother, you can skip Marianne Spottiswoode's two-piece evening pajamas of Chantilly lace. The pants, which start at the hips, cling through the thighs and flare at the bottom. The top falls to below the hips and has short sleeves, and the plain round neck fastens in the back with a single hook, below which there is no further closing, unless the wearer prefers to add some hooks. The whole extravaganza costs \$225, in black, pink, or white lace lined with beige organza. A hostess gown at Amie Fashions, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), is pretty enough to go out to parties but will undoubtedly have its first wearing on Christmas morning, the minute it is out of its box. The material is brocade, patterned with wild roses and foliage, in pale shades of pink, blue, green, or gold. Five flat velvet bows in a matching hue descend the front from a sleeveless, bateau-necked top to a flowing hem. The price, \$119, seems a moderate one for such a piece of luxury. (One week.) Knobkerry, 19 East 7th Street, has taken a traditional Korean robe and adapted it for an American hostess—preferably an American hostess who is small-boned and fragile, like most Korean women. It is floor length and is made of double-faced silk organza, burnt orange on the outside and delicate rose on the inside. The sleeves are long and loose, and the V neckline, edged with rose organza, ends in a bow over the heart. Three narrow pleats descend from the bow to the floor, and, in back, panels of organza fall from a high waistline. Altogether, very charming; \$95. What more welcome present than a dress that can be worn to any evening festivity, flatters the wearer outrageously, and never goes out of style? Barra of Italy, 445 Park Avenue (57th), makes such a treasure, using yards of an Italian printed silk-and-

Hammacher Schlemmer



TEA TOTELER

COFFEE COOLER



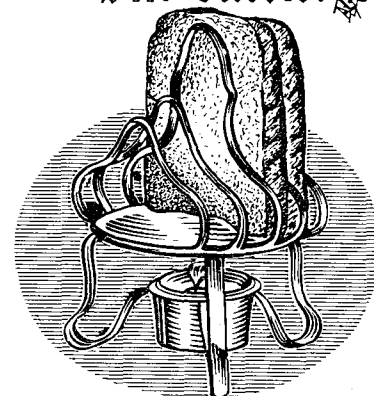
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Plummer - Me Cutchel'on



Toast Warmer

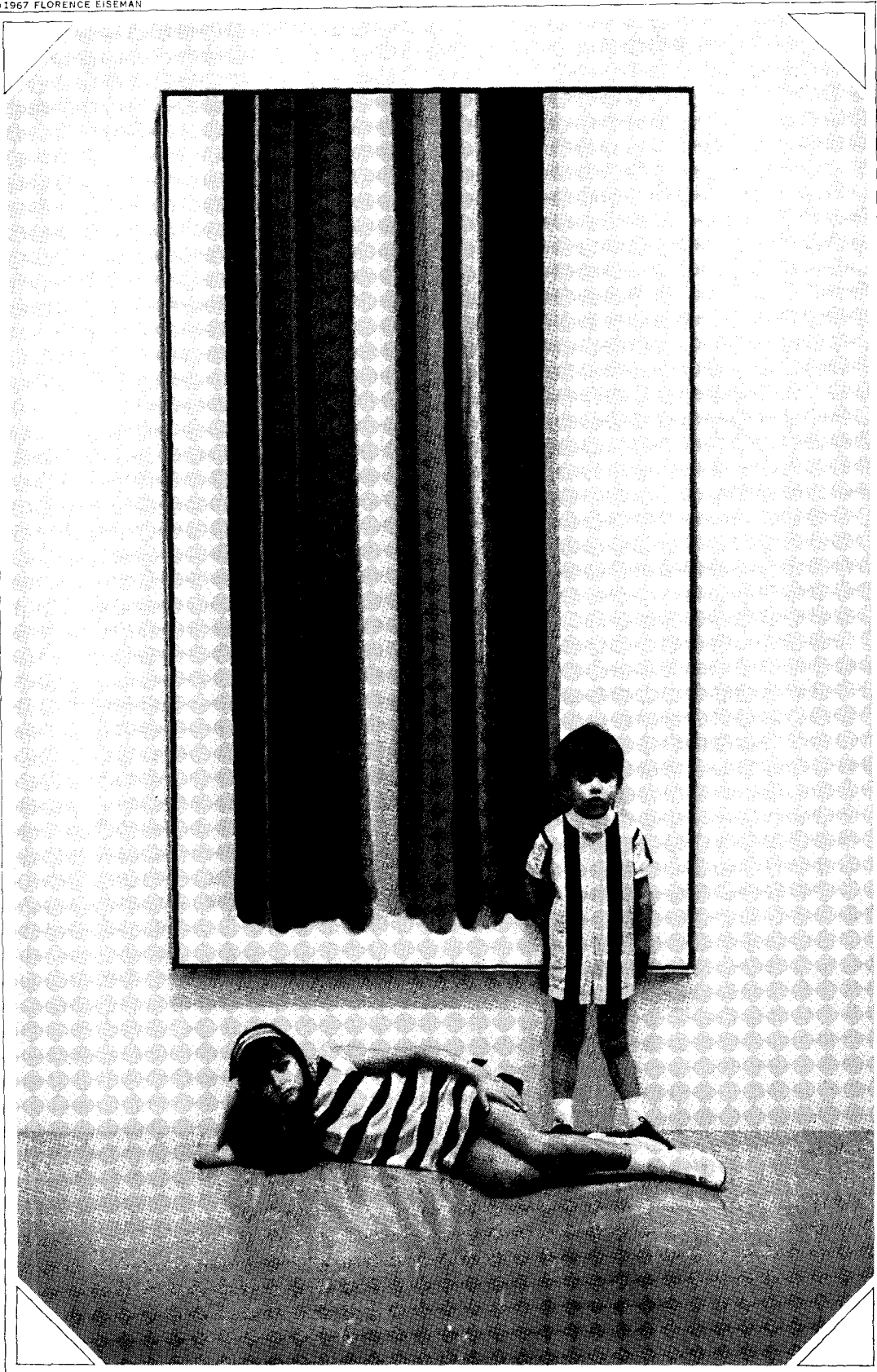
This traditional, warmer-keeper holds four slices of toast, keeps them just right, over a candle burner, for breakfast, brunch or intimate tea. Gleaming silver plate, imported from England. . . . 15.00

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Lurex fabric. (There are several prints—flowery and sort of Art Nouveau.) The style is medieval—a wide scoop neckline, long, tight sleeves with beaded wristbands, a high, beaded waistline, and a generous skirt—and \$325 pays for it.

A queenly bed jacket, for an invalid or a lazy queen, can be made to order in three weeks' time by the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th). Pink or blue velvet is adorned at three-inch intervals with tiny embroidery knots. The collar is a triumph: a rounded shape of velvet, edged with a wider shape of pleated velvet, and *that* edged with heirloom-quality creamy lace, making the whole collar about three inches wide and extremely becoming. Lined with China silk, this jacket will run you \$63.25. When the invalid or the lazy queen gets up out of bed and receives a few tea guests, she would surely like to put on a soft wool jersey robe, in French blue, emerald, or ruby, from Princess Obolensky, 519 Madison Avenue (53rd). The robe is made in peignoir style, slightly shaped in front and gracefully pleated in back from shoulder to floor. A shallow V neck, accented by bows, is outlined with two bands of jersey-covered cord that give the effect of a wide collar. A concealed zipper closes the front; \$120.

If the girl you have in mind is so busy with good works that she has no time for lolling around in velvet and satin, her reward might be one of the prettiest wool plaid skirts in town. Ashley & Abel, 860 Lexington Avenue (65th), has it. The plaid is a small one, combining orange, terra-cotta, olive, and gray, and the skirt is made with very wide box pleats, either long (\$125) or short (\$80). The same plaid in a silk that has a touch of wool in it appears in a blouse with long, cuffed sleeves, a collarless neck, and buttons down the back; \$60. (One week.) Casa Cuero, 202 East 61st Street, glorifies the humble sweatshirt by giving it, thanks to very soft suède and concealed zippers, an artful fit, so that it is *soigné* enough to wear with a long skirt; \$70, in eight colors, of which pumpkin is our favorite. (Ten days.) There isn't much to a mini-skirt, but when the Leather Man, 85 Christopher Street, makes one out of suède he seems to give it as much care as if he were cutting a jewel. The style is A line, there's a zipper in back, and the belt is two inches wide and fastens with a tall, narrow silver-metal buckle. Topstitching out-

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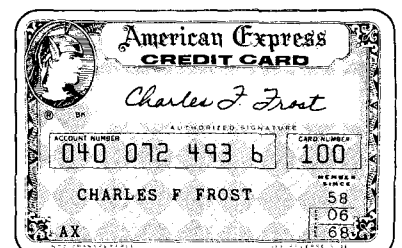
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lines the front, side, and rear seams. There are many colors to choose from, like burgundy, apple green, and caramel, but only one price—\$61.75. (Ten days.) Andre, 21 West 56th Street, the ski-clothes expert, is now making a "super-stretch" gabardine parka to go with the stretch pants that every skier has learned to cherish. The sleek, pared-down, professional look of this parka is due partly to a trim shoulder line, a concealed zipper down the front, and neatly buttoned wrists, and partly to a concealed hood, which is a specialty of this shop. (It folds down into a collarless, tube-shaped neckline.) Needless to say, the parka is water-repellent and warmly interlined. The price is \$95, and it can be ordered in any one of dozens of colors. Matching pants are \$69.50.

Time: A few months from now. **Scene:** A jam-packed airport, somewhere between here and Bulgaria. **Character:** A lady to whom you gave a travel handbag for Christmas. The drama is one of those plotless things; it's all about how this lady remains calm and smiling despite the fact that the plane she's waiting for is seven hours late. Why does she do it? Because her handbag is big enough (thirteen inches wide across the bottom, seventeen inches across the top, and fifteen inches high) to accommodate her passport, her money, her traveller's checks, her makeup, her diary, her pen, her travel slippers, her Kleenex, her pills, her glasses, her rain hood, her camera, the perfume she bought in the Shannon Airport, her Bulgarian-English dictionary, and a giant postcard showing the Eiffel Tower. The bag is also good-looking, being made of sturdy oil-tanned leather (espresso brown, greenish brown, or black), with rolled-leather handles and a secure brass-buckled flap closing. Aaron Willet, 303 East 51st Street, will provide such a bag, given \$35 and ten days' time.

The Arlette Baby Boutique, 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd), will custom-knit a turtle-neck sweater dress for a moppet who wears a size between 2 and 6. Grown girls have to be the shape of Twiggy to get by in sweater dresses, but all little girls, slim or chubby, seem to look beguiling in them. Ribbing circles the turtle-neck, the wrists, and the hem, and a string belt marks the wearer's nonwaistline; \$14, in practically any color, including a Christ-massy red. A first baby occupying an unscratched, high-riding pram might be easier to distinguish from other first babies in pristine prams if supplied with

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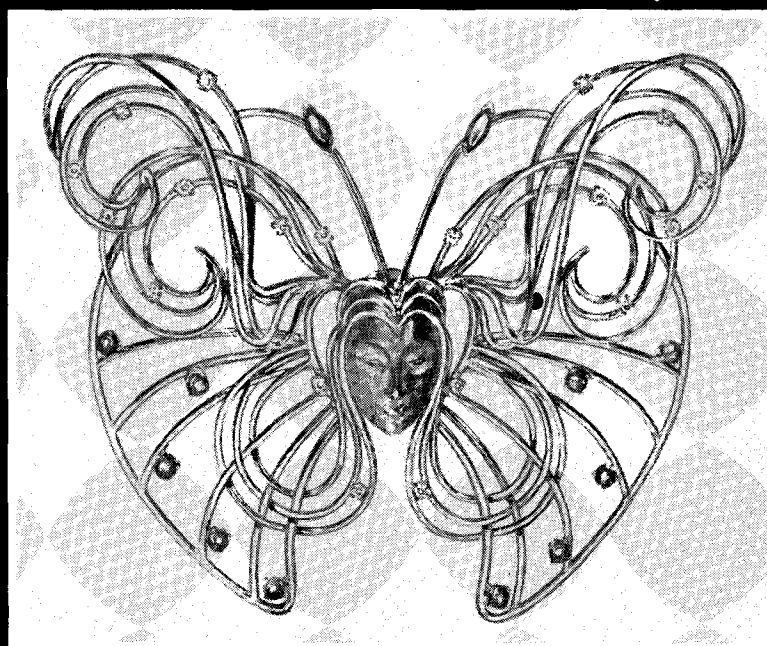
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a custom-made monogrammed carriage cover, such as is available at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work. This one is made of light-blue, navy-blue, or gray felt, with a matching or contrasting felt lining, and has four rows of stitching around the edges. The pram's occupant is identified by an impressive diamond-shaped monogram (three letters) right in the center; \$29.95.

ENOUGH of custom-made gifts.

From here on, it's cash-and-carry—or, anyway, charge-and-deliver. How times change! Last year, we hardly mentioned belts among our Christmas suggestions, and this year they're all over the place, most of them made of chain and clanking away like Marley's Ghost. Marianne Spottiswoode has a chain belt of gold-metal ovals to which is attached a chain purse of gold-metal ovals (\$29.50); Lord & Taylor's entry consists of fake-gold links joined together by fake-silver chains (\$10); and Saks Fifth Avenue (in its Park Avenue Room) links together fifty-cent-size fake-gold coins (\$25). The last was designed by Kenneth Lane, who also devised what may well be the flashiest belt in town—a rhinestone-studded rope fifty-two inches long and held in place by a gold-metal snake head that has two glittering green bead eyes; \$100 at Bloomingdale's. Now that belts are back, Antica Establishment, 768 Madison Avenue (66th, on the second floor), has assembled an array of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century chatelaines. A chatelaine is an ornamental hook, clasp, or pin to wear on a belt. There are chains suspended from it on which to carry keys, thimbles, scissors, seals, and so on. Today's chatelaine wearer will probably not need to carry a thimble or a seal around, but she might enjoy attaching the chatelaine to her belt for extra clank value. Prices range from \$56, for a chatelaine of cut steel, to \$250, for one of vermeil. A shop called Pic-A-Dilly, 827 Lexington Avenue (63rd), gets away from the chain motif with an inch-wide belt of fake jewels set in gold- or silver-metal frames. It's Mod, but not frantically so. The stones represent agate, jade, tourmaline, and a great variety of others. The belt is one size and adjusts to fit any reasonable dimension; \$7. An adjustable belt is a good idea if you don't know the measurement of the waist you intend it to encircle. Bonniers has a nice one, made of white or black elastic five inches wide, with brown leather ends and a metal snap closing; \$9. Hunting

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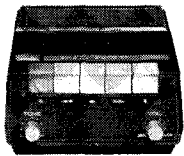
In a changing world, it is comforting to know that some standards never waver. The excellence of Countess Mara ties, for example. Here, one always finds fresh thinking combined with good taste, whether in ties priced from \$7.50 to \$50, or in those ultimate creations at \$100. Each tie may be worn, or given as a gift, with utter confidence, for its quality is established by the famous CM monogram. Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York


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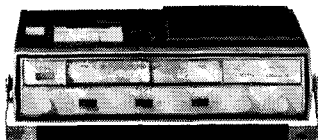
PUSH-BUTTON EASY



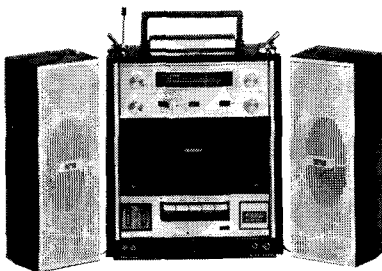
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World, 247 East 50th Street, makes a narrow belt of zebra mounted on tan saddle leather and fastened with a two-inch-wide brass buckle. It is meant for a woman who is going hunting, but there is no reason it wouldn't become any trim waist, even a conservationist's. The price is \$14.95.

Strictly for lady hunters (or campers or hikers) are safari jackets at Hunting World that are of tan Kalahari cord, a material made in Africa of interesting old native fibres called polyester and viscose. The jackets are the last word in comfort, practicality, and good tailoring, and the price is \$37.50. Trousers to match are \$27.50. A jaunty felt safari hat to prevent the lady hunter from going berserk in the tropical sun has a two-inch band of leopard around the crown; \$35. For skaters, Fancy That, at 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd), has imported from Italy a circular hand-knit skating skirt of navy-blue wool, with a band of popcorn stitch at the hem and two bands of red above that; \$26. A matching helmet costs \$7. A lady may not be able to reef a mainsail, but she will certainly look as though she could if you equip her with a heavy canvas sailing shirt from Captain's Quarters, 967 Madison Avenue (76th). It has three ivory buttons below the spreading collar, and comes in natural canvas with blue stitching around the collar and cuffs and outlining the yoke, in navy blue with red stitching, or in red with navy-blue stitching. The sleeves are long and the shirt is full enough to wear over an ordinary shirt or a sweater, which might be one of the cotton-knit jerseys that are available at the same shop. These are horizontally striped, like a French sailor's, in several color combinations that would surprise de Gaulle: red and green, for instance, or gold and red. The sailing shirt costs \$15, and the jerseys, which actually come from France, cost \$8.50. If you have on your hands a moody outdoor girl who leaps on her horse and goes cantering off across the moors in the rain all alone, why not see to it that she owns a clear-vinyl rain suit to wear over her riding clothes? The jacket of one we have in mind, at the Miller Harness Company, 123 East 24th Street, has a small pointed collar and its sleeves are elasticized at the wrist; the pants have straps to go under the riding boots. It's \$8.95, in small, medium, and large. Another variety of riding rainwear here is made of rust-colored cotton tweed in a herringbone pattern. This one is three-quarter length, and there are leg straps and



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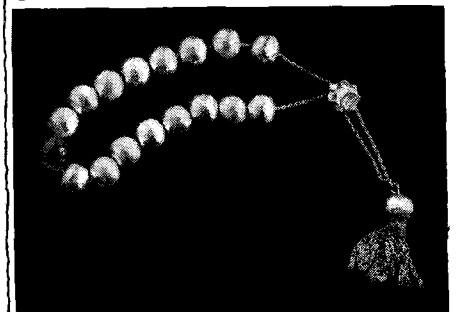
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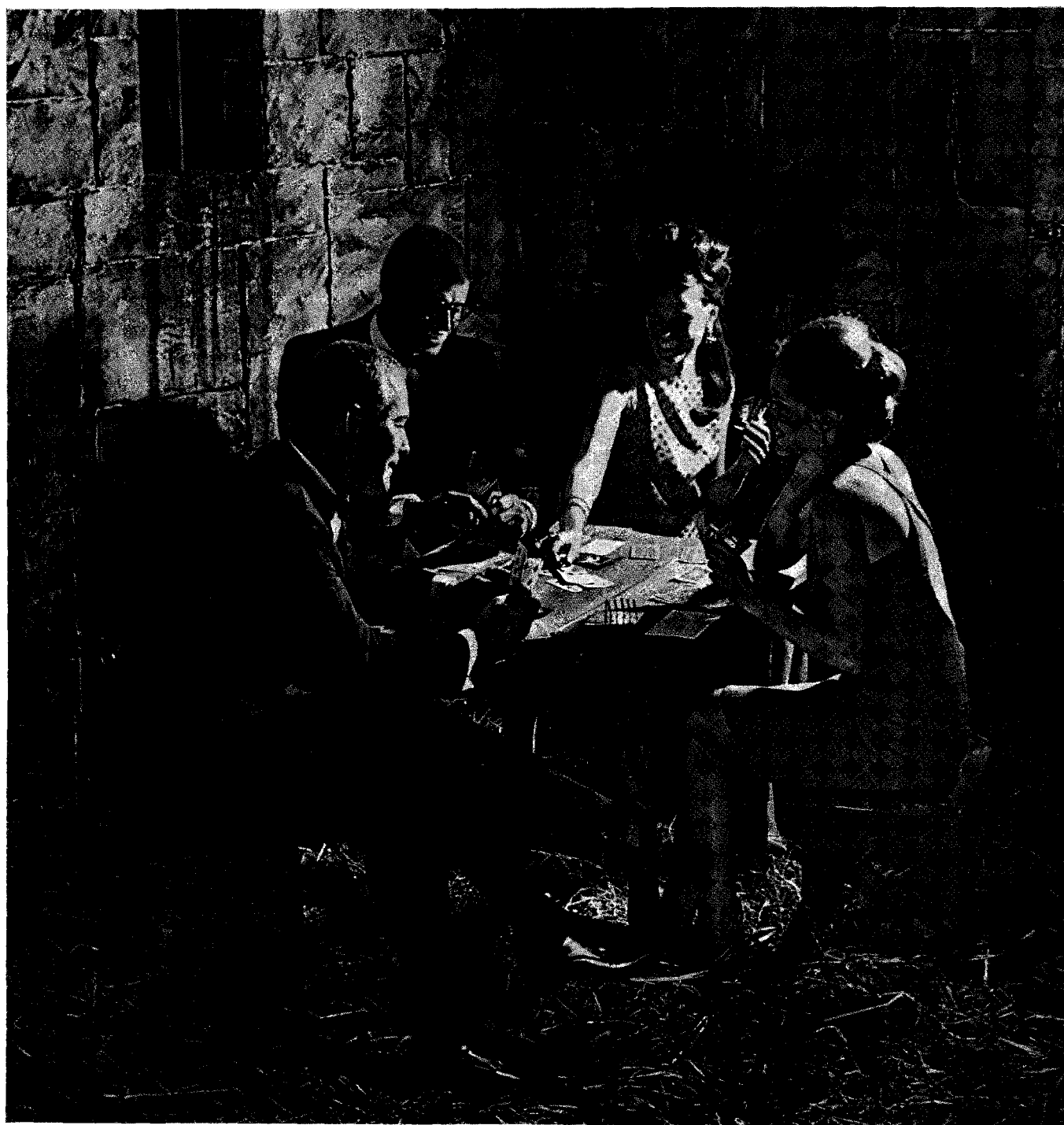


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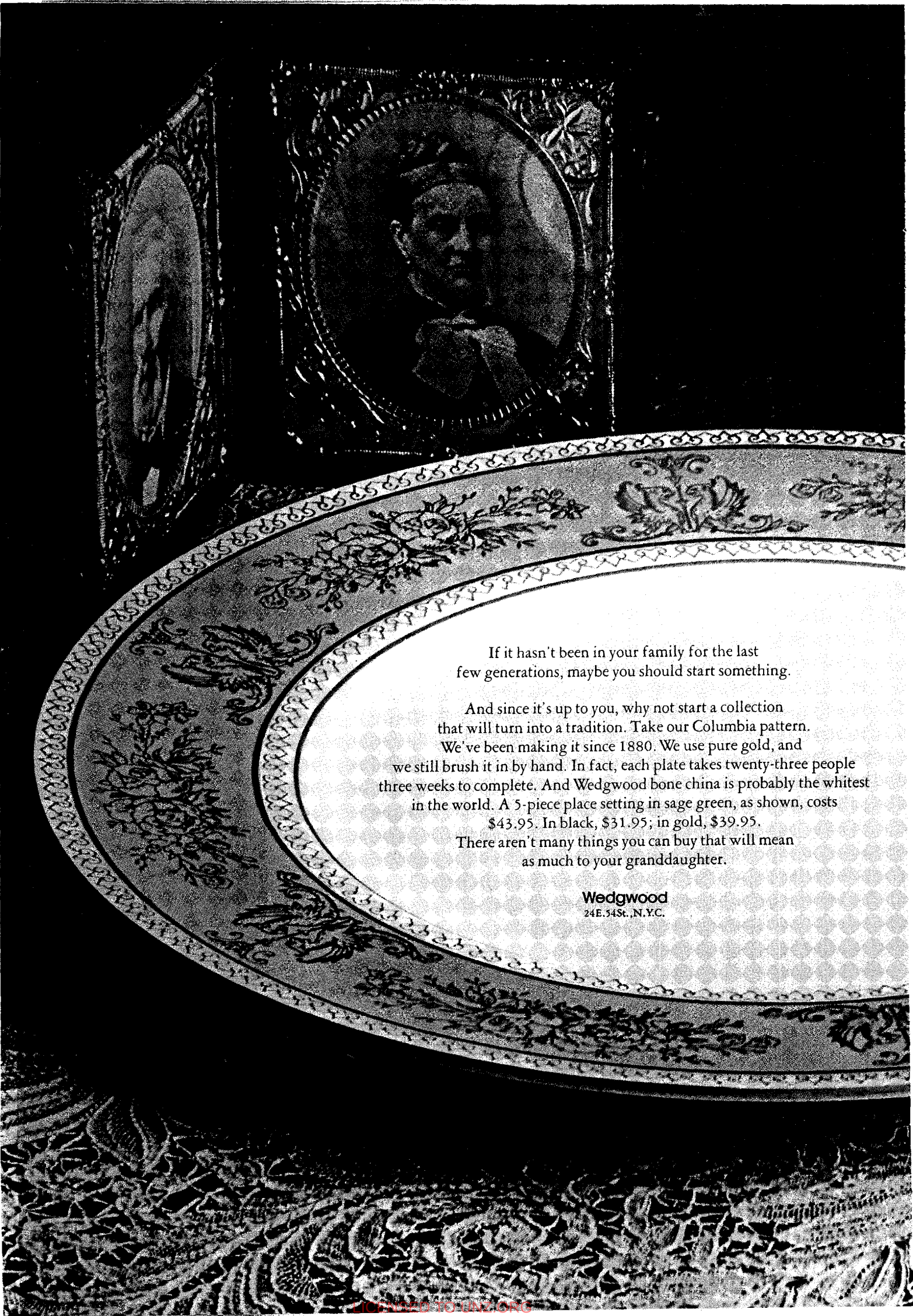
If you're fresh out of dungeons, you can still hatch some great plots, playing this ruthless adult card game in your living room or playroom. French political prisoners dreamed it up over 200 years ago. The Coup and Hidden Coup plays are fascinating new concepts which will challenge all game lovers. No fair joining forces with a partner . . . it's every man for himself! An unusual gift idea for your favorite cutthroat card players.

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We've been making it since 1880. We use pure gold, and we still brush it in by hand. In fact, each plate takes twenty-three people three weeks to complete. And Wedgwood bone china is probably the whitest in the world. A 5-piece place setting in sage green, as shown, costs \$43.95. In black, \$31.95; in gold, \$39.95.

There aren't many things you can buy that will mean as much to your granddaughter.

Wedgwood
24 E. 54 St., N.Y.C.

pommel and cantle flaps to keep out the rain; \$37.50.

NOW for skiers—and most of the following items would do nicely for non-skiers who either delight in cold weather or can't avoid it. Street-er & Quarles, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, has devised a slipover vest of sheared Icelandic sheepskin. It is very thick and soft to the touch, and wonderful for keeping cold winds off a skier, a skater, or a walker in the park; \$50, in white, brown, or gray. Bergdorf Goodman has one of the most elegant fur parkas we've seen anywhere—natural silver hair seal, three-quarter length, with a sleek turnover collar, shirt-cuffed sleeves, and a zippered front. By means of some mysterious trick (they aren't saying what, but it must be some sort of concealed elasticizing), the parka stretches through the body; \$565. Furs for swinging skiers—or, rather, after-skiers—enliven the ski shop at Abercrombie & Fitch: a miniskirt of natural lynx paws, for instance (\$120), and Bermuda shorts of natural gray-and-white rabbit (\$90). Both are on narrow elasticized leather waistbands and are said to fit anyone, but fitting and enhancing are two different matters. Also at Abercrombie are ski gloves adapted from the gloves that astronauts wear while walking in cold, cold space. They are of black leather—smooth on the palm side and ribbed elsewhere—lined with very heavy aluminum foil, foam rubber, and silk jersey; \$25. A shaggy white variety of African goat provides the outside of a pair of mid-calf après-ski boots here. These boots have leather lacings and corrugated soles, and are handsome enough to wear in town—that is, until the mud and slush get to them; \$45. Bonwit Teller carries Bogner's impeccable ski costumes of stretch wool, suitable for any woman on the ski slope. Trousers and a double-breasted jacket in an engaging shade of lilac are \$159; a matching helmet is \$10, and a matching wool-knit pullover \$20. It seems that the Austrians, instead of washing wool tenderly in lukewarm water, *boil* theirs, with the result that it becomes hard, water-repellent, and just right for being woven into an airtight jacket for skiing or skating. Honeybee, 7 East 53rd Street, has such a boiled-wool jacket, embellished with unboiled silver buttons and hand-embroidered panels of daisies down each side of the front opening; \$55, in various attractive color combinations—cranberry red with blue and green daisies, for example. The Head Ski



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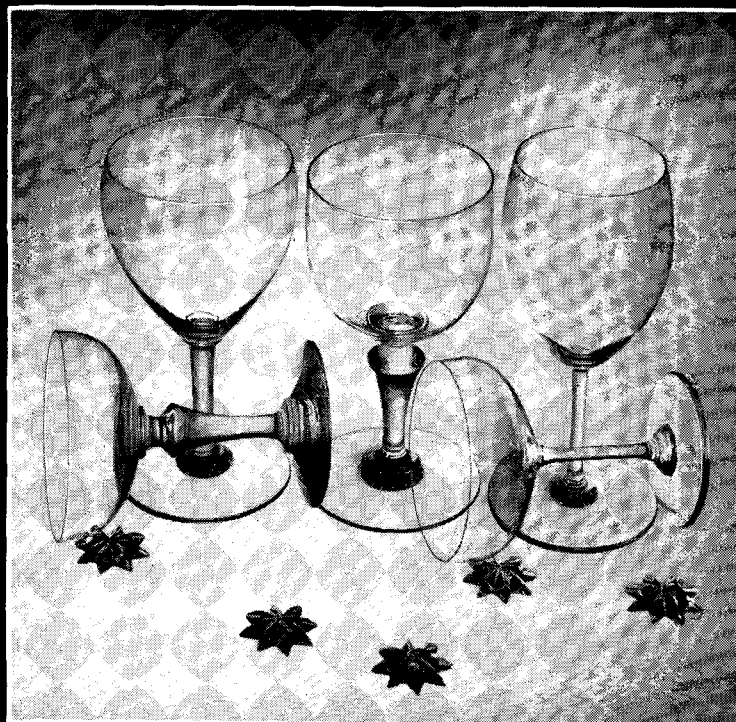
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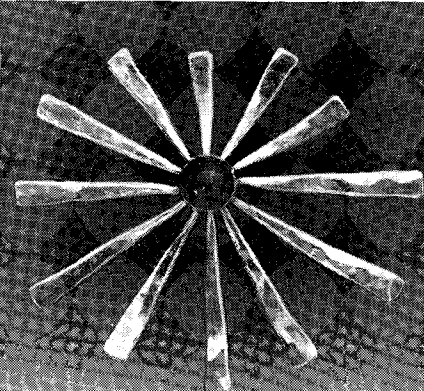
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Company, famous for skis, is now making a windbreaker of very thin but very close-woven nylon, in red, yellow, royal blue, or black—to match the bottoms of slalom, downhill, master, or standard skis, respectively. A skier can put this garment on over the rest of her (or, for that matter, his) outfit and then whiz down the slope and back up the chair lift in a considerably warmer state than formerly; \$24, at Streeter & Quarles.

SCARVES? Some women wear them with great éclat, while others put them on as if they were protecting a sore throat. Give the latter group something else, but for the former consider Lord & Taylor's thirty-five-inch-square surah scarf designed by Pucci—which, of course, means a mélange of such brilliant colors as mauve, fuchsia, Shocking pink, gold, and green, in a bold design. The design on this particular scarf is said to represent ancient Babylonian signs of the zodiac, but, whatever it is, we admire it; \$30. Altman's has slightly smaller (thirty-inch) squares of surah, also in brilliant colors and also from the hand of a fashionable designer—this time, Pertegaz. A vast magenta circle broadly framed in purple, for instance, costs \$20. The shop known as For Him—For Her, 910 Madison Avenue (73rd), offers (for Her) neckties from France, to be worn with shirts or with pants suits. A white silk tie printed with large orange, pink, and yellow daisies and green leaves is \$10 and is not likely to be borrowed by Him. A matching head scarf, twenty-six inches square, is \$12. Stoles, once the preserve of grandmothers, are now cherished by the teen-age set. Studio Del, 19 East 7th Street, has a collection of hand-knit mohair-and-wool shawls, sixty-four inches long, not counting a generous fringe. The colors are mostly soft pastels, like rose or yellow, and there is a variety of interesting stitches; a lot of knitting for \$15.

As for Grandmother, we will now discuss some agreeable at-home garments that will help keep her off the streets. One of the softest, prettiest, most satisfactory quilted wrappers in town is at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work. It is unbelted, it buttons, and it falls to below the knee, and a hand-quilted morning-glory pattern trails down each side of the front opening; \$110, in very pale pink or blue silk. At Bloomingdale's, a fancy floor-length shirt robe, of silver lamé sewn together in narrow vertical stripes, comes to us from Hong Kong. Rhine-



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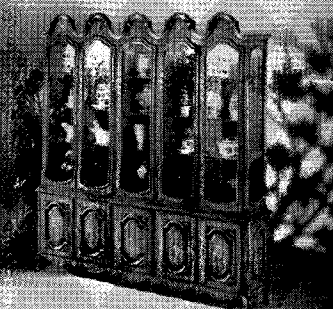
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"Pongileoni's blowing and the scraping of the anonymous fiddlers had shaken the air in the great hall, had set the glass of the windows looking on to it vibrating; and this in turn had shaken the air in Lord Edward's apartment on the further side. The shaking air rattled Lord Edward's *membrana tympani*; the interlocked *malleus*, *incus* and stirrup bones were set in motion so as to agitate the membrane of the oval window and raise an infinitesimal storm in the fluid of the labyrinth.

The hairy endings of the auditory nerve shuddered like weeds in a rough sea;

a vast number of obscure miracles were performed in the brain, and Lord Edward ecstatically whispered 'Bach!'"

(Aldous Huxley, *Point Counter Point*)

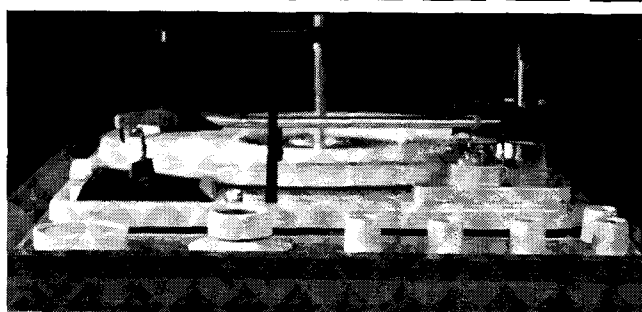
LUCKY FOR LORD EDWARD, he didn't know all that or his experience would have been something like what happens when you feel yourself smiling. Things go a little pasty and somehow the joy goes out of it.

Likewise, we at KLH try not to discuss our three-piece stereo set by listing the wattage, cycles-per-second, dbs, and all the other hi-fi gubbins manufacturers try to impress you with. The statistics, after all, are beside the point (though ours are as impressive as the next fellow's). The thing about a KLH is how it sounds; which is great, believe us, just great. Just ask someone who has one.

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That's work best suited for people who have Doctorates in Electronics which you probably don't. We do. Relax. Enjoy.

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stone buttons close the front from collar to hem, and the sides are slit like a Chinese lady's *cheong sam*; \$40. For everyday lounging, another Oriental contribution, the kimono, beats everything for comfort. Bergdorf Goodman has wool kimonos (from Seventh Avenue) very gaily striped up and down in gold, green, Shocking pink, royal blue, and orange. A short kimono costs \$40, and a long one is \$10 more.

A woman who has to get up in the morning, willy-nilly, to make a family's breakfast is likely to do so more willy than nilly if she can wear something attractive. At Ibid, 123 East 77th Street, they have a very pretty long A-line bathrobe of quilted cotton, printed all over with a springlike pattern of small white daisies on a yellow Paisley ground. White crocheted lace edges its high, round neck and long sleeves, and \$18 pays for it; for \$12 more you can add a matching but unquilted nightgown, sleeveless, with a high yoke of the crocheted lace. On Saks Fifth Avenue's seventh floor, nylon chiffon in a soothing print of lavender, blue, purple, and lime flowers and dots is used to make a long, floaty robe, for which \$23 seems to us an excellent price. From the same department, a girl at boarding school or college might like to animate her dorm with a bathrobe of nylon fleece striped horizontally in emerald green, purple, and white. The robe is double-breasted, with a wide, notched collar, wide lapels, and a self sash; \$18. For journeys to and from the shower, a girl, whether sixteen or thirty or not saying, might enjoy wearing a terry-cloth sarong from Porthault, 55 East 57th Street. Five hundred flower prints—the same that adorn Porthault's distinguished linens—plus some other prints, not involving flowers (one is a tiger print), have been used for these sarongs and also for terry-cloth bathrobes. The sarongs stay closed by means of Velcro (sticky stuff), and the bathrobes (which they call judo gowns) by means of a two-inch linen belt. They cost \$20 and \$47, respectively.

If a girl on your list dreads the possibility of remaining unnoticed at a party, here are some ways you can help her out: An outfit at Jax, 7 West 57th Street, where they specialize in small sizes (8 to 12), is as glittery as a Christmas tree, being made of red, green, blue, orange, and gold Paisley lamé. A jacket (three-buttoned and tailored) and trousers, or the same jacket with a long matching skirt, comes to \$125. For \$40 extra, they

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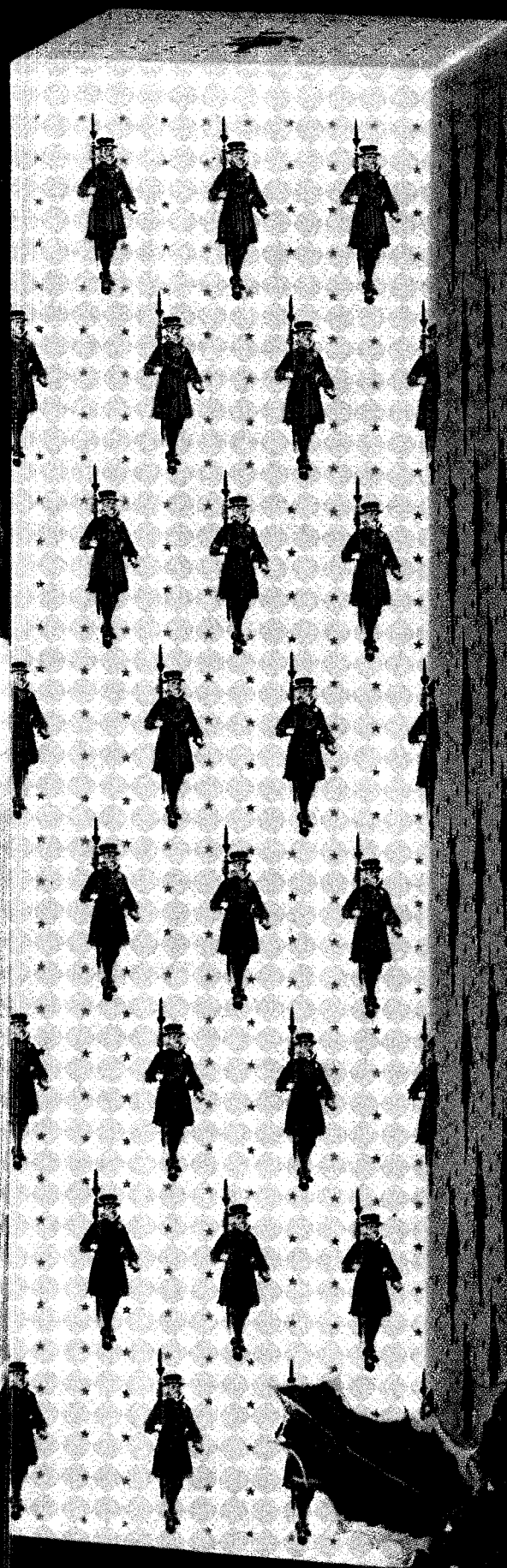
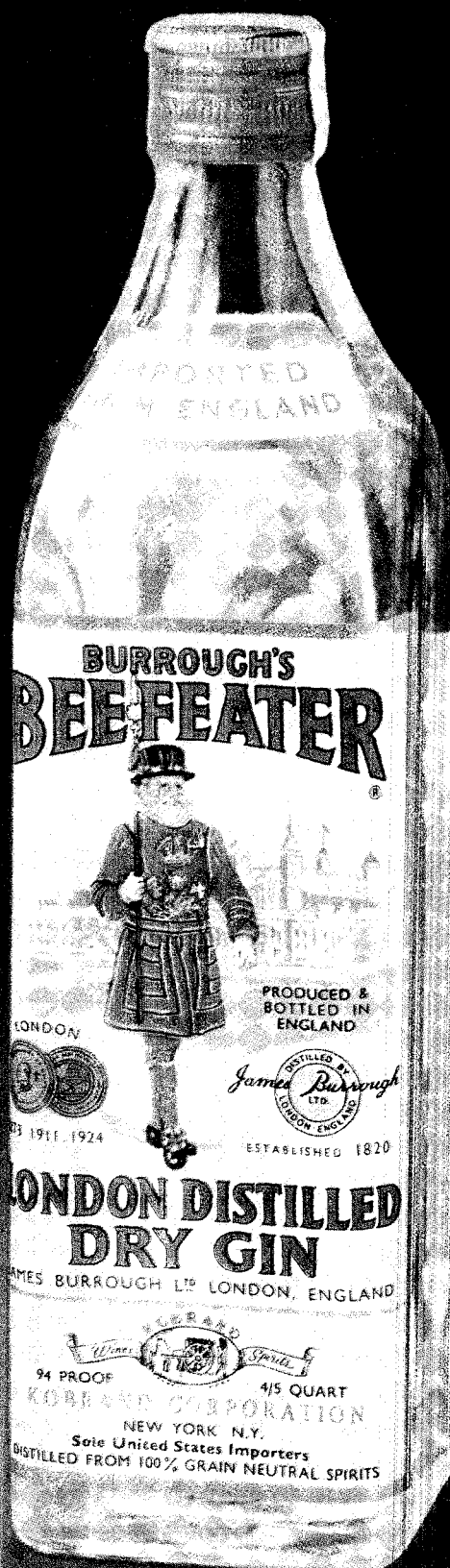
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will throw in skirt or trousers, making a three-piece wardrobe. Suzy Simpson, 1034 Lexington Avenue (74th) and 167 West 72nd Street, contributes one-piece Banlon harem pajamas with a camisole top. The top is striped horizontally in lime, purple, orange, and red, while the balloony legs have the same colors running vertically, and the men at the party would have to be blind not to notice all this; \$75. Or, at Bedlam, 817 Madison Avenue (68th), you can bolster a girl's ego with a pair of ruby-red or black velvet knickers that sit on the hips and end just below the knees; \$28. Or, if she's the willowy type, Gussie & Becky, 717 Lexington Avenue (57th, on the second floor), offers a long-sleeved black wool crêpe jump suit that fits like the paper on the wall except for flaring at the wrists and ankles. Placed low on the hips of this is a wide sash lined in Shocking-pink silk, which shows when the sash is tied, and more pink silk lines the flared part of the sleeves; \$75. Lord & Taylor has one-piece culottes that are made of black velvet and are cut as full as skirts. Like many of the one-piece culottes around town, they are sleeveless and have a band collar. A zipper down the front is camouflaged by eight iridescent beaded balls masquerading as buttons; \$60. Another one-piece-culotte getup here is made of orange Arnel velours. Three-quarter sleeves and a collarless neckline are banded with narrow gold braid that flashes a sequin or two; \$30, and just great. Arnel velours is also the material used for one-piece culottes at Altman's. They are half Shocking pink and half purple (divided vertically), they have elbow sleeves and a rolled collar, and for \$30 you can take them away, all gift wrapped. (We note that there are many moderately priced at-home clothes this season—more than ever before. Sociologically, this must be meaningful, but let's not stop to puzzle it out now.)

The at-home things at Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue (54th), rely on beauty rather than sauciness or astonishment value to attract attention. Here we saw the most beautiful long, floaty one-piece culottes imaginable, as full as an evening dress and composed of two alternating varieties of ombré silk chiffon—deep pink shading to pale pink and deep green shading to pale green. The top is sleeveless and the chiffon is suspended from a flat collar of pink or green iridescent paillettes; \$160. Another costume that looks exactly like a dress and certainly need not stay at home is a marvellous above-

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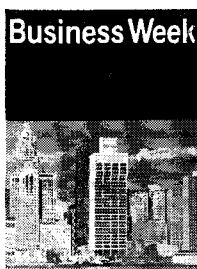
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the-knee sheath of beige crêpe. There are seven self buttons running from a band collar down the chest, there are long, set-in sleeves, and there is a great pouf of brown and white curled ostrich feathers encompassing the hem; \$90. Greek Island, Ltd., 215 East 49th Street, has taken some peasant fabrics and polished them up so that they would be quite at home in a palace—or, anyway, in New Canaan. Hand-loomed wool (white, red, or purplish blue) makes a long, flowing gown that is like a caftan except that it has loose, set-in sleeves. A band of gold-metal and maroon ecclesiastical braid, edged with pendent amethyst sequins, circles the neck and forms a short tab closing; \$110. Greek bedsheets, an off-white self-striped cotton that looks like rough linen, is the surprising basis of another graceful gown, this one cinched at the waist with a broad self belt. The neck is scooped, the sleeves are long and cuffed, and a self-buttoned tab closing descends halfway to the floor-length hem; \$55. Either of these would be nice to open presents in on Christmas morning, and so would Jax's mother-and-daughter hostess robes of white batiste gathered at the waist and held together with a soft tie belt. Double eyelet ruffles sweep down the front openings and all the way around the hems and sleeves, both of which are long. Jax calls them Tara Dresses—a reference that will be lost on the daughters, and perhaps on young mothers as well. Grown-up sizes, 8 to 12, cost \$79.95, and children's sizes, 3 to 7, cost \$22.95.

We will now proceed to the subject of separates—tops, skirts, pants, and other things. The poor-boy sweater at House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, comes from Italy and differs from most of these popular ribbed wool sweaters in that it buttons along each of the short sleeves, so that the wearer can step into it, and thus avoid musing her hair; \$32.50, in orange, Shocking pink, Kelly green, blue, or black. More button-on sweaters, also from Italy, appear at Glad Rags, 1007 Madison Avenue (77th). They are hand-knit of bulky wool—navy blue, red, white, or olive—and are long-sleeved, and each has shiny nickel-size gold-metal buttons across the left shoulder and all the way down the left side of the front. A pillbox hat is included in the price, which is \$27. The same sweater-and-hat sets for little girls who wear sizes 4 to 14 cost \$20. A country girl might like to top a heavy sweater with a hooded vest (that's what it's called) sold at Greek Island, Ltd. Made

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**Any man who hates to have his shirt
tails keep creeping out will pay \$1 more
for this Abercrombie Viyella Shirt.**

Had a heated argument with Abercrombie & Fitch's president about this. This shirt costs about \$1 more than shirts that look much like it.

I claim that a person would pay \$1 more for the Abercrombie Viyella Shirt because without any question, doubt, or scurrying we consider it the world's most luxurious sport shirt. Warm, lush, not scratchy.

Single needle stitching wherever there's a stitch.

Special contoured collar that stays contoured even when you wash it.

Hand-turned — or put it another way — cuffs that are turned by hand, and double buttoned.



Deeper, take-more-fabric-to-do-it button pockets to hold the 100 millimeter cigarette packs. All the plaids are perfectly matched — yoke and pockets line up splat on the pattern. Rich Viyella flannel blended of 55% Merino wool and 45% long staple cotton woven in England.

In two words—what we consider the most luxurious sport shirt in the world. (That's eleven words.) No matter — the president of Abercrombie & Fitch says it's the shirt tails that do it.

Claims that any man who hunts, golfs, rakes, or racquets steams right into the next county when his shirt tails keep creeping out.

"Make them put longer shirt tails on this shirt, so they won't keep pulling out every time you move. That's what makes this shirt worth \$21."

Well — he's our president. And he's a sportsman. I still say that it's because this is the most luxurious

shirt you can own. The Abercrombie Shirt of Viyella. S, M, L, XL — use the coupon below. Phone. Or visit any of our stores. \$21 — a marvelously fine Christmas present.

Tartans: MacVanish (dark gray/maroon/gold). MacAlister (burnt orange/gray/gold). MacKnight (black/brown/tan/red). MacDavid (blue/gray/tan). Kilgour (muted olive/white). Black Watch (black/green/blue). Campbell Dress (green/white/blue). Royal Stuart (red/blue). \$21

Solid colors: Copper glow, storm blue, autumn corn, Thames navy, peat green, winter white, sand, hunter red. \$17

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A&F**

N. Y.

Please send me the Abercrombie Viyella Shirt.

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add sales tax where applicable

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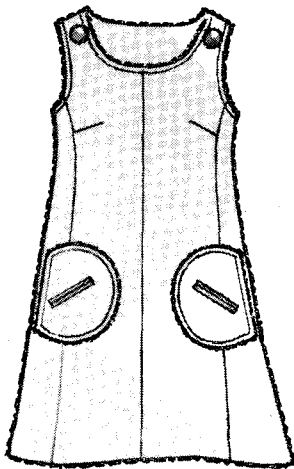
Abercrombie & Fitch

New York: Madison Ave. at 45th St., 10017

Chicago: 9 North Wabash Ave., 60602

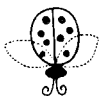
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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



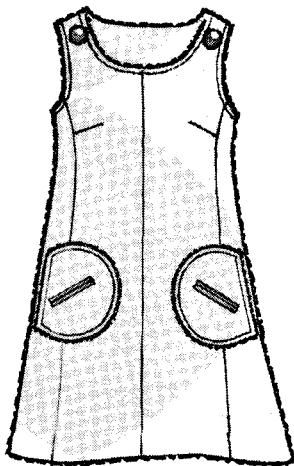
hoop-

Some clothes require a little cooperation. If, for some inconceivable reason, you wore this on a glum, bored, flat, solemn, and ordinary day, it would mis-fire completely. However, for a good day, it works wonders . . . like falling in love. 3 to 15. About \$23.



Ladybug

© 1967, LADYBUG



la

A hooraying sort of dress, zany and gay in the vividest cotton, with big round patch pockets. Hot Pink, Royal Blue, or Orange, with Lime edging, and enamel buttons that aren't buttons, but secretly pins to put wherever you want. At nicer stores. 3 to 15. About \$23.



Ladybug

of fleecy white shepherd's wool, outlined with black wool yarn, it covers the wearer front and back from neck to waist. The back has wide ends that wrap around and buckle at the front; \$50. A suède or leather dickey is an attractive adjunct to a V-necked sweater or an open-necked wool shirt. The one at Elaine Starkman, 857 Lexington Avenue (65th), has a small mandarin collar, is silk-lined, and stays on by means of a zipper in back. It costs \$15, in beige, brown, or black. Gucci, 699 Fifth Avenue (55th), is now using some of the choice leathers they make into handbags for skirts. Reverse calf, which looks like suède, makes an A-line skirt whose hem is fronted with a two-inch-wide inset of either red-and-green-striped ribbon or smooth leather the same color as the skirt, which may be brown, beige, or the color of cognac; \$149. These skirts come from Italy, as do the hip-rider pants at Veneziano, 819 Madison Avenue (68th). Simply but expertly made, of black, royal-blue, or beige pinwale corduroy, they cost \$35. One of the most attractive suède skirts in town awaits inspection at Casa Cuero. It is lined, is gathered in front on a band, and has a deep, wide inverted pleat in back to help preserve it from getting sat out; \$40, in plum, dark brown, or numerous other colors. Is there a Oaxacan Indian on your list? If so, she will be overjoyed to receive a huipil, because that's what Oaxacan women love to wear. If not, a huipil is likely to please any fashion-minded young lady, since it is nothing more than a square-necked overblouse made of fine, tightly woven wool. The one we have in mind particularly is hip length, has long sleeves, and looks fine over a sweater or blouse; \$25, in chartreuse, gold, black, brown, beige, and other Oaxacan hues, at the Phoenix, 793 Lexington Avenue (61st). A similar huipil covered with stylized embroidery is \$35. At Studio Del, a poor-girl sweater, hand-knit in popcorn stitch, has a band of contrasting rib stitching around the neck, which is round, and each sleeve, which is short. It is not sleazy in weight, like some poor-girl sweaters, and there is a wide



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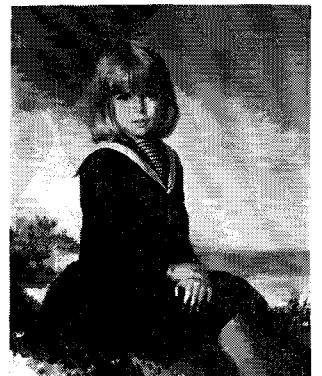
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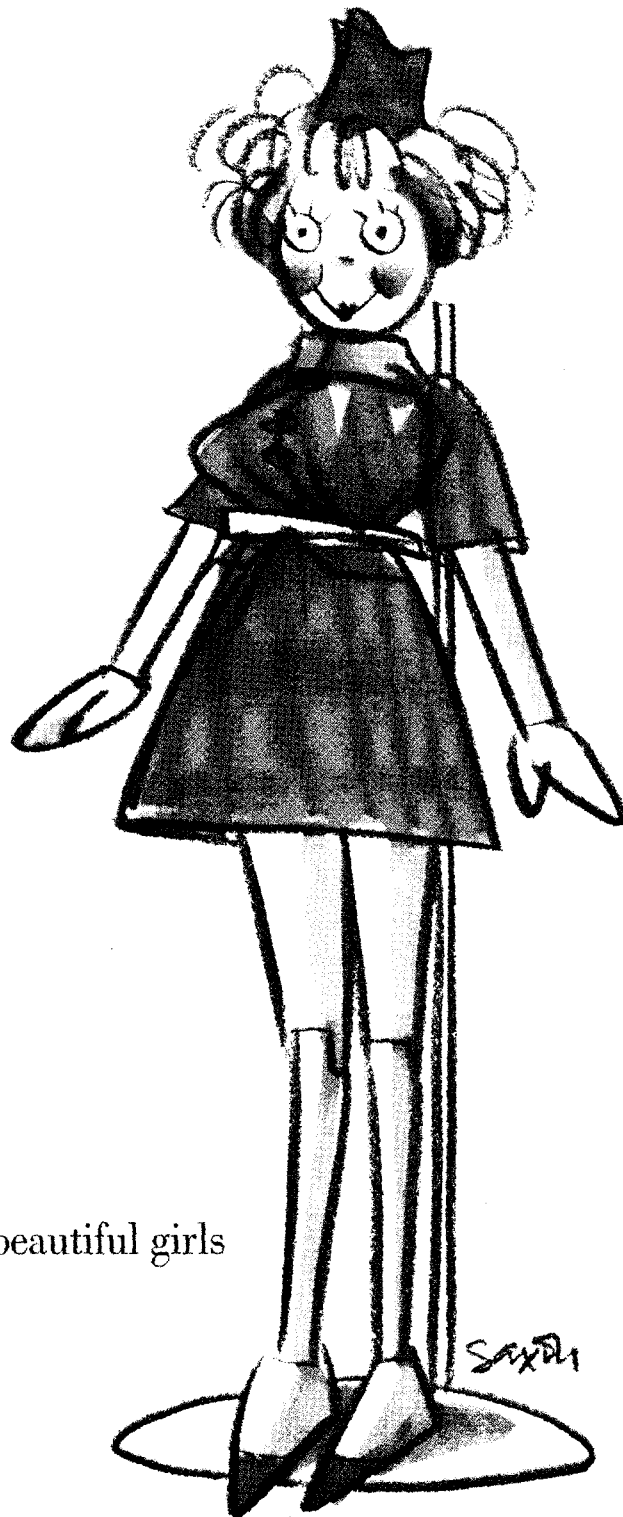
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choice of colors, some vivid, some subdued; \$16.

For evening, Suzy Simpson makes gay quilted patchwork into long wrap-around skirts that stay on by means of an elasticized black grosgrain band at the waist. One size fits everyone; \$30 in cotton patchwork, \$40 in silk. Marianne Spottiswoode has stitched up a foot or two of rose-patterned quilted velvet into an A-line miniskirt for evening. It costs \$75, in emerald or black. Matching or contrasting crêpe blouses, with long, full, cuffed sleeves, are \$65. A wraparound miniskirt here appears in gray, white, or black heavy ribbon lace, reëmbroidered with cellophane to give it an iridescent effect. This time, the hem and the edge of the wraparound are scalloped; \$90. Honeybee has taken the Scottish miniskirt, which is sometimes known as a kilt, and, contrarily, lengthened it to the ankles. The traditional large safety pin is attached near the hem. The price is \$30, in any of the following tartans—or the fashion world's approximations thereof: Dress Macleod (yellow, black, and red), Blue Stewart (light blue with an overplaid of green, red, yellow, navy blue, and black), Dress Macrae (black, navy blue, and red on white), and Wallace (black and yellow on red). To accompany any of these, a thoughtful present would be one of this shop's white synthetic crêpe blouses, which have pointed collars, buttons down the front, and French cuffs; \$12. Also appropriate would be one of the long-sleeved white rayon crêpe blouses at Lord & Taylor, which are a mass of ruffles at neck and cuffs; \$16. Velvet printed with one of several designs in jewel tones makes a fetching overblouse at Barra of Italy. We fancied one with a design of peacocks, but any of them would brighten up the house of an evening—Christmas evening, for instance. The neckline is wide and straight, and the sleeves are bell-shaped and three-quarter length. Solid-color velvet edges the sleeves and the hem; \$45. A woman who has a collection of skirts, plain and fancy, would welcome to her closet the Phoenix shop's lace-trimmed white cotton blouse. Its long sleeves are embellished with vertical tucks, and there are cotton lace inserts on either side of the buttoned front and cotton lace edging on the hem; \$25.

WHO'S going to shoe her pretty little foot? In case you have drawn that assignment this Christmas, stop in at Belgian Shoes, 60 East 56th Street. Their old familiar favorite, a lightweight moccasin with matching or

**"Am I embarrassed.
Just found out my
own sister is dating
a Norman Hiltoner."**

Well, you couldn't know, from watching him kick points after touchdown, that he's been a Norman Hiltoner for three years. Football uniform just doesn't have that Norman Hilton flair for hand-rolling the lapels, cossetting the collar, assuaging the shoulders. No wonder a Norman Hilton sport jacket makes the ordinary jacket resemble a well-locker-roomed jersey. Follow your sister's fiancé to the special collection of fine sport coats developed by Norman Hilton for Abercrombie & Fitch. You can tell one from the other by the label. In the Abercrombie Men's Club—New York, 4th floor — Chicago, 3rd floor — San Francisco, 3rd floor.



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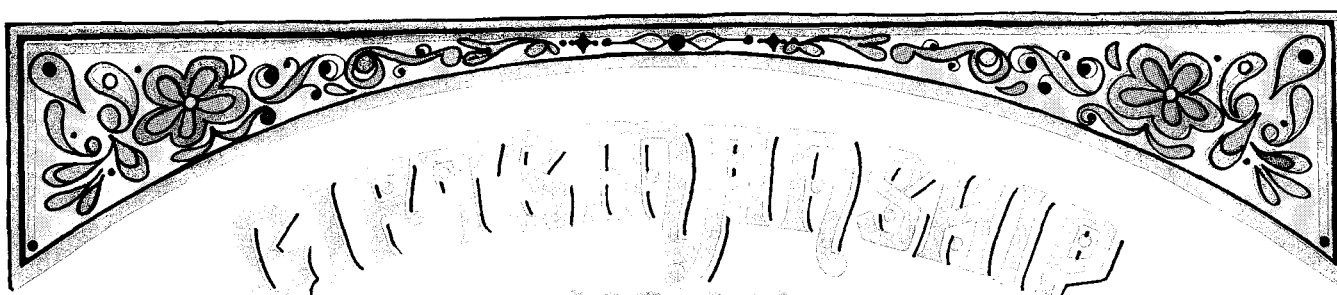
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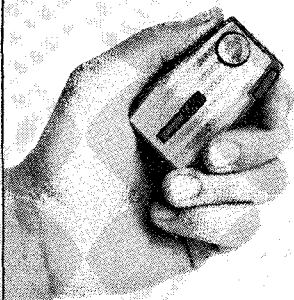
It is said that he who giveth shall taketh away (Anon.)

Out of the figleaf and into the fire.

Some rather provincial archaeologists believe that gifts were discovered about the time of Adam and Eve. Some even go so far as to specify Adam's thirteenth rib as the precise gift that captures that honor.



The art of gift-giving spread with the art of conquest. The Babylonians taught the Egyptians. The Egyptians taught the Greeks. The Greeks taught the Romans. The Romans taught the Moors. Soon, even the British got the habit... recalling, in their literal way, what Sophocles before them had said that they vaguely recall as sounding like... "It is better to give than receive."



Electric Cigarette Lighter
Windproof—No Fuels, Flints, Wicks

The Pilgrims, notable for their puritanical regard for all things frivolous, advanced gift-giving somewhat by indulging in bead-trading with the local Indians.



We truly believe that some historian will one day write that "great civilizations flower or turn to a handful of dust, depending upon the state that giftsmanship has achieved in their society."

Choosing the right vehicle

Suppose you had your choice between a dozen things, to choose from when you first decided to enter into giftsmanship. Which one would it be? Would it be the one that costs the most? The one that looked the biggest? Perhaps, the one that had the most chrome?



Sportsman Flashlight
calf holster and lanyard

Taking history as a guide, and recalling the experience of Adam and Eve, it doubtless would behoove you to choose carefully.

You see, the giftsmanship that you employ may live after you for many years. The item you select should redound to your benefit; it should have lasting value. And, like the Grecian Urn, it should not only be beautiful, but be a... "joy forever."

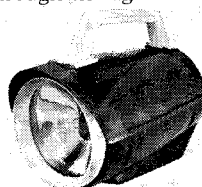


Nothing, not the least of the twelve plagues, could be worse than entering giftsmanship with the wrong gift. If it didn't perform well, then the fault would lie with you and not with your choice.

So, beware of false idols. Be scrupulous about giftsmanship. It will pay off nobly.

The right way to offer the gift

The method for transferring the gift from the giftor to the gifttee has troubled scholars down through the ages.



Astro-Ray
7000 Candlepower Beam
Recharging From 110 Volt AC
or 12 Volt DC

Actually, there are two theories on how to offer the gift: The first, developed by John Hopkins and his assistant Charles Fletcher (and commonly known as the Hopkins-Fletcher Zip Code) is determined in its belief that the gift should be mailed. Critics of this theory state that mailing is impersonal; that there should be connective tissue between the giver and the receiver, whatever his zip code may be.

The second theory, dubbed the Goodberry Double Reverse, is, despite feelings to the contrary, a misnomer. Stripped of all its persiflage, it is nothing more than the "Carrot and Stick" theory dressed up to resemble an original work of science. It follows the traditional and time-tested Pavlovian system of getting their mouth watering first, then handing it to them.

Gulton is ubiquitous

There are few finer examples of giftsmanship than that employed by the luminaries of the gift-giving world. The giftsmanship they undertake must match their own fine reputations. No stain must be allowed upon their cloaks. No rumbling must follow their exalted use of the art of giving.

Thus, has developed the ubiquitous nature of Gulton; complete, satisfying, discriminating, but, above all, a paragon of reliability.

Gulton is no ordinary company: its giftsmanship is no purse constructed from a sow's ear. When you indulge your wisdom upon its products you do so knowing your judgment will be vindicated... your giftsmanship satisfying.

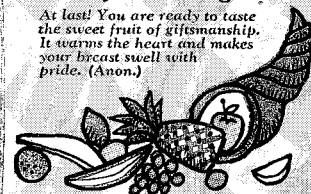
Rechargeable Giftsmanship

A development that even the rich wisdom of Athens could not have perceived sets Gulton Giftsmanship apart from all else. We call it "Rechargeable Giftsmanship." It is satisfying beyond description, because it derives its occasional need for care and feeding from something no less mundane and available as the electric wall plug.

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Glen Plaid or Herringbone shetlands reverse to weather repellent cotton gabardine.

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contrasting piping and a small bow at the vamp, may now be had in genuine turtle skin (it looks like fine-grained alligator), in black, bright blue, green, wine, brown, or ivory; \$60. Veneziano offers ankle-length boots of very soft calf (black, brown, pink, or light blue) with a wafer heel. Tabs on either side are tied across the instep; \$23. It may sound unusual to say "Merry Christmas" with a pair of sneakers, but then the sneakers at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, are unusual. They come in gold or orange with pink soles that overlap part of the toes, and the laces are yellow. The numeral "13" stencilled in white on the outer side of each has nothing to do with bad luck—it is part of the trademark of the maker. Adult sizes 4 to 9 are \$8.50, and children's sizes from one year on up are \$7.50. The same shop has felt après-ski boots reaching nearly to the knee. Each boot is made of one piece of felt, sole and all; \$29, in white, green, red, or black felt. For après ski, après shopping, après the ball is over, and so on, Greek Island, Ltd., has slippers that are an adaptation of the shoes worn by Greek palace guards. They come in red leather and have turned-up toes adorned with big fat black pompons; \$12. From Italy to Lord & Taylor come medium-heeled satin mules (orange, violet, brown, or beige) with appliques of silver kid all over the vamps; \$13. Good-looking American mules of gold or silver kid, with low heels and matching kid bows, are to be had at Saks Fifth Avenue for \$5.

Those of you who are just back from four years in rural Upper Volta may need to be told that women are wearing tights these days, the fancier the better. Design Research has them in two-color combinations—for example, yellow above the kneecap and red below, or red above and black below, and so on; \$12.60. Lord & Taylor has some English tights made of nylon mesh woven with daisies; the mesh comes in pink, blue, camel, black, or white, and the daisies match; \$5. And, for evening, Bergdorf Goodman has champagne-colored tights that glitter intoxicatingly; \$10.

GLOVES may not be the most thrilling present in the world, but a girl's supply is so constantly in need of replenishment that she is bound to greet a new pair with appreciation. Among the prettiest gloves in town are Saks Fifth Avenue's four-button-length slip-ons made of oyster-white pigskin and lined with gray wool jersey. The

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(whatever that is)**



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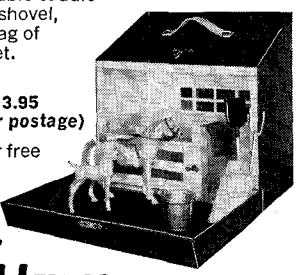
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LET US BE YOUR INVESTMENT INFORMATION CENTER

Merrill Lynch suggests 6 fair and legitimate ways for stockholders to reduce their Federal Income Tax

Now is the time to take stock of your "paper" profits and losses. You may be able to cut your 1967 taxes substantially by taking action *before Christmas*.^{*} Read on. Then clip coupon for Merrill Lynch's free 12-page "Investor's Tax Kit," with more ways to save, plus handy worksheets to simplify your arithmetic.

1. Your stock market losses can be money in the bank.

You saw your favorite stock fading away, and took your losses like a man.

Cheer up. If you have no capital gains, you can use losses of up to \$1,000 as a *deduction* from your ordinary taxable income.

If you are married, with a joint taxable income of \$16,000, a loss of \$1,000 means a tax saving of \$250.

2. How to put off paying some taxes till 1969.

That stock you bought has gone up, up, up. You're thinking that now is the time to take your profit.

You may well be right. But at least *consider* this. If you sell now, you'll owe taxes this coming April. If you hold on until after New Year's, you won't have to pay taxes on your gain until a year later. You could enjoy the use of your entire profit for a whole extra year.

3. The taxman always rings twice on gains: what to answer.

Paying *short-term* gains tax is like getting a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. Paying *long-term* gains tax is less painful. Fact: you pay tax on short-term gains as if they were additional ordinary income. Fact: the *maximum* tax on long-term gains is only 25 percent.

If you are married, with a joint taxable income of \$16,000, a net short-term gain of \$1,000 means a tax bite of \$280. A net long-term gain of \$1,000 means a tax bite of only \$140.

Your gain is long-term if you hold

stock over six months. For facts on why most investors need report only *half* their net long-term gains, clip coupon.

4. A \$200 hint for married men—with a sly dig at bachelors.

No doubt you are remembering to *exclude* your first one hundred dollars in dividends from stocks. (If not, tie a string round your finger.)

If your common stock holdings are jointly owned with your wife, and you file a joint return, you can exclude your first *two* hundred dollars. A tidy tax saving.

Bachelors: Your friendly Internal Revenue man is positively *fatherly* with married people.

A couple, with a joint taxable income of \$16,000, pays \$1,070 less tax than a single man with the same income.

5. A bond yielding 5.25% can give you the same income as a stock yielding 8.60%.

Say that again? Municipal bond interest is *exempt* from Federal Income Taxes. Look what this can mean to married couples

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TOTAL INCOME:	MUNICIPAL BOND YIELDING:	STOCK YIELD NEEDED TO EQUAL INCOME FROM BOND:
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40,000	5.25	10.10
64,000	5.25	11.67

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6. A pointer for investors who think they have the Midas touch.

You've recorded net short-term gains *and* net long-term gains this year. Congratulations. You also have a sprinkling of "paper" losses—but you think these stocks will soon recover.

Merrill Lynch does not want to be a wet blanket. But we suggest you mull over the advantages of *exchanging* securities to save taxes.

This lets you realize losses which reduce your taxes, while maintaining your interest in an industry group.

Clip coupon for our list of over 200 suggested "Tax Exchanges," and for our "Investor's Tax Kit," with 3 more ways to cut your tax bite.

Investigate—then invest.

^{*}To establish a *loss* during 1967, you can sell securities up to and including December 29. The deadline for "regular way transaction" *gains* is earlier. See Merrill Lynch's "Investor's Tax Kit" for details.



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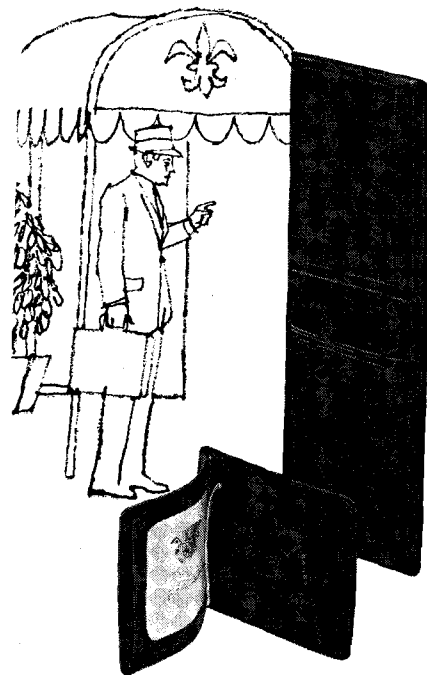
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Our handsome belts are a sure bet to please your favorite man come Christmas. The Madagascar alligator was made for us of richly marked, choice skins. This is \$15. Our leather belt has a unique stretch quality for extra waist comfort. It is 8.50. Both sized from 30 to 46 and available in black or brown with solid brass buckles. Another of the distinctive gift ideas from our Men's Furnishings Collections. Glad to fill mail or phone orders.

THE MEN'S STORE
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tops can be turned back to show the lining; \$21.50. Lord & Taylor has Christian Dior's simple and simply elegant short kid slip-ons, which fasten with a rhinestone button at the outer side of the elasticized wrist; \$16.50, black or white. And any woman whose fingers turn blue on cold nights would love Lord & Taylor's gauntlets of champagne lambskin, lined with white rabbit and cuffed with shaggy beige-and-white lamb; imported from England, and \$19.50. A young girl going to her first evening parties would make an extra effort to keep track of her gloves if they were short kid slip-ons lined with gaily dyed rabbit fur. Beige kid has a yellow rabbit interior, and if the kid is camel color the rabbit is mauve pink. These are Italian imports and cost \$10 at Bloomingdale's. Extremely posh short slip-ons at Bonwit Teller have ranch-mink backs and soft dark-brown leather palms and inner fingers; \$85.

Unless your lady is a permanent resident of Death Valley, it's a pretty safe bet that she can use an umbrella. The Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street and 660 Lexington Avenue (55th), has imitated the Japanese *bangasa*, or oiled-paper umbrella, right down to the bamboo handle, the bamboo tips on the ribs, and a ring to close it with. The makers have left out the oiled paper, though, substituting nylon, and the ribs, despite their tips, are steel; \$10, in pale yellow, beige, green, turquoise blue, hot pink, or hot orange. For evening, Bloomingdale's has dressed up a white nylon umbrella in a white case of nylon satin, topped off with a white cocarde. The plastic knob handle is white, too; \$30. Bergdorf Goodman also has a white nylon umbrella, but this one has an electric light in the handle. Next time the lights go out in New York, it may be raining; \$12. To go with any of these umbrellas, Brooks Brothers proffers an impeccable raincoat of tan cotton twill, adapted from its impeccable raincoat for men and, like the one for men, made in England. Besides a zip-out gold wool liner, it has an inner cotton lining of a gold-navy-and-red plaid. The pockets in both the coat and the lining are big enough to hold necessities, so that the owner can go walking or sightseeing unencumbered by a handbag; \$75. A tan cotton poplin raincoat from Sweden, at Ibid, is lined in wool flannel and may be accompanied, if you wish, by flannel pants to match the lining—purple, rusty red, or beige. The coat (\$55) is fitted through the body and



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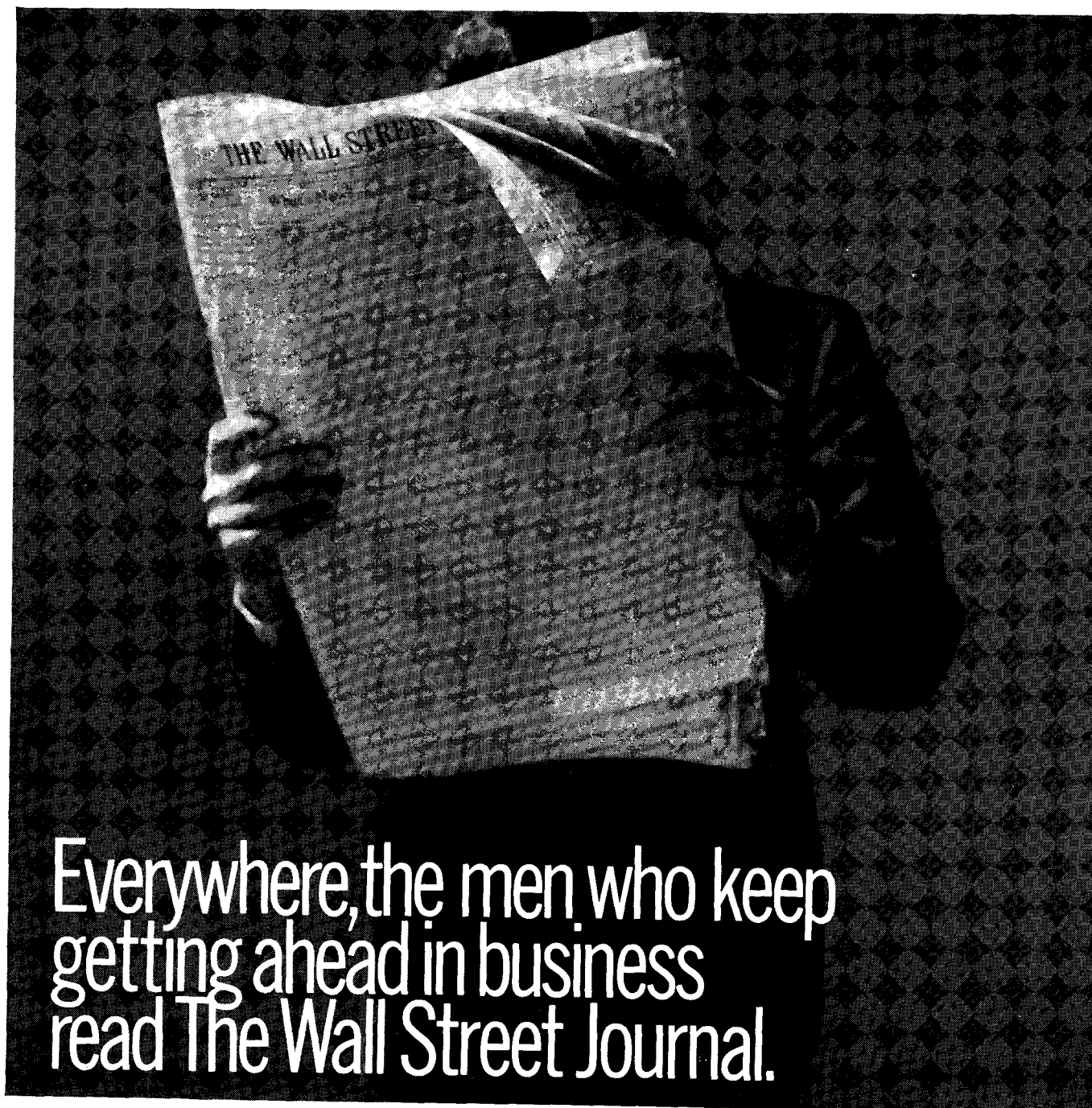
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Household income \$10,000 and over	2,484,000	75%
Household income \$15,000 and over	1,544,000	47%

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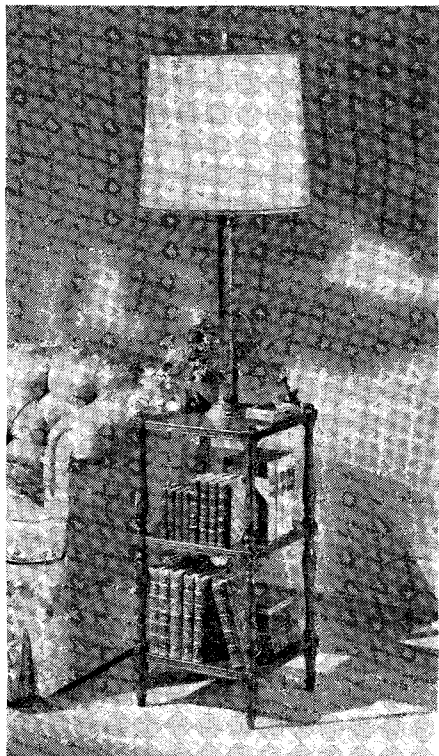
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flared at the hem. The pants (\$25) are belted and ride on the hips. A beige canvas raincoat at Honeybee is perked up by an emerald or brown flannel lining and zips up the front to form a very high turtleneck. There are flap pockets on the hips and two diagonal slash pockets on the chest, and a canvas belt can be tied in front or in back; \$50. Perhaps all this twill, poplin, and canvas sounds too relentlessly practical. Bloomingdale's evening raincoats are practical, all right, but they *look* frivolous, being made of Thai silk in startling patterns. One is grass green printed with blue flowers and lined with green silk shantung; another is red with cyclamen flowers and a cyclamen shantung lining. They have mandarin collars and small self buttons, and are double-breasted; \$125. From Finland to Design Research comes a Marimekko cotton print (gray, purple, and black scrolls and circles) coated with clear vinyl to make a cheery raincoat. It has a mandarin collar and deep slit pockets and costs \$62. An additional \$15 will pay for a matching sou'wester.

AS for coats to be worn on clear, cold days, nothing could be cozier than Bonnie Cashin's red leather greatcoat at Lord & Taylor. A generous amount of raccoon makes cuffs and a shawl collar that tapers down to the hem, and there is a warm red pile lining. Brass buckles and leather straps at the chest and below the waist keep the wearer warmer than toast (in our experience, toast is seldom as warm as it should be); \$325. That shop called Ibid harbors a minicoat made of sheared brown fur that turns out to be rabbit masquerading rather successfully as beaver. The coat is double-breasted, with a small Peter Pan collar and epaulets. It fits the body closely almost to the hem, at which point it flares. The price is \$185, and a rabbit miniskirt to match is available for \$45. The advantage of sheared rabbit, we are told, is that it does not shed, as the un-sheared variety does. Altman's has a mink pullover, to keep the top half of a girl warm on cold winter evenings. It is hip length and is horizontally worked in black-dyed mink. A band of Azurene mink circles the collarless neck, and two bands of it on each sleeve above the elbow lead Altman's to call this garment a mink football sweater. Snap closings across both shoulders enable the wearer to get in and out of it without unsettling her hairdo; \$895. Bonwit Teller has a yard-long narrow boa of gray and white mink combined in a chevron pat-

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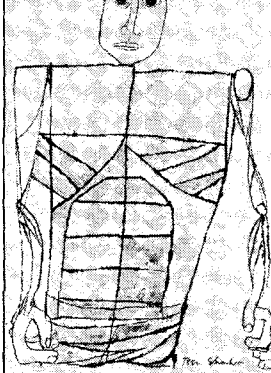
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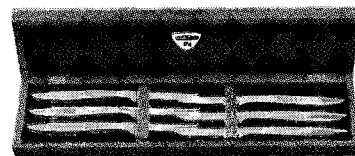
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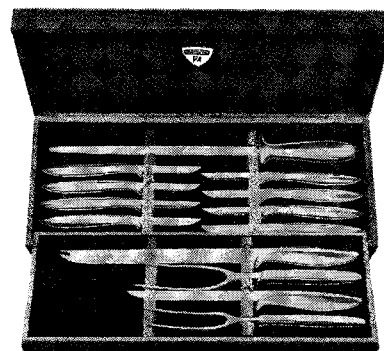
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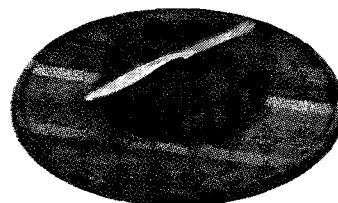
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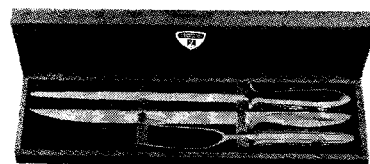
MOUNTED KNIGHT, showcase of fine cutlery in walnut chest. Set includes 8 Miming dining knives, sharpening steel, 2 carving blades, holding fork and a serving fork, \$99.50.



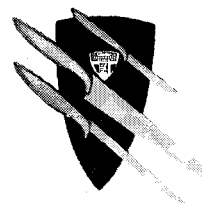
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tern; no guarantee against pneumonia, but pleasing to wear over a cloth coat or suit; \$115. A young girl's first fur coat might well be Lord & Taylor's charming white rabbit, worked horizontally so that it looks as much like ermine as a rabbit ever could. The coat has a turnover collar, six pearl buttons down the front, deep pockets, and a black satin lining; \$350. Another first fur coat might be Glad Rags' silky black French rabbit. Polo-coat style, unbelted, with silver-metal regimental buttons and no cuffs, it costs but \$100. A matching helmet that ties under the chin comes with it. A fur dickey to wear in the neckline of coats or suits should prove a heartwarming present in more ways than one. S. J. Glaser's begins with a small band collar that closes in back with Velcro, and it tapers to a point a few inches above the waist. One size fits everyone. In black-dyed mink the dickey costs \$125, and in leopard \$150.

THIS year, fashion nuances being what they are, a handbag made of turtle is likely to evoke a few more cries of delight than any other handbag. Artbag Creations, 735 Madison Avenue (64th), has a handsome turtle bag, lined in calf, divided inside into two sections, and fitted with a stiff padded handle. It's eight and a half inches wide and six inches deep, and its price is \$90, in black, chocolate brown, bone, or taupe. Altman's has a small satchel of turtle, its clasp and handle made of real tortoiseshell; it comes in brown or black and also in the unturtlelike colors of turquoise or pink, and costs \$85. Another creature that sometimes winds up as a handbag is the water buffalo. The natural color of its hide is tan, and its texture is sort of ribbed. An example may be found at Jacomo, 25 East 61st Street, where it makes an envelope bag, eight and a half inches wide and five and a half inches deep, suspended on a handle of giant black Lucite links (the giant black Lucite once roamed the plains by the thousand); \$195, imported from France. From Italy to the same shop comes a satchel bag, eight and a quarter inches long, six inches deep, and three and a half inches wide at the bottom. The design is so attractive that the bag is on hand in several leathers. In caramel calf it may be had for \$97.50, in lizard (white, black, or shades of brown) for \$215, and in ostrich (many colors) for \$248.50. Plain old-fashioned calf makes many of the best-looking handbags around town. Mark Cross has one that it calls a big little



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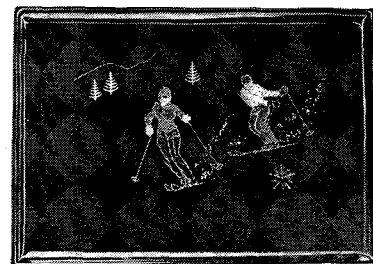
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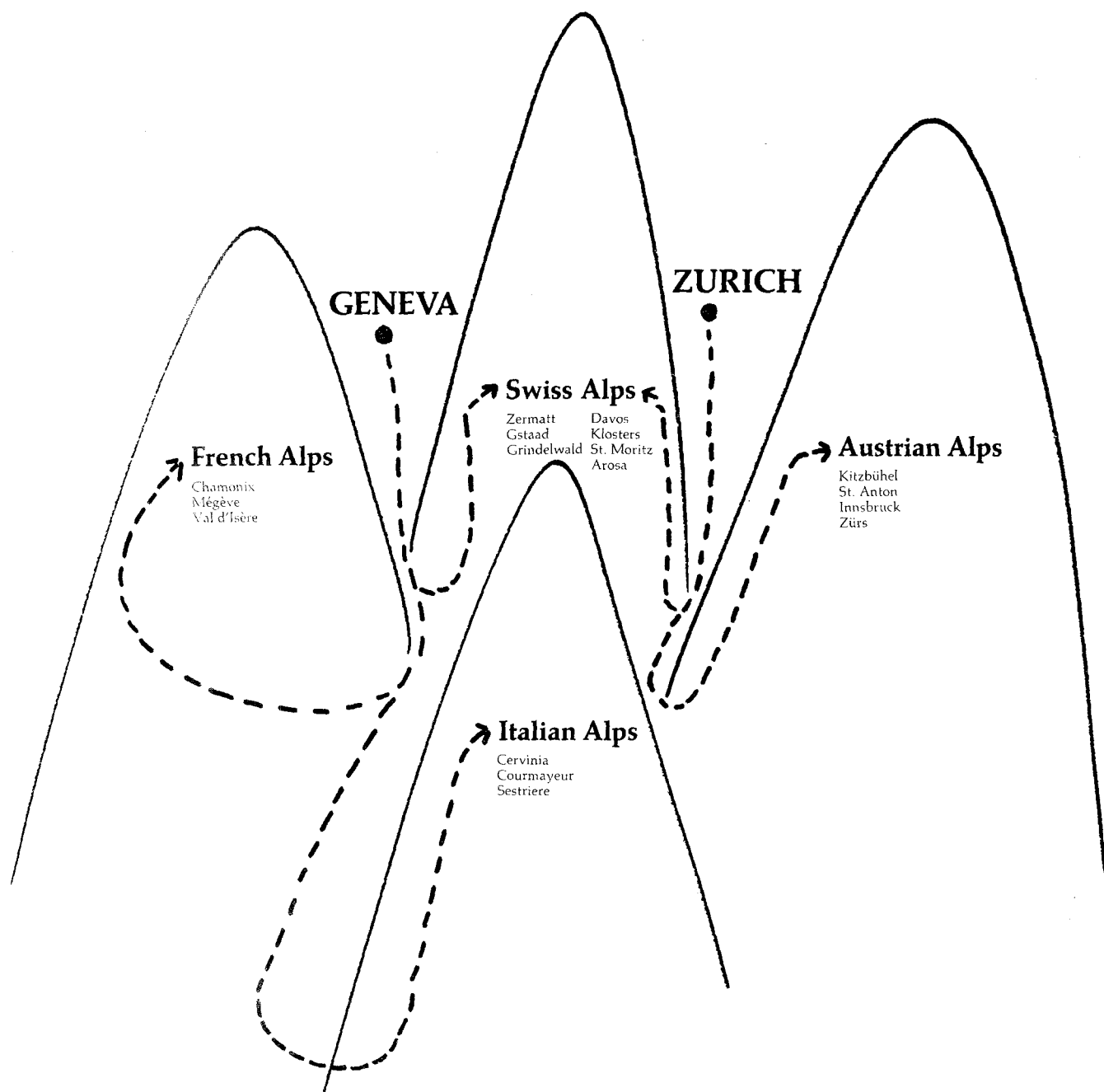
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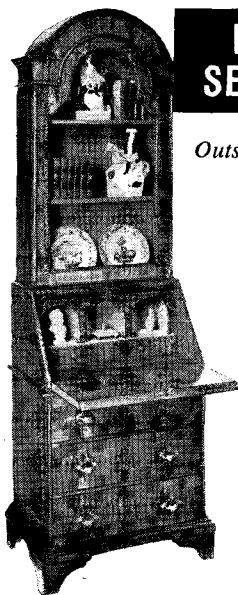
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bag, because, although it is only eight inches long and five and a half inches deep, it yawns wide open and can accommodate about as much clutter as the owner has the will to lug around. It has a calf handle on gold-plated ball bearings and a tricky gold-plated push-button clasp; \$75, in black, rust, tan, or camel calf. (Camel color, that is; as far as we know, the infant camel has not yet been tapped for handbags.) Also at Mark Cross is a capacious tote bag (thirteen inches wide, fourteen inches deep) made of calf-trimmed suede in a choice of such attractive colors as red, olive, violet, tan, and dark brown. Strap handles adjust for toting by hand or by shoulder; \$40. Another hand- or shoulder bag, a couple of inches smaller, comes to the House of European Specialties from Italy. Orange, yellow, bone, brown, or white calfskin makes the exterior. It is shaped like a bolster, and has a zipper opening across the top, an outside zippered compartment, and an outside slot for an identification card. A gold-metal chain handle dangles from the wrist when it is doubled or over the shoulder when it's single; \$31.50. A girl who is heading south after Christmas will think of you every day if you give her Saks Fifth Avenue's terry-cloth beach bag whose turquoise-blue depths contain a Shocking-pink terry pillow; a beach towel striped in turquoise, Shocking-pink, gold, and green; and a turquoise-and-Shocking-pink batuska; plus a plastic pocket for suntan oil; \$20, on the seventh floor. Design Research has a leather-strapped canvas knapsack with two deep, strapped-down pockets on the outside. It is so capacious that it would be useful for a quick getaway—but not for an illegal one, since it comes in a highly conspicuous pattern of purple, orange, turquoise, and brown scrolls and circles; \$17. Busy women who regularly carry papers or books to the office, baby paraphernalia to the park, or lots of small purchases home in a taxi would appreciate Bendel's many-pocketed canvas shopping bag, which comes in brown, black, or wine canvas, with off-white canvas bindings and double canvas handles. A brass plaque on one side may be stamped with three initials. The bag costs \$14, and the initials take \$1.50, plus a week's time.

To help preserve order inside any one of these splendid bags, Gucci will provide a trim patent-leather French purse with compartments for folding money, credit cards, and change. It closes with a half-moon clasp of gold metal; \$13, in green, brown, blue, yel-

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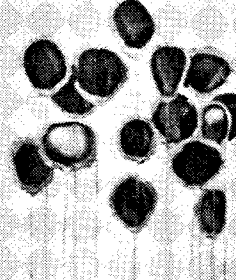


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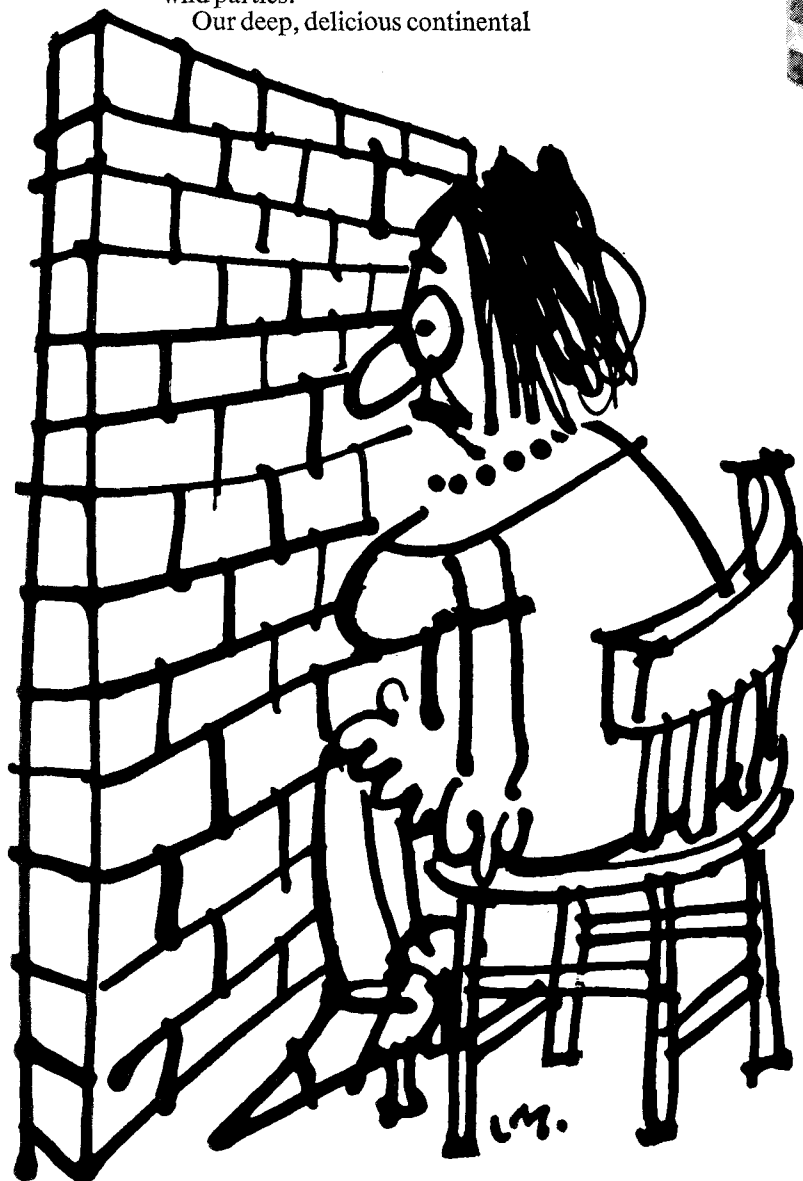
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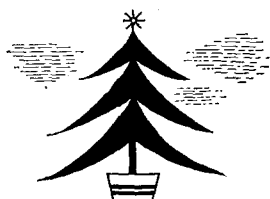
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cobra skin. White leather lines the
change and paper-money compart-
ments, and there is an inner cobra
pocket for charge plates and the rest;
\$14.

To go out in the evening with an
elegant, rather conservative lady, Art-
bag Creations has made a handsome
bag, just seven inches long and five
inches deep, out of black sharkskin,
which looks like fine linen. There is
an open compartment on each side of
the clasp, and the handles are four
strands of gold-metal chain mail; \$95.
Gold-metal links are used for both the
handle and the exterior of an evening
purse at Marianne Spottiswoode. It is
just about big enough to accommodate
a comb, a compact, a lipstick, and a
handkerchief; \$29.50.

What happened to the doctor's bag
after the doctor gave up making house
calls? His wife borrowed it for a travel-
ing bag, and so many of her friends
admired it and wanted one like it that
Mark Cross is kept busy importing the
bags from Italy. They are twelve and
a half inches long and nine inches deep,
and are lined with oilskin, so that the
traveller can pack her cosmetics in
them; \$75, in black hand-boarded
cowhide. Altman's has a lightweight
sports bag for a dedicated tennis play-
er. Nearly square (it measures fifteen
inches by sixteen) and made of dark-
gray nylon bound with lighter-gray
vinyl, it has outside compartments for
a racket, a can of tennis balls, and a
pair of sneakers. A zipper opening re-
veals plenty of room inside for a tennis
dress, a sweater, and a cap; \$30. Al-
though the mention of Louis Vuitton
luggage conjures up pictures of ponder-
ous Edwardian steamer trunks, this
reversed luggage house is now making
small canvas pieces geared to the jet
age. They have a zippered satchel, for
example, twenty inches long and fifteen
inches high, made of canvas in the
familiar brown and flecked all over
with the familiar design of small tan
flowers and the entwined initials
"LV." Double tan leather straps run
up the sides to end in double handles.
(If you have a fashion model on your
list, she may already have one of these.
We've noticed that fashion models are
using the Vuitton satchels nowadays in-

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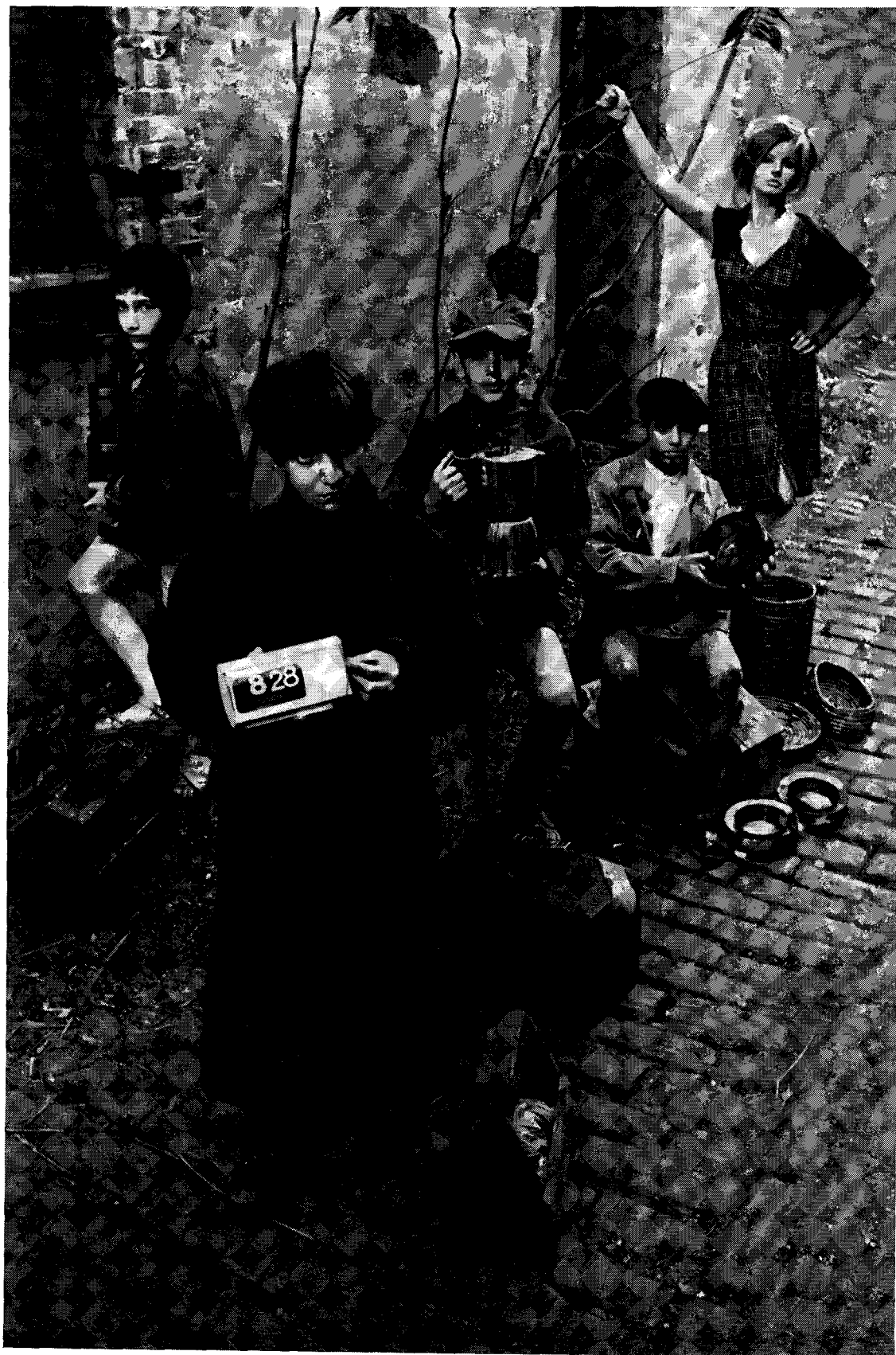
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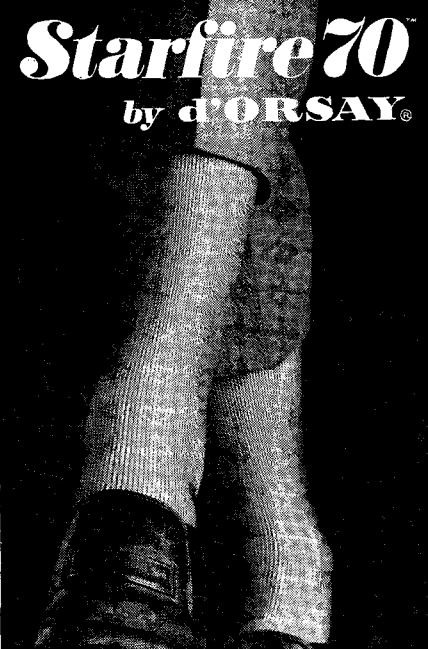


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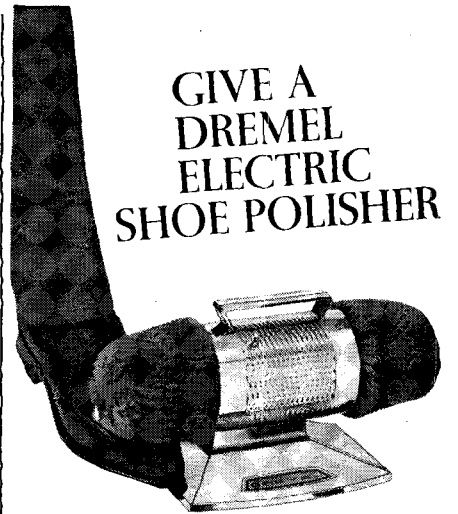
stead of the traditional hatboxes.) They cost \$82.50, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

IF a woman in your household has been known to complain about having to slave over a hot stove, you can do one of two things about it. One, get her a cook, or, two, get her a lovely new apron. We can't help about the cook, but we can tell you that Elizabeth Lawrence, of Barn at Ben Robyn, 34 East 62nd Street, uses gold or silver nylon lamé to make what may well be the least slavish-looking apron in the world. Despite its giddy appearance, it is practical; spots can be sponged off, and the whole thing can be washed by hand. It descends from a bib top to gathers below the waist and thence to either a street-length hem (\$20) or an ankle-length one (\$25). Splendiferous makes an apron that will protect long culottes by tying not only at the waist but at the knees as well. It comes in many shades of felt, all bright, and has a ruffled Empire neckline, a high waist accented by gold braid, and a ruffled hem; \$18. An apron that is perhaps better suited to a superintendent of bacon and eggs than of elegant little dinners, but is nonetheless cheery and attractive, may be found at Azuma, 25 East 8th Street, 415 Fifth Avenue (37th), 666 Lexington Avenue (55th), and 790 Lexington Avenue (61st). It is a standard bib-top apron, made of vinyl. The vinyl is either checked or striped or dotted (in black and white or bold primary colors) or flowered (in a combination of pink, purple, and lavender flowers); \$5.98.

Plastic-coated leatherette table mats sound horrid, but even a very pernickety hostess would probably like the ones at E. Braun & Co., 717 Madison Avenue (63rd), for they are carefully made, with scalloped edges outlined in green, and are hand-painted with close replicas of Beauvais-embroidered vegetables—beans, radishes, mushrooms, and so on. A set of six mats, all felt-backed, comes with six matching white Irish-linen napkins on which the same vegetables have been painted by hand; \$37.50. The Noisy Oyster, 960 Lexington Avenue (70th), sells tôle wine coasters—mustard yellow or bittersweet—decorated with a vine-and-grape design; two for \$18.95.

To encourage a person to set foot to floor on a cold morning, Bonwit Teller has a black-and-white mottled sheepskin rug—the hide of a whole sheep, roughly two feet by four. People there say it's a ram, and we'll take

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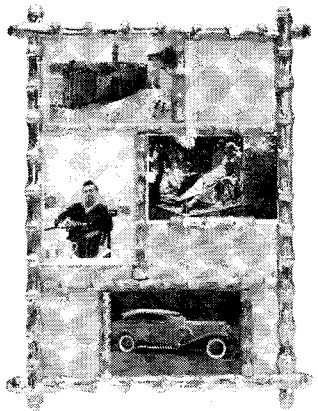


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**big time on a
small island**

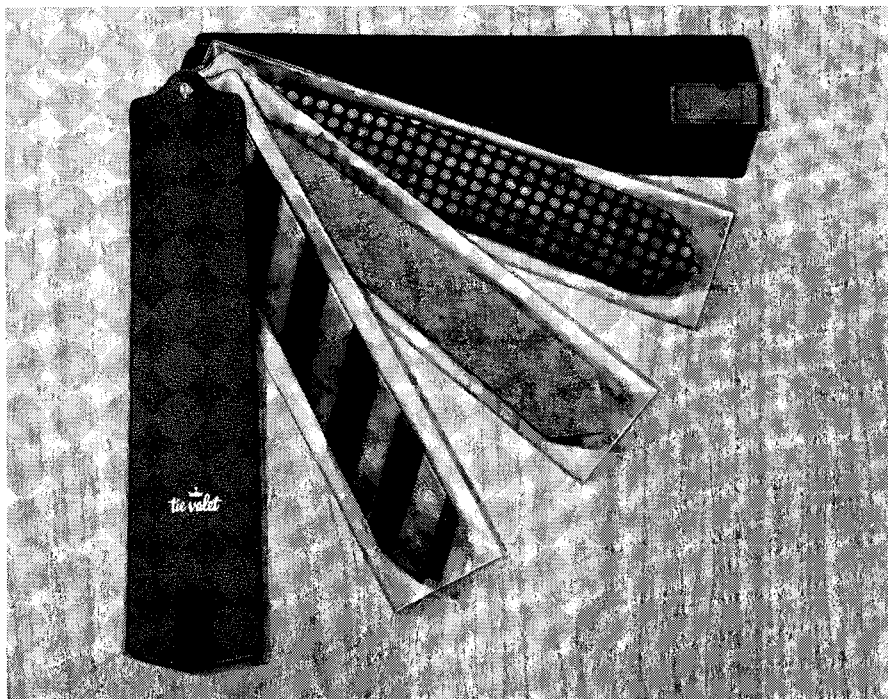
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their word for it; \$30. A workman-like pepper mill, four inches high, made of aluminum with a pewter finish, comes from France and can be found at the Patchin Place Emporium, 109 West 10th Street. We always knew the French could produce a good pepper mill, but this time they have outdone themselves; to fill it with peppercorns, a housewife simply pulls out a hatch on one side and pours in the peppercorns—no loosening of screws needed. It's \$9. Will coffee give a girl more of a lift if it's measured with a vermeil measuring cup from Tiffany? Well, maybe psychologically. If somebody gave us one, we would gladly throw our plastic spoon away. The little thing looks like a miniature saucepan. It's an inch and a half in diameter and an inch deep, and has a handle with a hole in it, so that the new owner can hang it up on the diamond-studded pot rack she got last year; \$10.50. Cartier has nothing so folksy as a coffee measure, but it does have some enchanting miniature flowerpots of rock crystal, each about an inch high and holding a two-inch gold stickpin with a semi-precious head carved to represent a flower. A carved amethyst orchid is \$170; a rose quartz chrysanthemum is \$265; two dahlias (one amethyst and the other rose quartz) are \$320; and two chalcedony bluebells are \$330. They all grow on leafy gold stems, and can all decorate a lady's dressing table or, removed from their pots, a lady's lapel. Among the imported attractions at the Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop are beige linen cushion covers hand-embroidered in Hungary with heavy scrolls and the like, in either cranberry-red or royal-blue yarn. Matching yarn outlines the perimeter of each cover, which measures twelve by eighteen inches; \$8.25, and the Museum pays the postage if you send in your order. Cushion covers are useful, and so are coat hangers—especially the fancy padded ones in moiré with velvet tips at the Green Box, 954 Lexington Avenue (69th). They come in green, gold, burgundy, or beige, and have matching moiré pockets attached to them, big enough to hold gloves and a scarf; \$3.75. Do you know a lady who is furnishing a new house or apartment? To brighten up her kitchen, she might enjoy a couple of early-nineteenth-century hand-colored engravings showing garden herbs. Each print is ten inches high and six and a half inches wide, and Walter Schatzki, 153 East 57th Street, sells them for from \$2.50 to \$6 apiece unframed, or for \$7.50 apiece matted



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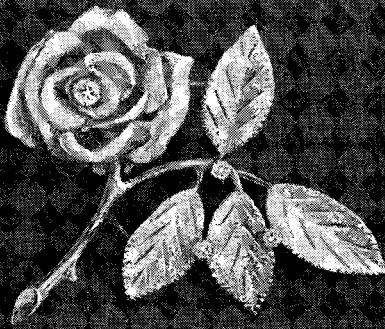


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and framed. If you know this lady's taste in art, the Poster Center, 16 East 78th Street, is a place where you may cater to it further without spending a fortune. There are over twenty-five hundred posters here, by artists ranging from Kandinsky to Warhol. They are all in limited editions, some of them are signed, and they range in price from \$2 to \$650. Very pleasing examples are available in the five-to-ten-dollar range.

You may think someone on your list has everything, but does she have any French baby rattles? Antica Establishment has many, dating from the last century and made either of silver or of silver and vermeil. They are two inches long and engraved with berries, birds, clovers, or the word "Bébé." Some have bells. All are charming. All cost \$30 apiece. Bonwit Teller has a brass-framed magnifying glass, two and a quarter inches square, with a tiny electric light built into it. Perfect for a lady with less than 20/20 vision who is given to peering at opera synopses as the houselights go down or at menus in candlelit restaurants; \$10. Porthault makes its flower-printed linens into zippered sachet bags in butterfly or heart shapes (\$3.95 each), and the Caswell-Massey Company, Ltd., 518 Lexington Avenue (48th), sells dried patchouli leaves (\$3.50 for a half pound). Half a pound of patchouli stuffed into a dozen of those sachet bags would provide a dozen Merry Christmas thoughts.

Have you given any consideration to little boxes—for pills, for matches, for cigarettes, for jewels, for stamps, or simply for looking at? Dunhill Tailors, 65 East 57th Street, has turtle-shaped silver pillboxes attached to key chains; \$22.50. Gucci's very thin (a quarter of an inch) cigarette case, six inches long and three inches wide, fits easily into most evening bags. It is made in red, blue, green, brown, or black pigskin or in natural calf, and costs \$16. Jewel boxes of cobra skin have arrived at Altman's from Italy. They measure five and a quarter inches long by two and a quarter inches high and come in gold, bois de rose, turquoise, green, red, or black; \$18. Cobra skin in the same colors also makes a traveller's jewel case, with a zipper opening around three sides and a nylon lining, at the same price. Old flower prints appear at Wakefield-Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (65th), as the covers of matchboxes. The sides and the linings are covered with printed paper that harmonizes with the prints, and colorless lacquer protects all. The



Curry-scur

N. (kuri'-sur'), one who is a connoisseur of authentic Indian curry, a person of princely manner and currynary taste, most often found dining splendidly in New Delhi or at the Pierre Grill where lamb, chicken and shrimp are subtly curried with rare spices and condiments and served with ceremony from a curry cart (a New York tradition at the Pierre Grill for over a decade at luncheon and dinner).

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flower prints are good ones, and the workmanship is admirable; \$8.25 each. It may be that none of the women on your list are given to chewing betel, but almost any of them would admire the footed brass betel boxes imported from India by the Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop. They are a jaunty shape, four by four by five inches, with brass handles, like drawer pulls, on top. Your non-betel-chewer could keep paper clips in her betel box, or, if she is enterprising, she could line it with red velvet and use it for an evening reticule; \$5.25 postpaid. Saks Fifth Avenue has a gold-metal minaudière, finished in a pattern that looks like alligator grain. It has a scalloped lid with a mirror inside and is lined with mustard velours; \$35. Bendel has imported from Cambodia a host of silver minaudières hammered into the shape of stylized cats, rabbits, turtles, or dogs. The prices run from \$40 to \$100. And here is still another kind of box: at Alfred Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), a book-shaped file box, about a foot tall, intended to stand on a library shelf and hold opera programs. The sides are covered with Florentine paper, and the part that looks like a book spine is leather, bearing the gold-tooled title "Opera;" \$18. A slightly smaller box, titled "Drama," costs \$15. A dedicated theatre- and operagoer might also be grateful for a theatre-ticket holder from the Green Box. It is a rectangular board, measuring seven by nine inches, with four horizontal pockets on it, made of Italian paper. The theatre buff hangs or stands the board in a handy place and keeps her store of little white ticket envelopes in it; \$4.50.

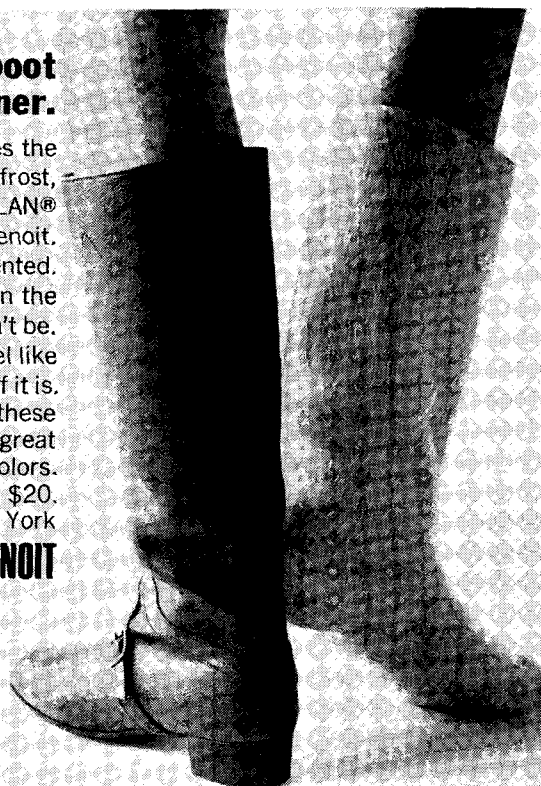
Nowadays, any woman who types, whether letters, college themes, or her will, should be overjoyed to have her old portable replaced by a new electric one. Smith-Corona's portable Electra 110 has a full eighty-eight-character office keyboard, can make ten carbon copies, and has other advantages, too numerous and technical to go into here; \$169.50, with a five-year guarantee, at Ajax Typewriter, 782 Lexington Avenue (60th). A lady traveler who came home from her last trip with a satchelful of underexposed, overexposed, fuzzy, or absolutely blank film needs this year's new Kodak Instamatic S-10. Any absentminded butterfingers can get results with this camera, and, moreover, it fits into a good-sized handbag, since it is only an inch and a quarter thick, two and a half inches wide, and five inches long. The New York Camera Exchange, 1056 Lexington Avenue (75th), is one

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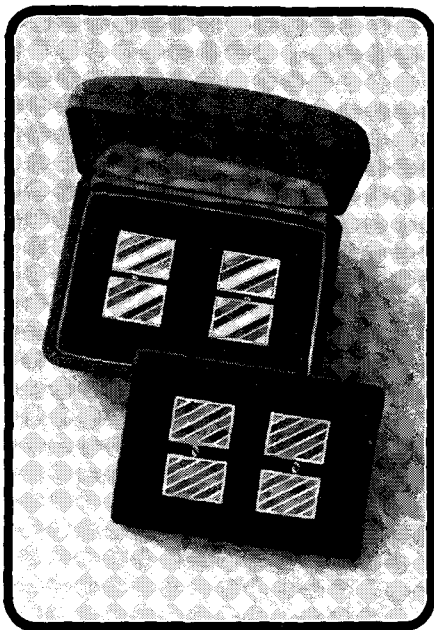
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place where it can be bought. It costs \$29.95, including a roll of color film, a flashcube (for four flash pictures), batteries, and a wrist strap. After your lady has taken a number of fascinating photographs, she will be wanting an album to put them in. The Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (71st), has some nice ones, bound in imported papers. One we liked is red and gold, with a pattern of knights in armor. It measures eight inches by ten, and inside are plastic-protected pages in a ring binder; \$10.95. Another ring-binder album, slightly smaller, is sold at the Green Box. The cover is made of provincial chintz in a small pattern, which is pleasant, but the main point about this album is that the pictures don't have to be pasted in or held with photo corners. Instead, the owner peels back a clear-plastic covering from each page, puts her photographs in place, and covers them with the plastic. There they stay, to be admired by posterity; \$9.

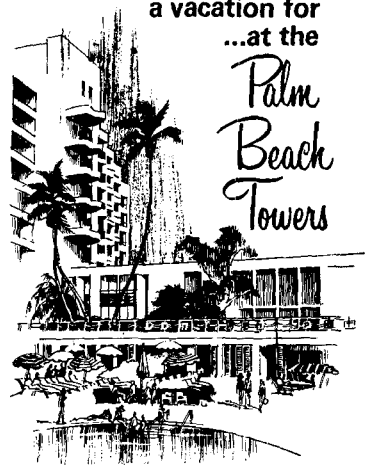
If you are still at your wit's end, here is an ace in the hole. Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd), sells fresh caviar by what is known as the Russian, or scant, pound (fourteen ounces). Half a Russian pound costs \$25, a whole Russian pound costs \$50, and so on up and up. It can be shipped anywhere in the country, so if you have a lady in mind who is really hooked on caviar, leave a standing order for regular delivery throughout the year. Caviar at Christmas is good, but not nearly as good as caviar on a boring day in February or a blistering one in August.

THE first thing to remember when you're buying presents for children is that children react negatively to practicality. A likely-looking Christmas box that turns out to contain a dozen undershirts, a pair of rubbers, or a gift certificate for visits to the orthodontist will cause a sudden drop in the joy-and-gladness level. However, it is possible to succeed with a practical present that has other, immediately visible attractions. Take, for example, some bibs at Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th). They should prove entertaining to a tot, even though he couldn't care less where he drops his soft-boiled egg. The bibs, thirteen inches long, are made of yellow, blue, or pink terry cloth, each appliquéd with three white terry cat-faced flowers, or flower-stemmed cats; whatever they are, they grow on long white cotton stems. Two of the faces squeak when pressed; \$3.50.

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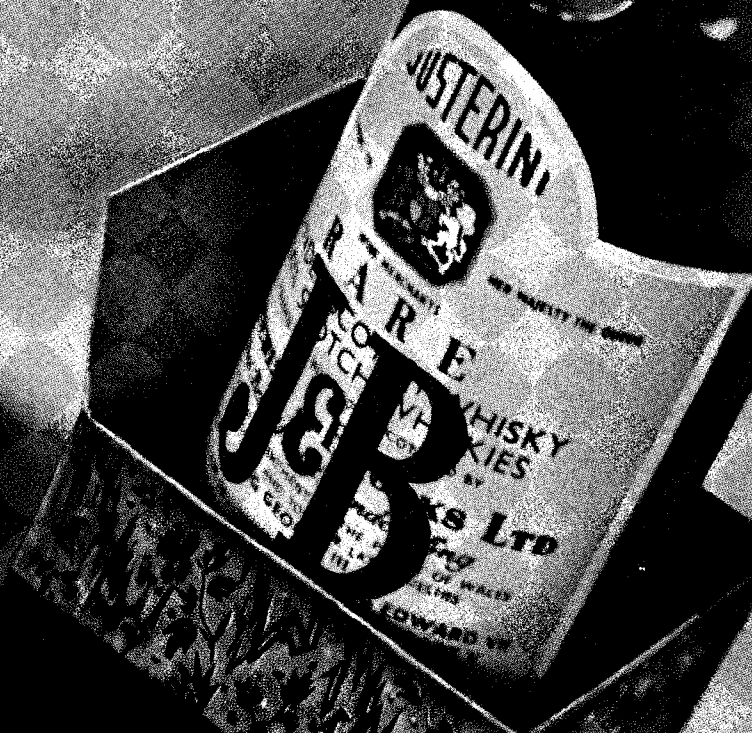
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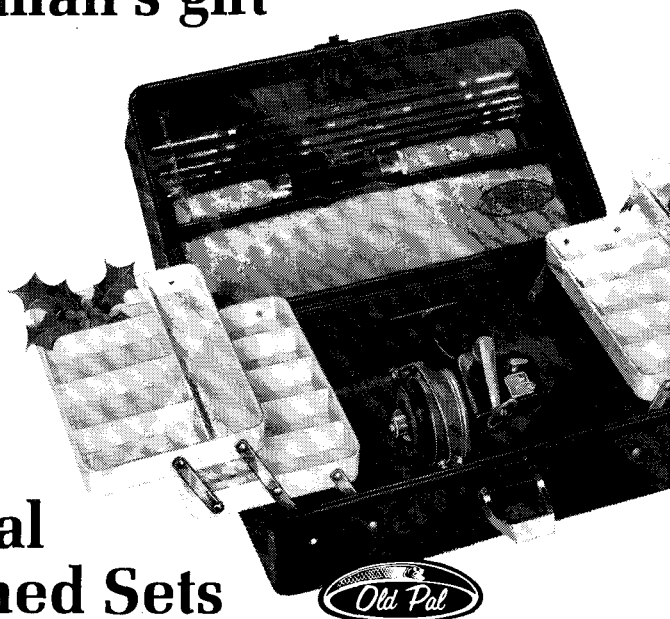
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GENSE 

of a bouncing baby boy will rejoice to see her darling tricked out like an infant prince in a classic one-piece suit of blue, white, or yellow Egyptian cotton with an appliquéd boat, duck, or Teddy bear dressing up the front; \$6.50, in sizes up to twelve months, at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work. The baby himself might prefer one of this shop's stuffed knitted soldiers, fifteen inches tall and sporting red trousers and a black busby; \$7.95, and one that is more than twice as tall costs \$19.95. The infants' sports sweaters at F. A. O. Schwarz will keep the baby warm and entertain his parents—for instance, a white cardigan trimmed in red and appliquéd with a white cotton golf bag. Matching bootees and a visored cap are appliquéd with green flags. A white cardigan outlined with red, white, and blue stripes is appliquéd with a tennis-racket-and-ball motif; and, of course, there's a cardigan with a football on it (a blue one), and the same football appears on bootees and on a knitted helmet. All these knit goods are of orlon, and the sweaters cost \$9, the headgear is \$4, and the bootees are \$3. A brother and sister of tender age would look beguiling in a broadcloth suit-and-dress set from the Arlette Baby Boutique. These little garments are distinguished by charming detail. For example, a blue suit and dress have owls on perches down their right sides. The prices are \$17 for the suit and \$19 for the dress, in sizes 1 to 3. For mild days in the sandpile, Arlette has three-piece corduroy outfits consisting of bib-style overalls accompanied by a double-breasted jacket with pearl buttons on it and a round, brimmed hat with a chin strap. For infants, the set costs \$15, and for children who wear up to size 4 it costs \$17. At Studio Del, a crocheted wool cap and scarf take their inspiration from turn-of-the-century photographs of immigrant children at Ellis Island. Both are powder blue and are trimmed with beige wool balls about the size of marbles. The cap stands higher than a pillbox and lower than a Cossack's hat, and the scarf is fringed; \$12.50 in children's sizes and \$18 in adult sizes.

Best's now devotes a corner of its sixth floor to boys' clothes from the venerable English company Rows of Bond Street (sizes 7 to 15). A young man whose favorite garment is blue jeans could well have trouble saying thank you for a present of knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, but a blazer of navy-blue wool bound with cranberry grosgrain (\$35) might prove acceptable, and so might a British Warm—a

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short topcoat of beige whipcord fastened with a double row of brown leather buttons (\$75 to size 12, and \$85 for sizes 13 to 15). At the same prices, there are classic suits, single- or double-breasted, in a wide choice of solid-color wools, flannels, and worsteds. De-rigueur riding clothes are here also, in sizes 7 to 14; muted plaid wool is used for the jackets (\$65) and taupe ribbed wool for the breeches (\$25). For the nursery-school set, knitted leggings are trimmer-looking than snow pants, if less sturdy. Little Bits of the Sixties, 1036 Third Avenue (61st), has legging-and-sweater sets in heavy wool. Royal-blue leggings have an emerald band at the bottom, while the accompanying royal-blue sweater has a panel of emerald cable stitching on either side of a zippered front. Other color combinations are navy blue with white and Shocking pink with orange; \$35, in sizes 1 to 4. Tyrolian-style jackets for children who wear sizes 2 to 5 are hand-knitted by the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). Jackets like these have been keeping Tyrolians of all ages warm for years—gray, with round collarless necks outlined in red and green, pockets outlined in green with red knitted linings, and silver buttons; \$15.

A pretty dress is sure to ring the bell with any little girl old enough to perceive herself in the mirror. F. A. O. Schwarz has one of the prettiest dresses we've seen this year—box-pleated strawberry-pink cotton (drip-dry) with a white piqué castle appliquéd down the front. Green rickrack braid surrounds the hem, and the castle has a green door and window; \$9 in toddler sizes, and \$10 in sizes 3 to 6X. Also at Schwarz you will find a glamorous princesse skating dress, made of green wool jersey with white wool-knit braid all around the swirling hem. A matching cap is included in the price of \$25 for sizes 3 to 6X, or \$28 for sizes 7 to 12. Another charmer of a dress is imported from Hong Kong by Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street. The material is lawn, striped vertically in light blue and chartreuse. Each stripe is embroidered with a narrow band of white crisscross stitching, and rows of blue smocking and tiny blue flowers adorn the yoke. Puff sleeves and a round white collar provide the finishing touches; toddler sizes

are \$10.95, and sizes 3 to 6X are \$13.95.

If a little girl's mother is sashaying around in a pants dress, you can be sure that the little girl wants one, too. Little Bits of the Sixties has a pants dress (2 to 6X) in velveteen—black, brown, pale blue, or (for Christmas) burgundy. The upper part is puff-sleeved and round-necked, with Chantilly lace around the collar; below the hips there is an inverted pleat that marks the division of the skirt into pants (\$23 for sizes 2 to 3, and \$24 for sizes 4 to 6X). A mother in a caftan, entertaining for cocktails, is likely to get willing help in passing the hors d'oeuvres from a little daughter who is wearing a caftan, too. Bendel has a fetching one of light-green or turquoise-blue wool jersey, banded at the neck and partway down the chest with two grosgrain ribbons, one Shocking-pink and the other green; \$17 for sizes 3 to 6X, and \$19 for sizes 7 to 14. For Christmas morning, Jean Gale has the ideal robe—a long one of white jersey (orlon and washable), strewn with embroidered red posies on short green-leaved stems. There is a Peter Pan collar, and a red cotton string sash circles the Empire waistline; sizes 3 to 6X are \$30, and sizes 7 to 14 are \$35.

JUST two more ideas, both of which are likely to find favor with children and grownups alike. Wakefield-Young Books has an attractive hand-made crèche, imported from Italy, in which twelve figures, the tallest three inches high, are assembled in a carved wooden stable nine inches high. All concerned have pleasing expressions, including an angel who can be attached to the rooftop so as to appear to hover. The stable is mounted on a platform thirteen inches long, which gives the figures plenty of standing room. Each figure is softly painted and each king supplied with a gold crown; \$50. And at the Cloth Company of Nantucket, a new shop at 1045 Madison Avenue (79th), which specializes in—well, handloomed cloth things from Nantucket, a great big Christmas stocking, twenty-nine inches long, of exceptionally heavy off-white rug wool banded with green and Shocking-pink stripes, costs \$15. Hang it by the chimney with care.

CONTROVERSIAL PROTESTANT ELECTRINES
CHURCH QUIT INTERPRETING DORIC URGES

—Headline in the Portland (Maine) Express.

But *why*, for heaven's sake?

MRDR'D IN FULL KITCH., ACC. TO GRDN

"YOU don't remember me," he said. "Hurd. We were the first ones to get to *chrmg* 2½, *Sheridan Sq. vic.*, \$124, *CH* 3-9646 before the agent remembered that the landlord's nephew was taking it. And when I offered to share my cab with you on the way to *W. Vill., plst* 3, \$108, *finish lsc, no prts*, *GR* 3-1098, you turned me down because you thought you could beat me to it, even though you're a woman. Yes, I'm definitely taking this one. It's the best that's come up so far."

We were at 3 lg. sunny rms, full kitch., garden, \$135, *CA* 6-6098 on Waverly Place, and I'd arrived just as he was shaking hands with the agent.

He didn't know how well I remembered him. I'd seen him for weeks now. The first time was one afternoon on Thompson Street (lg. 2½, new kitch. eqp., quiet bus. cpl. pref'd, \$115, *YU* 9-9333), where he was telling the landlord that he had no friends, hated music, and spent most nights just thinking. That apartment had been rented to a bearded N.Y.U. student who wore beads and tenderly stroked the back of his girl friend's neck throughout the mass interview the landlord conducted in the kitchen.

"Nice kids, yes?" the landlord had asked as the rest of us filed out past the student, who was writing a check for the first month's rent.

"Wait a minute!" I had cried. "The ad said '*quiet bus. cpl.*,' for God's sake."

The landlord smiled. "Kids are nice," he said. "This building could use a little action."

Later that afternoon, as I was paying the cabdriver in front of *Remod. brownstn.* 3½, 2 wbrng fpls, 139 W. 13th, see *super. in bsmt*, I saw Hurd shaking hands with a hearty-looking man in workclothes. They were standing on the sidewalk in front of the building as I approached, and Hurd had smiled cordially at me, the scent of a closed deal heavy in the air. Two days after that, when I met him smugly leaving 3 rms *Perry St., semi-pro only*, \$135.75, I wondered angrily how many apartments he needed.

I didn't see him again until *parlr flr thru ovls grdn, lg. liv. rm, sep. bdrm*, \$145, 473-1098 on Jane Street. It was a Wednesday afternoon, and earlier an old man had fainted in the long line outside the *Village Voice* at Sheridan Square. I'd looked for Hurd



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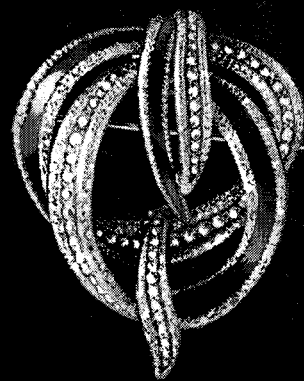
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in the line, actually, but then decided that he would have a friend in the classified section and would have telephoned all possible agents and superintendents by ten the night before. He had probably already signed a lease for the *W. 11th St., 4 mod. rms, hdwd flrs, \$138, 989-9192 aft.* 5 that it would take me two hours of steady telephoning to reach at six-thirty that night. Two days later, at midnight on Friday, as my friend on the *Times* sports desk surreptitiously passed me the Sunday real-estate section, he whispered that a man in street clothes had left the pressroom with an incredible 9 P.M. copy three hours before. I knew then that it was Hurd, and that he had already called the two landlords whom I would now either enrage by waking at midnight or elicit bored "Rented"s from in the morning, if they deigned to answer the phone at all. For a moment, I thought of the people who would elatedly buy the real-estate section by itself on Saturday afternoon, gloating at being a jump ahead of those who would line up at newsstands for the complete paper that evening. How sadistically Hurd would laugh at them—and at me, now, at midnight—for he had already seen and rejected those apartments that were unworthy and undoubtedly rented the plums, not simply for himself but for the many apartment-hunting friends he was helping out.

Yes, it was so clear now that it made me gag. Hurd was going to rent all of the apartments that were available, and he was probably going to be doing it for months—probably *had* been doing it since he first came to New York, years ago. That explained everything: his arrival always a trifle before mine, the hour-long busy signals starting at four at the telephone number for *sm. frntr. avail., lg. 3, call 226-6098 aft. 4:30*, his faint smile when I passed him leaving the premises at *Horatio St., nr sbwy, remdl. 3, 989-9192*, the agent who never arrived at *Patchin Place, 4 rms as is, put crt, refs, YU 9-9313* after telling me that I would be the first to consider it.

It was obvious now. The Thompson Street apartment, where I had first seen him, had been a blind, a simple con to keep me thinking that everyone had a chance, that it *was* a matter of luck. Hurd's uncle was chairman of a real-estate association, his mother was herself a popular real-estate agent, highly respected by landlords, and his brother in Wall Street owned twelve brownstones in the West Village alone. A real-estate editor of the *Times* had

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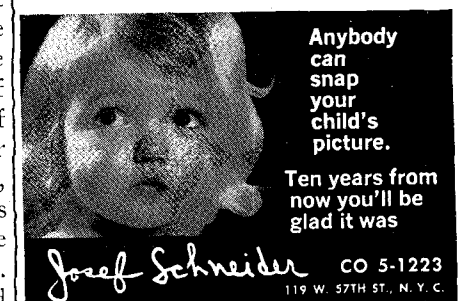
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been his roommate at the University of Wisconsin, and the N.Y.U. student had been his cousin, or was simply hired, maniacally, to delay the actual renting of *Thompson St.* because Hurd had forgotten his checkbook or, more likely, because he was having a little fun.

In fact, as I realized when I saw him later on at Waverly Place, Hurd wasn't looking for an apartment for himself at all; he had lived for years in *Perry St., one in lftm, hgh ceil'd 6 w/pvt patio, hdivd flrs, a/c, r/c, w/b fpl., 2 ext. slpg alcvs, dng bleny, full kitch. w/new equip., 3 lg. clsts, \$74.24.*

I'm going to get him. I don't know whether it'll be with a marble paper-weight at *Carminc St., ren. 3, acc. to grdn* or with a jagged mop handle on *Wash. Pl., skylt studio ideal fr quiet ptr, call evs aft. 7*, but it will be soon. Meanwhile, the 3 lg. sunny rms he's making his check out for now doesn't really intst me; the clsts aren't really suffct, the tenant has to frnsh own kitch. equip., and there's no reason I should be forced into taking a place I'm not really entstc abt jst bcs. it's avail. immed. I'll gt hm sn, though. *I mn it.*

—SARA BLACKBURN

At our election of officers last spring, there was a tie vote for Member-At-Large of the Executive Committee between Samuel Elder of the U.S. Naval Academy and Walter Mayer of Georgetown University. At our meeting in May a motion was passed to break the tie by the flip of a coin. This was done. Unfortunately, I misread or misrecorded the result as remembered by both of them. As a result of this, I printed stationery, etc., with Dr. Elder instead of Dr. Mayer as a member of the Executive Committee. Both have graciously agreed to leave things as they stand. My sincere apologies to both of them.—*From a notice of a meeting of the Washington, D.C., Chapter of the Acoustical Society of America.*

Something wrong with the acoustics, probably.

DEAR HELOISE:

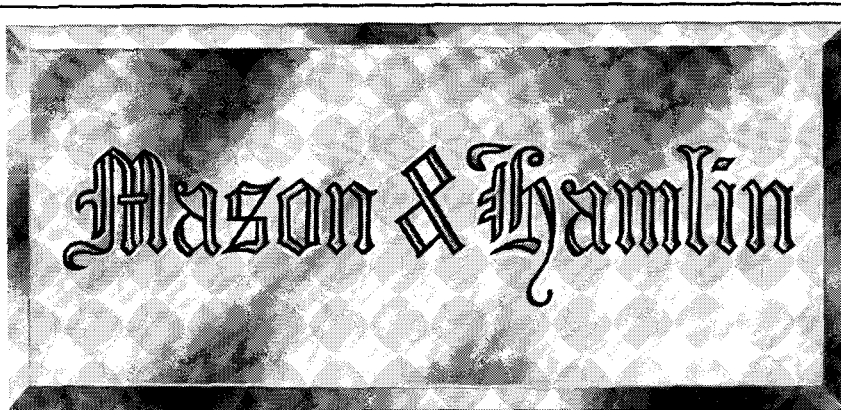
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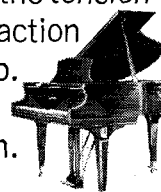
—Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.

Or he could just leave it on his leg. Looks pretty good there.



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U.S. LETTER: COLUMBIA

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA
NOVEMBER 9

"WE are a private group, a citizens' group," the chairman said when he opened the hearing, at about ten o'clock in the morning. "We have no official status, and this hearing this morning is one group of citizens talking to another group of citizens." The chairman introduced the members of the panel, identifying each one with a foundation or a university or a law firm or an anti-poverty project, and explained that they were members of a citizens' board formed in Washington to gather information for a report on the extent of hunger and malnutrition in the United States. "We're here simply to find out from you some of the kinds of information that data and statistics do not reveal," he went on. "And we're also here to give some of you the opportunity to tell your stories."

The first witness was Mrs. Jessie May Dash, a tall Negro woman whose right eye was almost closed, as if it had been swollen shut from some accident long ago and had never reopened. As she answered the questions of the panelists, a court reporter took down her testimony on a stenographic machine, glancing idly around the auditorium as he worked. The auditorium, on the third floor of the new State Board of Health building, was very modern. There were no windows. The walls were of smooth wooden paneling broken at intervals by vertical strips of gray brick. The aisles were carpeted in blue, and matching material covered the seats—soft seats that could be swung backward and forward, like those in an expensive movie theatre. The lighting was indirect and gave off a slight hum. A plaque on the back wall said that the auditorium had been dedicated by employees of the State Board of Health in love and affection to George Sewall Thomas Peebles, M.D., the State Health Officer from 1954 to 1967, in recognition of a life devoted to the health of the citizens.

Mrs. Dash told the panel that she was from Orangeburg County. She said she had twelve children, and no husband, and an income of about thirty dollars a week on the weeks she got some help from one of her sons. She had been unable to get on the welfare rolls. The panelists—five men and one woman—sat in leather swivel chairs behind a long table and took

notes on yellow pads. The chairman asked Mrs. Dash why she had been turned down by the Welfare Department. "They was wantin' to know where my husband was, and I didn't know," Mrs. Dash said. "So they never got it straight about that." After some questions about the types of food she was able to buy, Mrs. Dash was asked if she had ever had any children who died. She looked up at the ceiling for a moment, as if trying to remember, and finally said she had had one child who died of pneumonia. As she was testifying, more citizens came into the auditorium, mostly in large groups. Eventually, there were perhaps a hundred and fifty people in the auditorium. Almost all of them were Negro women. Some of them had their heads wrapped in bandannas, but most of them had hats on. They all appeared to be wearing their best clothes, and as they sat in the blue theatre seats listening to Mrs. Dash discuss her breakfast menu of bologna and grits, they looked at first glance like a Negro women's club listening to a travel lecture.

A YOUNG doctor took the stand—a white general practitioner from Beaufort County, on the coast. He said that he had been studying parasites for several years, that up to ninety per cent of the Negro children in some areas of Beaufort County suffered from parasitic diseases, and that he had attributed the deaths of eight children to parasitic diseases up until a couple of years ago, when, for reasons he didn't mention, he quit keeping count. He used medical terms to answer some of the panelists' questions, speaking clearly and precisely, but toward the end of the testimony, trying to explain the nutritional problems of Beaufort, he suddenly said, "There just ain't no damn sense in this country having hungry people, and we got a bunch of them."

"We're going to move on to another county now—Dorchester," the chairman said after the doctor had left. "I understand Mrs. Victoria DeLee is here."

A thin, gray-haired woman in a black dress with an imitation-fur collar stood up and started talking about the water in Beaufort County. When the chairman asked if she was Victoria DeLee—another woman had stood up in the back of the room—she said that



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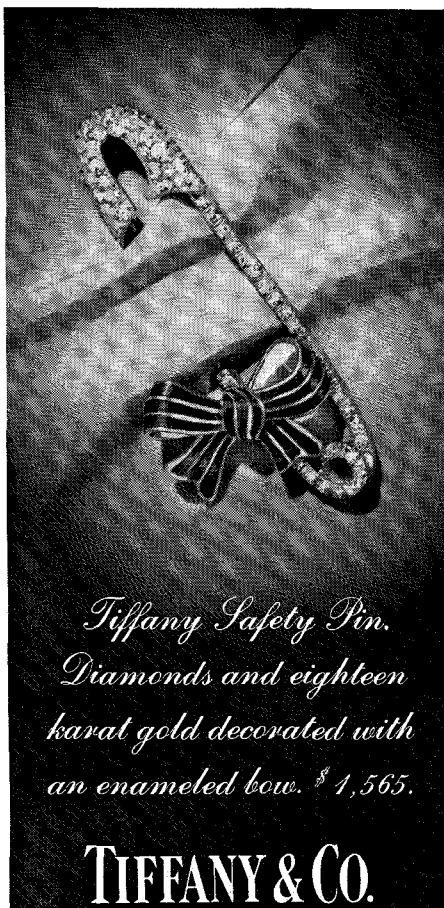
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her name was Mrs. Arimethea McKey and that she had brought some of the water with her. She picked up a paper bag, withdrew a large jar filled with murky brown liquid, and carried it to the witness table. Thumping on the jar for emphasis, she told a complicated story about an unsuccessful attempt by the people in her area to organize themselves into a water district. Finally, one of the panelists agreed to talk with her about the legal problems during the lunch break.

The real Mrs. DeLee—a large woman who was also wearing a black dress—came to the witness table and said that she lived in Dorchester County and that she tried to help out in the community. A panelist asked her what the situation in Dorchester was like. “May I say the whole situation in entire Dorchester County, it’s terrible,” Mrs. DeLee said. She spoke deliberately, in a strong, slightly husky voice. Some of the women in the audience smiled and nodded when she explained that a woman who had been deserted was denied welfare unless her husband could be found and she was willing to swear out a warrant against him. “It’s terrible,” Mrs. DeLee repeated. “It maybe seem jokey.”

Several of the panelists smiled when Mrs. DeLee said that the welfare situation had improved slightly after she got some pamphlets from Washington and “scared the Welfare Department of Dorchester County.” She reported less progress in an attempt to convince the schools that they should maintain a full free-lunch program. “We’ve been fightin’ the schools in Dorchester County from 1964 up until now,” she said. “And we have never yet got the schools straightened out. It’s terrible.”

One question reminded Mrs. DeLee of a particular family in Dorchester County, and she told the story of the family to the panel, speaking very slowly, with her arms folded on the witness table. It was the story of a mother and children so hungry that the children once went to a neighbor’s field and “dugged the whole field of potatoes from the back up to the front and eat the potatoes—even pull ’em up before they had anything on ’em.” As Mrs. DeLee spoke, the panelists stopped taking notes, and the audience seemed to grow quieter. In the long pauses between sentences, all that could be heard was the hum of the lighting and the soft tapping of the stenographic machine. “The Welfare Department wouldn’t give her nothin’,” Mrs. DeLee said. “She was in childbirth. And before she had this child, she couldn’t go to the doctor, be-

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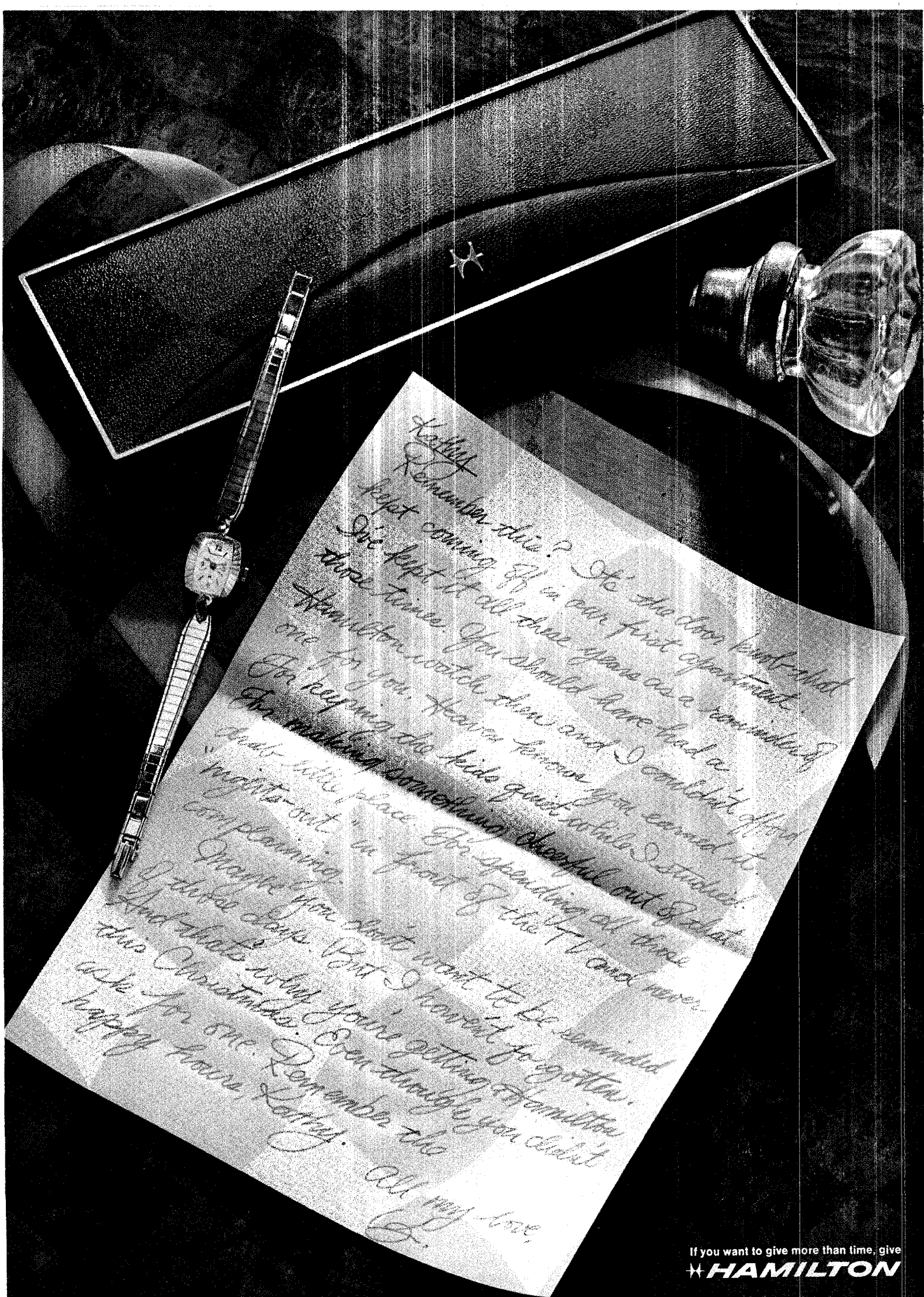
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cause she didn't had any money to pay the doctor with. The law is in Dorchester County you got to go to the doctor four times before you can get a card to have a baby, before a nurse can put their hands on you. And she couldn't go to no hospital because she didn't even first been to the doctor. And when this baby was fixin' to be born, the nurse couldn't even go to touch the lady. And we went to the doctor and the doctor wouldn't even give the nurse a slip to deliver the baby. And the baby born a part of the way. And these children were there sitin' around. And they was cryin'. They didn't had anything to eat. The woman was in the bed. Havin' this baby. And she were cryin'. Nothin' to eat. We went to the Welfare Department and we *insisted* that they come down there. And they come. When they come, this baby was part the way born. And the other part wasn't. And this lady stayed there a half a day, just like this. And the doctors in Dorchester County wouldn't even give the nurses a slip to deliver this baby. And this baby born by itself and just laid there. And nobody was allowed to touch it. We went back and got the Welfare Department and finally we got the sheriff. Went and got the sheriff. Got the city police of Ridgeville. Got the sheriff and all of 'em. And we said we was going to call Washington. Then the lady come down. And the lady give this woman help. Eight head of kids in the house at the time."

Other witnesses continued the story that Mrs. Dash had begun when the hearing opened. Mrs. Huggins, of Clarendon County, was asked how she managed to provide food for seven children on thirty-one dollars a month, and she said, "Some of my friends come in and they bring some." Mrs. DuBois, of Bulloch County, Georgia, was asked what her children did when the other children at school ate lunch, and she said, "They say they just go out in back." Miss Bolden, of Jasper County, was asked if diarrhea was a frequent occurrence among her children, and she said, "I don't understand." Mrs. Huggins, of Clarendon County, was asked if her children were healthy, and she said, "Yes, sir, they healthy." Mrs. DuBois, of Bulloch County, was asked what she had served for supper the previous evening, and she said, "We doesn't eat any supper."

THOSE who had come to testify were guests of the hearing for lunch. They stood quietly in line in the basement cafeteria of a nearby Negro

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high school, and then sat at the long wooden tables and ate a turkey lunch. Some of the women didn't finish their meal and wrapped a roll or a piece of cake in a paper napkin to take with them.

FOR the afternoon session, the court reporter with the stenographic machine had been replaced by a blond young lady wearing a Shocking-pink dress and a bouffant hairdo. Instead of typing on a machine, she used a masklike device that permitted her to repeat whatever was said into a recording machine without disturbing the proceedings. She sat with her legs crossed, holding the device up to her face, as if she were very calmly taking oxygen.

There were far more witnesses than could be heard. Miss Geddis, of Dorchester County, was asked about her ailments, and she said she had "high blood and low nerves." Mrs. Haynes, of Chatham County, Georgia, was asked if she had applied for welfare, and she said, "I been down there a couple of times, but it haven't worked out." ("...it haven't worked out" came the nearly inaudible echo from the blonde's mask.) Although the chairman had explained that the panelists had conducted hearings in other parts of the country and would be conducting one in another city the following day, the witnesses tended to refer to their county welfare representative by name or to identify a community as being "way out on Two Notch Road, down this side of Camden," as if the panelists were completely familiar with a world that ended at the county line. At the close of each witness's testimony, the chairman would thank the witness for coming in, and compliment her on being able to manage as well as she did, and tell her he hoped that at some point the country—or somebody—would find a way to help her with her problems.

Early in the afternoon, the chairman called on a nutritionist from the state university. The nutritionist stood at the witness table, holding the table microphone in his hand; when the chairman asked him to say a few words about nutrition, he turned and faced the audience, rather than the panel, as if he were delivering a lecture. He discussed the "bio-medical data" gathered from a study made in Greenville of "the low-income pregnant mother." It was not long after the turkey lunch, and a lot of the women in the audience looked sleepy as the nutritionist began. Mrs. Dash, who occupied an



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aisle seat right in front of him, had pushed back her theatre chair and was resting her head on the back. Soon she was asleep, her mouth wide open. A number of the other women fell asleep, too.

After the nutritionist had spoken for a while, one of the few men in the audience got up and said, "What the people need is food. They go down to the welfare and the welfare beat 'em around the mulberry bush."

"This is entirely out of the university's category," the nutritionist said. "We're people connected with education."

The man in charge of services for the State Board of Welfare testified next. He said that of the forty-six counties in the state thirteen participated in the federal food-stamp program. The chairman asked him if he would be able to offer any explanation of why the state had one of the lowest rates of participation in the country.

"No, sir," the welfare man said pleasantly. "I wouldn't."

A woman in the audience, trying to explain to the welfare man that the initial price of food stamps was more money than a lot of people had, asked if it could be possible that a family of eleven would need sixty-seven dollars in order to buy stamps worth a hundred and nine dollars in food.

The welfare man said that it depended on the family's income.

One of the panelists noted that the worst welfare problem appeared to be caused by the requirement that a deserted woman find her husband before welfare was granted.

"That's not part of our eligibility requirements," the welfare man said.

"Not part of it?" a panelist asked incredulously.

"No."

"Not part of it in Dorchester County?"

"No."

"Yes, it is!" a woman from the audience shouted, standing up. "'Cause I'll be a witness for that!"

"It may be a factor," the welfare man finally said. "But it's not the whole story."

TOWARD the end of the afternoon, only about thirty people remained. The chairman called a witness from Georgia, but another woman walked down the aisle and explained that two elderly women had been waiting all day to testify and were now about to reboard the bus that had brought them from Hilton Head Island. One of the elderly women then



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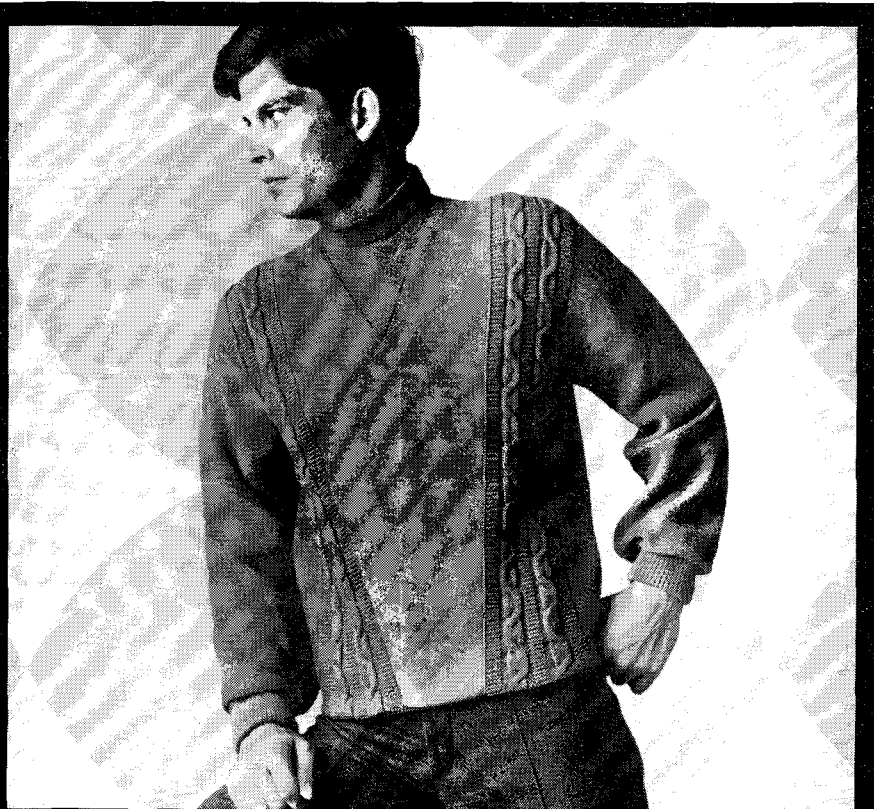
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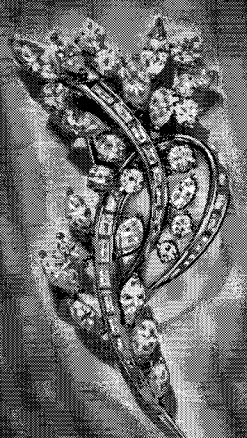
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sat down at the witness table and the other one stood in the aisle behind her with the Georgia witness. Soon, a small line of people waiting to testify had formed in front of the witness table. The women from Hilton Head spoke with strange, singsong, almost European accents, which forced the blond court reporter to lean forward intently. After the first woman had testified, a man in the audience stood up and—speaking in the same singsong accent—began telling the story of a Hilton Head woman, Sister Bertha Perry, who had been unable to come to the hearings. He said that Mrs. Perry had been receiving forty dollars a month in welfare for herself and her four children but that the money had recently been cut off. When he had finished reciting the details, he said, "That's a report." The panelists asked a few questions, and then started to move on. The man remained standing. "What I must tell that lady?" he asked. "Come and see you herself?" The panelists looked puzzled. Then one of them took Sister Perry's name.

The second elderly woman from Hilton Head said her name was Esther Simmons. She was wearing a very long cloth coat, a long scarf, and a black cloche hat with black bangles hanging from it. She was almost toothless, and she seemed to be grinning slightly as she talked. The panelist who questioned her—the only woman on the panel—spoke clearly into the microphone and asked Mrs. Simmons to do the same. Mrs. Simmons rested the microphone on her upper lip and rolled it around while the questions were being asked. She told the panelist that she had been cut off welfare. "I went down to the oyster factory and I reckon I made about two, three dollars one week," she said. "And somebody tell them I makin' six dollars a day."

"The only thing we can suggest is that you go back to the welfare—you and the other people who have been here," the panelist said. "Tell them your story again. Tell them you have certain rights that they must respect. And if they say they won't put you on welfare, tell them you'd like to appeal your case, and ask for a form to fill out and send it to the State Director of Welfare."

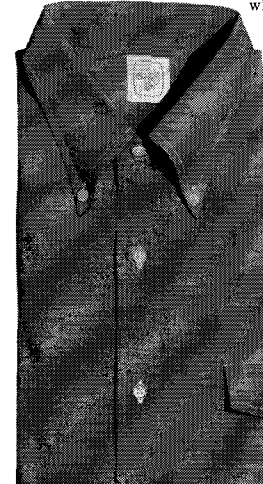
"Yes, Ma'am," Mrs. Simmons said, still grinning and holding the microphone to her mouth.

The panelist thanked her for coming, and Mrs. Simmons said thank you and walked up the aisle with the other elderly woman to board the bus to Hilton Head. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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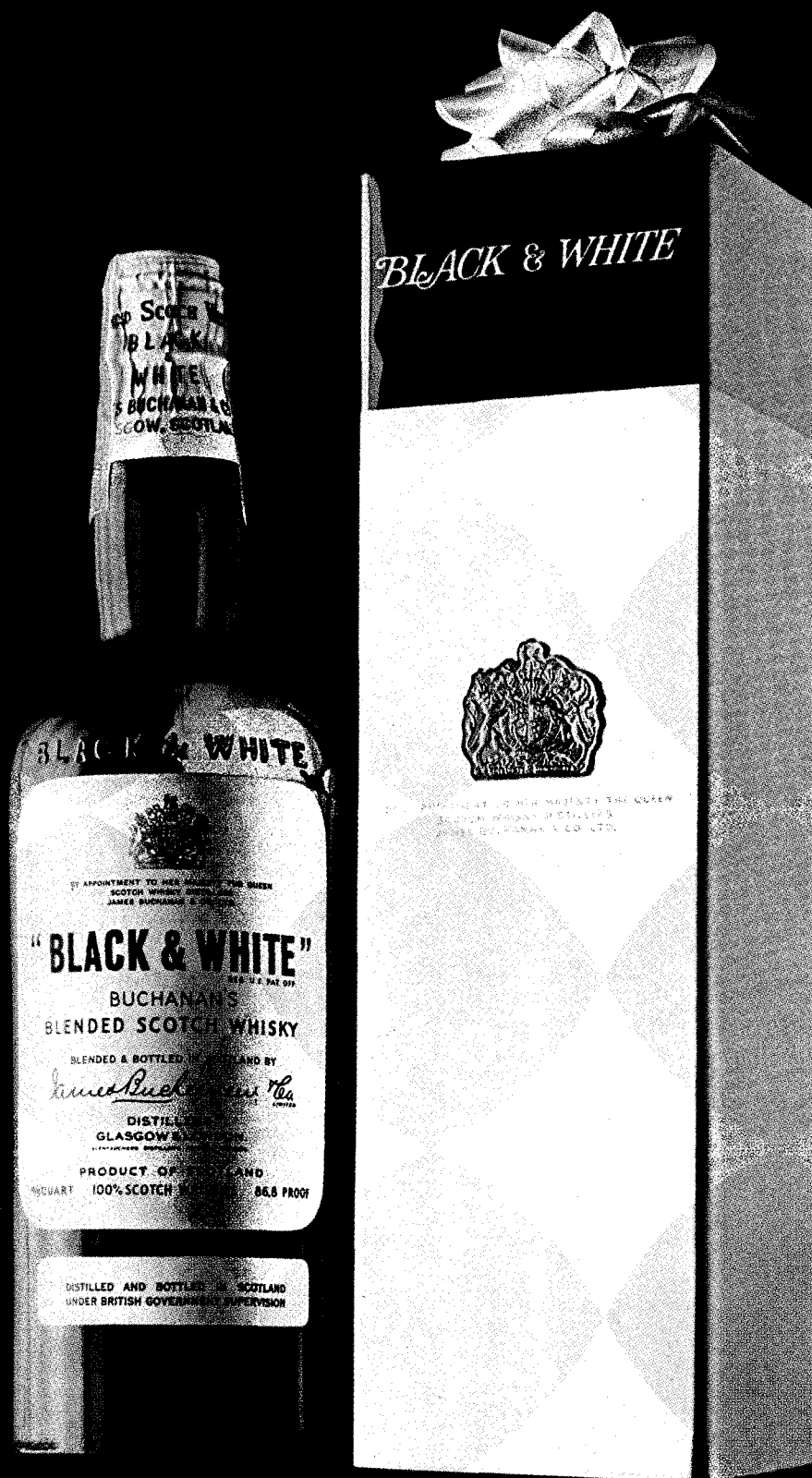
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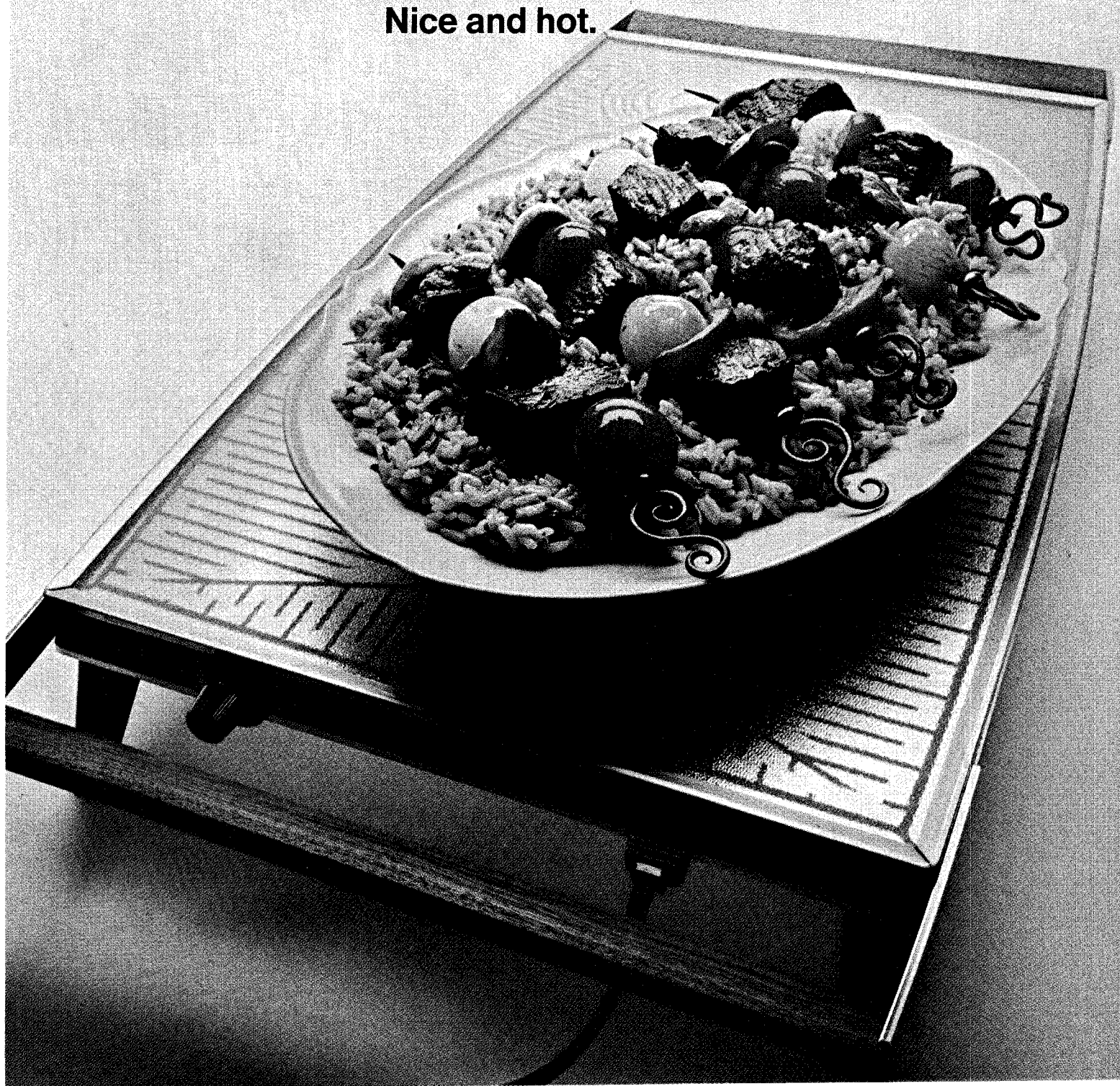
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Best Feet Forward

LAST Tuesday night, the New York City Ballet returned from a tour to open another season at the New York State Theatre. It will be a long one, running into February, and a few novelties, as well as the familiar Balanchine repertoire, are expected to turn up, along with such by now ceremonial works as "The Nutcracker" and "Don Quixote." The opening-night ballet was Balanchine's "Jewels," the full-length work that made its first appearance last season—a charmer, typical of Balanchine's gentler style, with a lavish set by Peter Harvey, elegant costumes by Karinska, and music adroitly selected from the works of Fauré, Stravinsky, and Tchaikovsky and put together to form two formal movements with a humorous interlude (Stravinsky's Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra) between them. The large cast was virtually the same as before—Violette Verdy, Mimi Paul, Conrad Ludlow, and Francisco Moncion leading the Emeralds, Patricia McBride and Edward Villella leading the Rubies, and Suzanne Farrell and Jacques d'Amboise leading the Diamonds. The one change I noticed was the substitution, in the Rubies number, of Marnee Morris for Patricia Neary. What does one say about a work like "Jewels"? The number of dancers involved is so large that one can only pick out a high point here and there—the exquisite femininity of Miss Verdy, the stronger personality of Miss Paul, the unexpected growth in the leaps of John Prinz, the brilliance and athleticism of Miss McBride and Mr. Villella, and the superb dancing, in the grand manner, of Miss Farrell and Mr. d'Amboise in the concluding scene. For the rest, I can merely add that "Jewels" has improved during the days on the road and that it is now an exceedingly smooth production as well as a total delight.



large, and monotonously so. During the performance of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, which occupied the place of honor before the intermission, he did an awful lot of thrashing—standing with his feet wide apart and bending from the waist to pull heaven knows what out of his players. This was particularly startling in view of the fact that Mr. Eger was once a pupil of Pierre Monteux, one of the most economical of all conductors in the matter of gesture. Such overanxious movements of the arms and torso are not at all necessary, as the cultivated baton technique of men like Monteux and William Steinberg attest. In fact, when they become continuous, they can have the effect of the little boy who called "Wolf!" I attribute a certain absence of contrast in the Brahms symphony the other night to Mr. Eger's lack of restraint. On the other hand, later in the evening, in accompanying Martina Arroyo, who sang Agathe's Prayer from "Der Freischütz" and Samuel Barber's "Andromache's Farewell" for Soprano and Orchestra, Mr. Eger's gestures became more precise and more effective, and they were also more precise in Prokofiev's Divertimento, Opus 43. Mr. Eger is a young man on the way up, and it will be interesting to watch his development. With a dash of discipline, his natural talent could make him a conductor of distinction. After all, it is the orchestra that does the playing; all that a maestro has to do is give signals, and the better focussed they are the more subtle and exact the results are apt to be.

Miss Arroyo might be described as, I suppose, a lady on the way up, though she has already won high praise at the Metropolitan and elsewhere. She is a fine dramatic soprano, with a voice appropriate to the lighter Wagnerian roles, and she will doubtless take on the heavier ones in time. She sang the Prayer from "Der Freischütz" with lovely tone and obvious cultivation in musical style, and "Andromache's Farewell" with the particular kind of passion and turbulence it requires.

THE preceding night, I went to the concert of the American Symphony Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall, under the guest conductorship of the young American Joseph Eger. Mr. Eger, although he obviously knows his score and has the gift of the natural maestro, exhibits one fault that is prevalent among American conductors of the moment. His motions are apt to be

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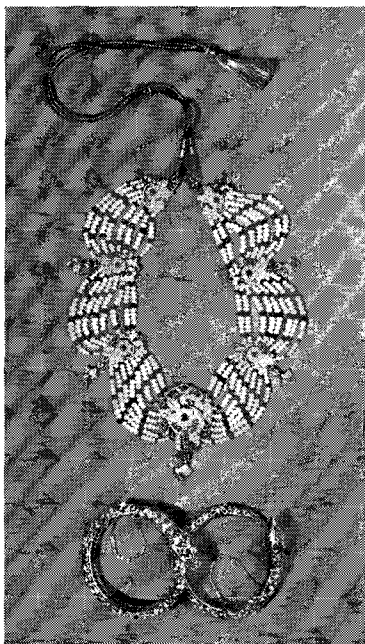
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Arliss Heukelekian, who was making his New York debut. Mr. Heukelekian proved to be a promising young artist, with fluent fingerwork, a powerful (sometimes pounding) tone, and an ambition for the big style that was not always completely realized. He played the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, a Chopin group, and Samuel Barber's Sonata in E Flat Minor while I was in the auditorium, and he went at them like a tiger—a romantic tiger—using plenty of rubato, abrupt starts and stops, and some mannerisms. I thought that he had the basic virtuoso gift but that it was in need of some taming.

AFTER that, I made my way to the Broadway Theatre, where the Harkness Ballet was playing. My main motive was to see whether Agnes de Mille's ballet "Golden Age" was quite as bad as a colleague of mine had said it was. He had called it derivative, mentioning a British choreographer, and then torn it apart. Miss de Mille has long been a favorite of mine, and she is a shrewd woman of the theatre as well as a great *farceuse* of the dance, so I had to see for myself. Ballets that kid the ballet are as old as Diaghilev, or older, and no British choreographer has a patent on them. "Golden Age" is a rather bawdy example of the species. Miss de Mille often uses literary or dramatic devices—funny characters and situations—in her satirical ballets and does not always depend on pure movement, but this is all quite legitimate (it has been done from time to time by almost every choreographer), and "Golden Age" has a right to be judged on its own merits—some amusing as well as striking dancing by Elisabeth Carroll as the prima ballerina of a thoroughly decayed opera house, some wonderful bits of parody ballet (such as a butterfly dance amid a corps dressed in rose-pink tutus), and a very comic hussar's dance by the premier danseur, Richard Wagner. There is also a nice pas de deux between the prima ballerina and an officer. All this is involved with a loosely woven story about the doings in the opera house, which seems to be serving as a high-class house of prostitution on the side. I found "Golden Age" most entertaining and very de Millean. It has Miss de Mille's customary theatrical touch, her dagger-like approach to feminine psychology, and her keen wit.

I was lucky enough to arrive in time for the ballet that preceded "Golden Age"—"A Season in Hell," by John Butler. This is a sober item



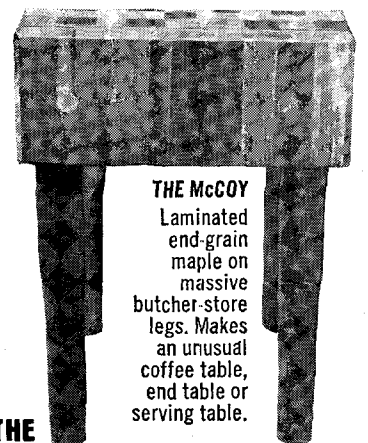
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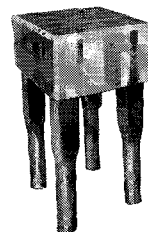
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indeed, about the trouble with poets is that they never get the girl. It was danced before an interesting backdrop—a sort of Milky Way with steel wires in front of it, devised by Rouben Ter-Arutunian—and it has a score of unusual expressiveness by Peggy Glanville-Hicks. The two main roles were danced by Lawrence Rhodes and Brunilda Ruiz, both of them virtuosos of the first rank, while Dennis Wayne provided the lure that attracted Miss Ruiz and left Mr. Rhodes in despair. As ultra-romantic ballets go, this was an absorbing one, though all the dancers were dressed abstractly and the sort of movement employed was mixed—part ballet, part Martha Graham.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Maestro

ONE reason I eat frequently at a small Italian restaurant in Oyster Bay named Charlie's Inferno is the food, and another is its surprising jukebox, which offered, until recently, Glenn Miller's original, 1942 recording of "A String of Pearls." The record is largely brilliantine, but near the end there is a twelve-bar cornet solo by Bobby Hackett that remains in its design (scalar), tone (moonlike), and lyricism (Bach) one of the recorded improvisational wonders. Like Bix Beiderbecke's solos with Paul Whiteman, it suggests a nugget in a fleshy palm. Then one evening I went to the jukebox and "A String of Pearls" was gone. Hackett, who has spent most of his career locked up in second-rate bands or in the studios or as a distant-meadow soloist in mood recordings, had vanished again. But not long after, I received a new recording, "Creole Cookin': Bobby Hackett" (Verve V-8698), in which he plays eleven refurbished New Orleans and Dixieland standards in company with a thirteen-piece band. It is the first jazz record he has made in a decade and it reveals him, waste spaces notwithstanding, in all his beauty. It is also a reminder that he is probably the most graceful jazz musician alive.

Hackett was born in Providence in 1915. His father was a blacksmith and his mother produced nine children. The family was poor and Hackett quit school at the age of fourteen to go to work in a Chinese restaurant called the Port Arthur, where he played guitar and violin. Then Louis Armstrong came through town and Hackett, thunderstruck, took up the trumpet. ("I've never been the same since," he has

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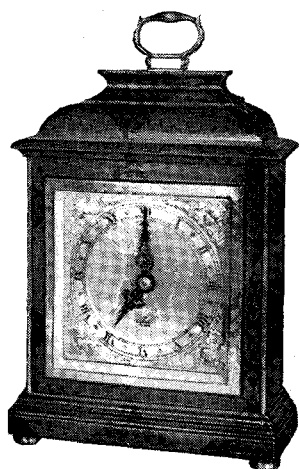


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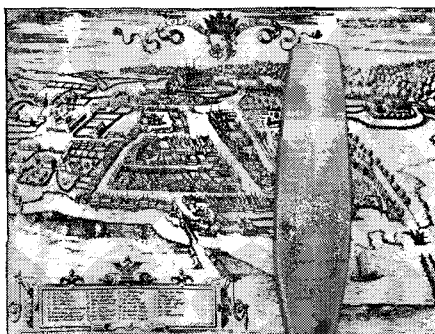
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said. "That man was and is the greatest hot-trumpet player in jazz. All you have to hear is four bars. Dizzy Gillespie told me once that he never heard Armstrong until he came up to New York and I said to him, 'Boy, you were lucky!'" In the late thirties, after a long stint at the Theatrical Club, in Boston, where he played with Brad Gowans and Pee Wee Russell, Hackett landed at Nick's, in Greenwich Village, and became a part of the round robin that included Russell, Gowans, Zutty Singleton, Billy Butterfield, Dave Tough, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie Condon. But he didn't really belong in it, any more than Tough or Russell did. After a short, sour turn with his own big band, he joined Horace Heidt, the Lawrence Welk of his day, and His Musical Knights. ("I was the only musician in the band that Heidt would allow to wear a mustache. It was a mark of respect, I guess.") He was with Glenn Miller as a guitarist and occasional cornet soloist from 1941 to 1942, and in the mid-forties he spent two years with Glen Gray. Since then, his light has flickered even more fitfully. He was a studio musician with A.B.C. for fifteen years, and in the middle fifties he made a highly successful series of wall-to-wall mood-music recordings with Jackie Gleason—"Music for Lovers Only," "Music, Martinis, and Memories," "Music to Remember Her." In the late fifties, he assembled a remarkable sextet, which played for a year or so at the Henry Hudson Hotel. It was a doubling wonder. Tom Gwaltney played the clarinet and the vibraphone, Dick Cary arranged and played the piano and the alto horn, Tom Dengler played tuba and cornet, and Ernie Caceres doubled on clarinet and baritone saxophone. (Buzzy Drootin was on drums.) The group achieved an extraordinary variety of textures and sounds, poked a good deal of fun at the sacred cows of jazz, and was, all in all, a delight. It made one middling recording and, for a lack of bookings, went under. Hackett has recently travelled and recorded with



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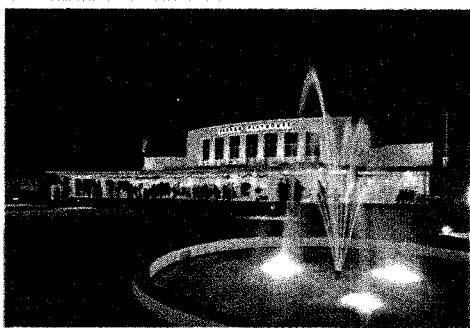
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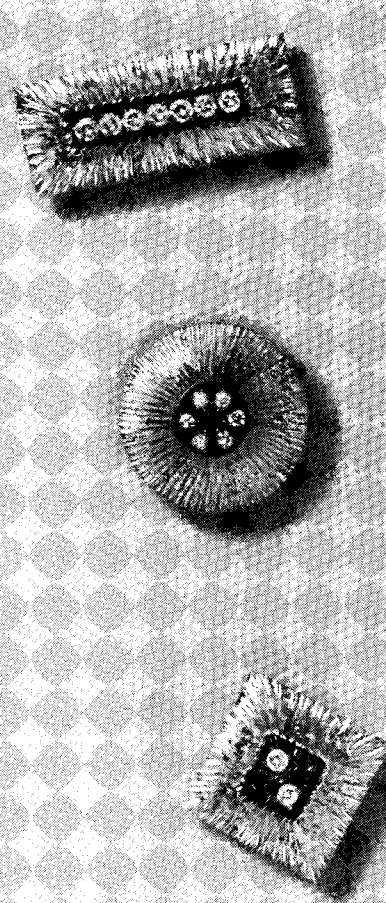
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Tony Bennett as an accompanist, and a year ago he formed a neat quartet, which surfaces now and then at Shepherd's and the Half Note.

Hackett is short and thin and trim. He has a worn, cheerful face and receding patent-leather hair, and he speaks in a low, soft drawl. He invariably looks in focus, and this precision is the basis of his style. For many years, he has been identified, like Jimmy McPartland and the late Red Nichols, as an admirer of Bix Beiderbecke, and with good reason. His tone, which is quiet and shining, resembles Beiderbecke's, and so does his three-steps-up, two-steps-down method of improvising. But his sustained notes and way of playing just behind the beat and of occasionally slipping into double time are straight out of Louis Armstrong. Hackett is a unique and extremely successful alloy of Beiderbecke and Armstrong. His style, which was well set when he first appeared in New York, has changed only in being steadily and microscopically refined. At medium or fast tempos, he gives the impression of floating vigorously just above the melody and harmonies of the tune he is improvising on. He will start a solo with six or seven building-block notes, cemented with round, glancing grace notes. These will be placed in an ascending cluster of three notes, followed by a large interval with the fourth note at its bottom, and a second ascending cluster. Without pausing, Hackett will dodge back and forth between registers with a singsong Beiderbecke effect, then hold the last note of the phrase briefly, adding to it the politest vibrato in the business. Then he will move through an ascending-descending passage somewhat similar to the opening one and whip through a fast, juggling, double-time phrase, complete with gentle slurs and more leaping intervals and capped with another vibrato, and then tuck in a line of backward-leaning notes before the solo ends. His solos are almost always short and wasteless and perfect. They suggest a careful statement-with-solution of a mathematical problem, each figure clean and spare, each with a singing, quietly exultant lyricism. Hackett keeps his arts and sciences under one roof. The surface of his solos is so smooth and precise that they would appear as faultless under a microscope as they do to the naked eye. Hackett is an ambling marvel in slow blues and ballads. He makes the melody move easily, curving it gracefully, lengthening it here or telescoping it there, and all the while filtering it through a pastel spectrum. The result is



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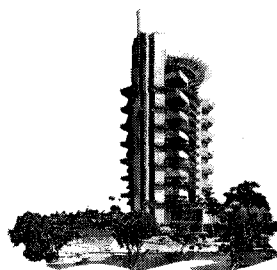
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a high lyricism that bells and flies and that has nothing to do with sentimentality (Johnny Hodges) or the down-home (Emmett Berry). Like Buck Clayton, Hackett is an ingenious obligato player. Put end to end, his soft fills and lolling under notes would form remarkable sotto-voce solos. At a celebrated Carnegie Hall concert, in 1947, Hackett's background figures made Louis Armstrong sound like a nightingale.

On hand with Hackett in his new album are, among others, Zoot Sims, Bobby Brookmeyer, Pepper Adams, and Bob Wilber. The arrangements, done by Wilber, fall between pleasant spoofing ("When the Saints Go Marching In" slips into rock-and-roll rhythm in its middle section, with Hackett loafing in the air above it) and the quaint lumber used by the old Bob Crosby band. The harmony in the section passages is often tepid, and there is too much meaningless ensemble; Sims has two very brief solos, Brookmeyer is not heard enough, and Adams is not heard at all. But Hackett, like Armstrong in the early thirties, is often moved to heroics by the banal. In "High Society" he plays a fascinating set of geometric variations on the celebrated clarinet solo, and in "Basin Street Blues" he constructs a solo that is all hills and hollows and rises viewed from a low, slow plane. He takes two equally affecting choruses in "Muskrat Ramble," and in "New Orleans," "Lazy Mood," and "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans" he pedals easily and beautifully up and down the melodies. ("New Orleans" closes with a fine hand-in-hand duet between Wilber, on soprano saxophone, and Hackett, but it is unaccountably faded out before it is finished.) Miles Davis once admiringly said of Hackett, who is a musicians' musician, "Man, he don't *ever* miss a note!" That is correct.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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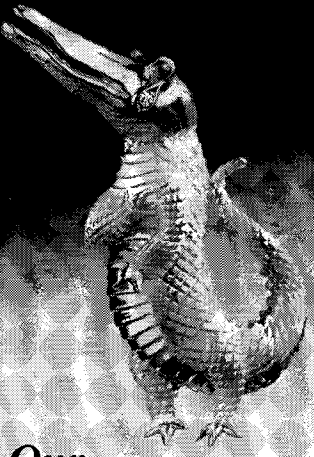
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LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 15

An inappropriate and unusual modesty marked the front page of *L'Humanité*, the French Communist Party's daily paper, on Tuesday, November 7th, the fiftieth anniversary of the first day of Moscow's ten days that shook the world. Every newspaper or weekly in Paris, left or right, had printed a résumé of what the opening of the October Revolution signified in the contemporary history of the world and of Russia (and eventually of the heavens, too, where Sputnik was the first to shed its artificial pale light), and something special and extra could have been

reasonably expected on that Tuesday from *L'Humanité's* outside page. What it offered looked rather like an advertisement—a red rectangle that partially filled its left-hand corner and on which was printed, in white letters considerably smaller than would be used in announcing a sale of workmen's rubber boots, "1917-1967—Vive le 50^e Anniversaire de la Révolution Socialiste d'Octobre!" There was also a front-page editorial, titled "October in Our Hearts," which was, at first sight, little more than warmed-over milk-and-water Communist sentimentalities, written by one of the Party's minor female figures. However, she did bring up from her recollected travels in the U.S.S.R. two items that were surely news to many readers. In citing the multiple rivers of Russia, she mentioned Siberia's "long river Lena... which gave its name to Lenin"—in France, at least, an unfamiliar etymological explanation of how Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov became the man history knew under a name not his own. She also mentioned the Naryn River, in Kirgizia—a small, violent, rapid stream "in which a staircase of dams was being constructed to irrigate Central Asia when I visited there last spring." She continued, "On the highest of the dams, that of Karakol, the Komsomol workmen had transformed themselves into Alpine climbers so as to cut into the rock the poetry of Mayakovsky to the glory of veritable life, that of Communism. This was their contribution to the coming fiftieth-anniversary celebration."

Page 2 of that Tuesday's *L'Humanité* carried a stenographic report of a pre-anniversary speech delivered Monday night to a packed Communist audience in the Mutualité—the shabby old

left-wing hall near the Jardin des Plantes where in earlier days André Gide addressed the P.E.N. Club—by Georges Marchais, a leading member of the Party's Politburo. In it he made a remarkable statement. "Precisely because of the victory of the October Revolution," he said, and because of the recognized existence throughout the



world of Socialism as a political system, along with the modifications that have arisen to meet specific situations in France, "it is clearly evident that we [the French] can turn to Socialism through other routes and under other conditions than those of the Russian Communists." On

the fortieth, or even the forty-fifth, anniversary of the October Revolution, this would have been denounced as downright heresy by the Paris Communist Party. One of the most important features of the fiftieth anniversary in France seems to be that times have changed.

SINCE October 1st, the French have had color television—that is to say, a very few French who are very well-to-do and love to spend their money have had it. A French color *récepteur* costs around twelve hundred dollars, which is a great deal more than Germans pay for their color-TV equipment. French color-TV programs are now to be seen twelve hours a week, of which five are on Sunday. The colors are too beautiful—more beautiful than in nature, which is probably a mistake. Reds are as scarlet as in the flowers painted by Odilon Redon, greens are more pastoral than the green willows of Corot, oranges are brighter than any oranges on your breakfast table, being the color painted only by van Gogh. This Sunday just past, there were a color cartoon, color newsreels, a chapter from an American Western serial called "Alamo," with a colorful fight between dark Mexicans and brave white heroes, and, at 8 P.M., a singing dinner show, featuring Johnny Hallyday; his wife, Sylvie Vartan; Régine, the night-club queen; and the pure-voiced, larklike young Mireille Mathieu, who always sounds as if she were singing alone in the middle of a French field.

Radio and television being state monopolies in France, color TV is handled by the government's O.R.T.F.—L'Office de Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française—and only

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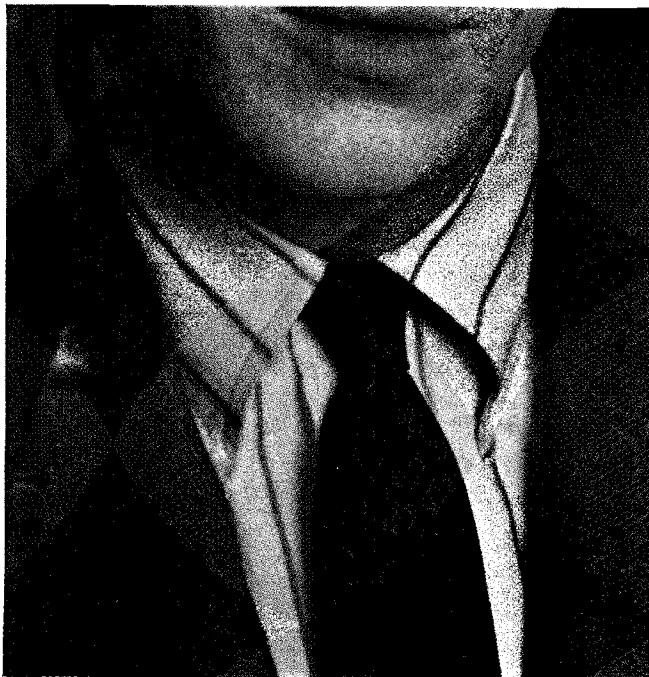
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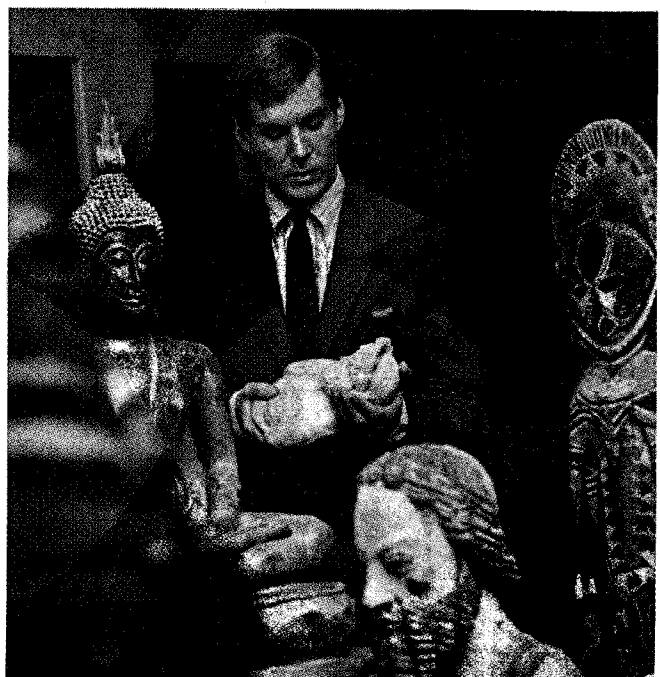
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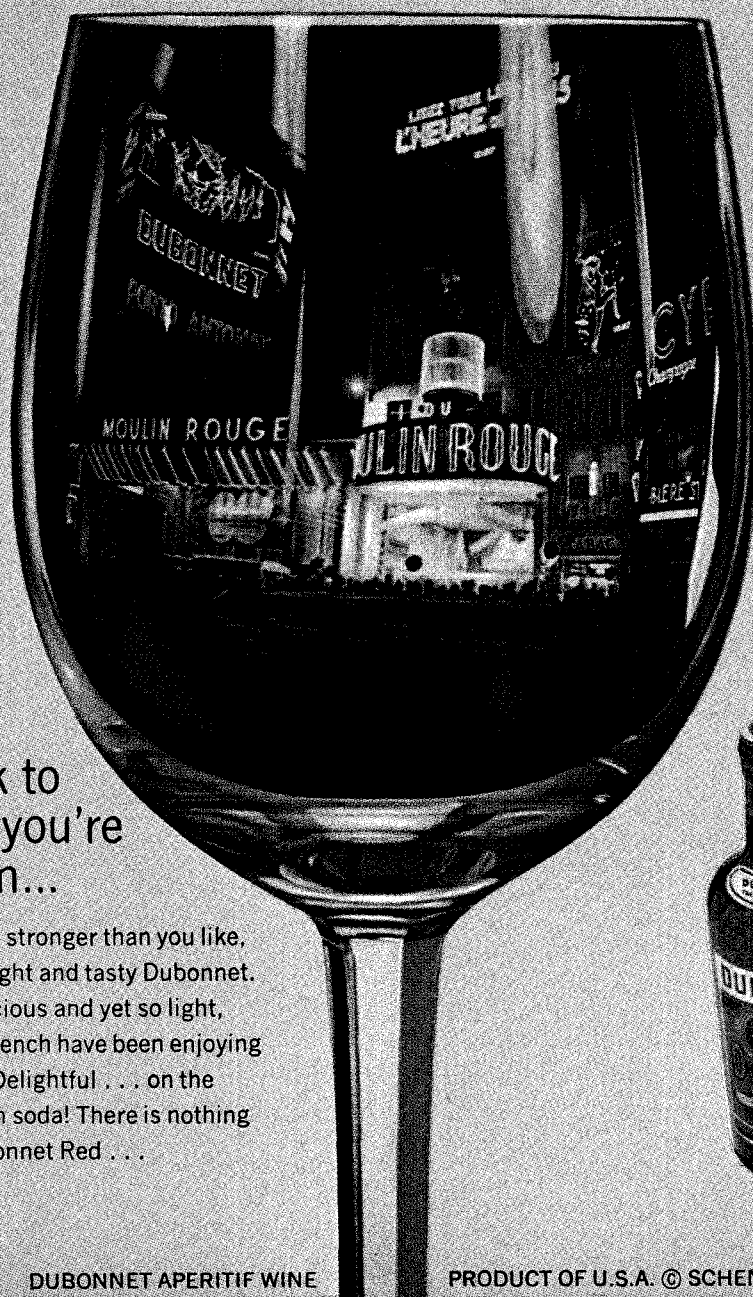
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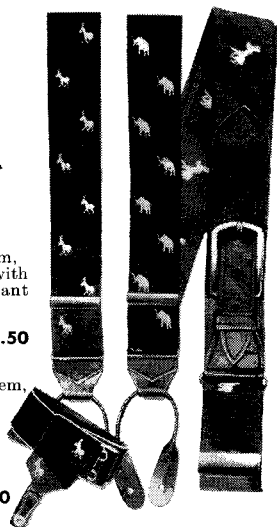
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on its second channel, which demands a special antenna. Already, Europe's color TV has been cut into two rival systems, French and German—the result of outside political interference, the French say. Because the Russians sided with the French system, called S.E.C.A.M., the American television people decided to back the German system, P.A.L., until then regarded as an outsider. By the time everything was sorted out at a conference last summer in Oslo, all of Eastern Europe, Russia, and Greece had followed France into S.E.C.A.M., while England, Germany, and most of Western Europe—except France, of course—had joined with P.A.L. Thus, instead of having a hoped-for intelligent, unified international color-TV system from Dublin to Vladivostok, Europe once more has set up a duality of well-entrenched Continental rivals.

Perhaps it should be added that the French color system, unlike American color TV, is practically foolproof, does not have to be fiddled with to keep its colors clear, and is highly resistant to what the French call *les parasites*, or interference and squawking. Furthermore, it is capable of fairly clear transmission at great distances via an artificial satellite. Thus, France and Russia can easily exchange programs.

EVEN old-fashioned plain black-and-white TV has been attracting undue attention to itself here. Last week, the government of Charles de Gaulle was defeated by a narrow margin of nine votes in the Parliament. The vote expressed the displeasure that many French feel at the government's plan to introduce brand-name advertising on TV. Actually, the vote by the deputies, which was later negated, refused to authorize O.R.T.F. to collect the annual user's tax, equal to six dollars for a radio and twenty dollars for TV, which makes up ninety per cent of O.R.T.F.'s two-hundred-and-forty-million-dollar budget. Already the Minister of Information has replied that the government will "proceed with its advertising project, without seeking Parliamentary approval, if it can get the Constitutional Council to agree that it is a matter to be decided by regulation, rather than by legislation," which sounds like one of the General's useful old decree devices for simplified governing.

De Gaulle's party has had a majority of exactly one seat since the last elections. It is feared that if he called for Parliament's dissolution and new elections, he might have no majority at all

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and, *ipso facto*, no government. This brand-name advertising innovation, which he has personally accepted, has proved a plague that has split not only his Gaullist party but also public opinion. His government's reason for accepting it is that with the abolition of the last Common Market tariffs French industry must be permitted television as an advertising medium if it hopes to stand up to its rivals. Of late years, French TV has already accepted "compensated publicity," which urges increased use of various products, such as butter, canned peas, leather, coffee, and carded wool, but mentions no brands. This new, open commercialization of TV, planned to begin next July, has been attacked by practically everybody—naturally, by both the national and the provincial newspaper-owners' associations, which claim that the equivalent of a hundred and fifty million dollars in advertising gained by TV will be lost to the press, and that many little provincial papers, especially, will have to shut down if TV advertising is permitted. Labor is against it, and also former Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, now head of the Gaullist rebel group of forty-two deputies, called the Independent Republicans, whose votes would certainly be needed to pass the advertising measure. Industry is against it, claiming that rich foreign businesses with the habit of TV publicity will swamp most tight-pursed French advertisers. Ordinary little people are against a government monopoly's suddenly enriching itself to such a tune. Nobody has had to mention how French TV viewers are going to feel if, like American viewers, they are to be constantly interrupted by commercials, because this situation will apparently not arise in France. French advertisers will be permitted only to buy time, not create programs, and it may well be that French TV advertising, like that in Italy, will be limited to less than a half hour daily, which seems hardly worth making so much fuss about and risking a government for.

IN the face of an autumnal downpour and the beginning of a taxi strike, the new Orchestre de Paris made its debut on Tuesday night at the big Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, with listeners packed even in the small birdcage loges hung high (and usually empty) just under the ceiling. It was a French musical event of consequence and hope, both manifest in the spirited directing of the seventy-six-year-old vigorous veteran of the Boston Symphony,

#1

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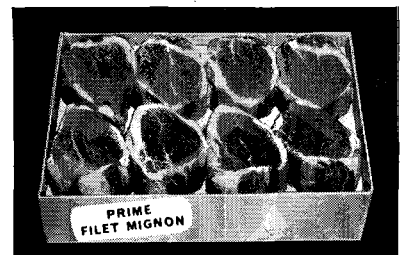
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Charles Munch, and an event of such importance that the concert was repeated later in the week in the popular Théâtre de l'Est Parisien and at the Sorbonne. It marked the opening of an unprecedented effort in Paris to create a French orchestra that can take its belated place among the world's foremost symphonic groups. According to M. André Malraux, whose energies as France's Minister of Culture are once more responsible for this latest aesthetic test, the aim is "to break out of the musical structures of the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie." The other most quoted dictum in relation to the orchestra is that attributed to Toscanini, who said, "France could have one of the best orchestras in the world if she were willing to spend the money," music not being, according to him, one of the native Gallic passions that could rival the more silent French pleasure of accumulating wealth. A certain theatrical effort was made to dress the Paris Orchestra in a noticeably chic manner, the hundred and ten musicians being garbed by Cardin. For the men, it was midnight-blue evening clothes (with sensible short tails on their tailcoats, so that when seated they did not drag on the floor) with dark-red cummerbunds, frilled shirts, and, unfortunately, black, rather than elegantly white, ties. The four women orchestra members wore straight midnight-blue gowns.

The program consisted of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," Stravinsky's "Requiem Canticles," and Debussy's "La Mer"—all French, if one considers Stravinsky, as the French seem to, an inhabitant of France. The Berlioz was the chef-d'œuvre in pleasure and performance. Dignified and portly under his full thatch of gray hair, Munch, with the familiarity born of six weeks of rehearsals, rarely altered his podium stance of listener to and observer of what he had with care created—his arms not lifted, his baton barely marking the beat, as the opening delicacies of the woodwinds pursued their melodic punctuation and rhythm, until the sudden interruption of percussion or of the magnificent outcry of Berlioz brass. The texture of the music had a flowing, fresh intelligence, as if it were being written in one's presence, to be listened to with the full attention of perfect surprise. It was a great and disciplined performance by French musicians, rarely so well led that they lose their fractional individuality in the élan of harmonious unity. It was saluted with one of the continuous ovations at which Paris audiences excel, often with-

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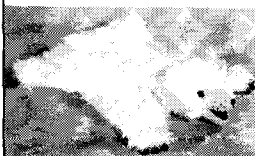
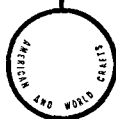
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out cause, the last outburst tending to deteriorate into rhythmic clapping, which is frowned on as bad taste and is heard at every concert of consequence. Part of the intention of this new musical revolution is to raise the threshold of French critical faculties. The Stravinsky aroused only sounds of faint praise and a few impolite whistles. With its choir singing and liturgical quality, it approximated the sounds of orthodox churchliness but without high aspirational content, except in one assembly of splendid single outbursts, each in a different tone, from four trombones, toward the last of the piece. "La Mer" seemed admirable but, for a great sea piece, rather dry.

It is in the composition of the orchestra and the circuit on which it will serve France that the tremendous importance of this initial idea of Malraux's assumes its national quality. For years, Paris has been the Sunday seat of four ill-paid, mostly ill-rehearsed orchestras, which all played at the same matinée hour and often played the same programs. Of the four, the Orchestre du Conservatoire was signally the most able and best rehearsed. Fifty-two of its former players form the marrow and sinews of this new Orchestre de Paris, which was filled out by competitive examination of more than three hundred applicants, French and foreign, with a mere handful being taken from the Opéra orchestra. The services of all its members are exclusive to the Orchestre de Paris, which pays them better than any other players here are paid. They participate in eight full rehearsals for each program, which changes every two weeks. The first three performances, always under Munch, are given in Paris, including the final Saturday-morning dress rehearsal. Then the program is repeated in suburban *maisons de culture* or theatres close to Paris and in big nearby towns such as Rouen. Thus, instead of the fifteen hundred music lovers who might profit from it at one Paris concert, it is heard by perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand on its local circuit. For more than a century, concert music has been centralized in Paris. Now the outcast Sunday orchestras, on small subsidies, are to be drafted for service in the outer provinces, which have for years been bereft even of provincial opera-house troupes such as used to exist. This is why the Berlioz "Symphonie Fantastique" was the most important orchestral performance of the season. It was, in a way, being played for the future and for the ultimate ears of thousands of non-Parisian French.

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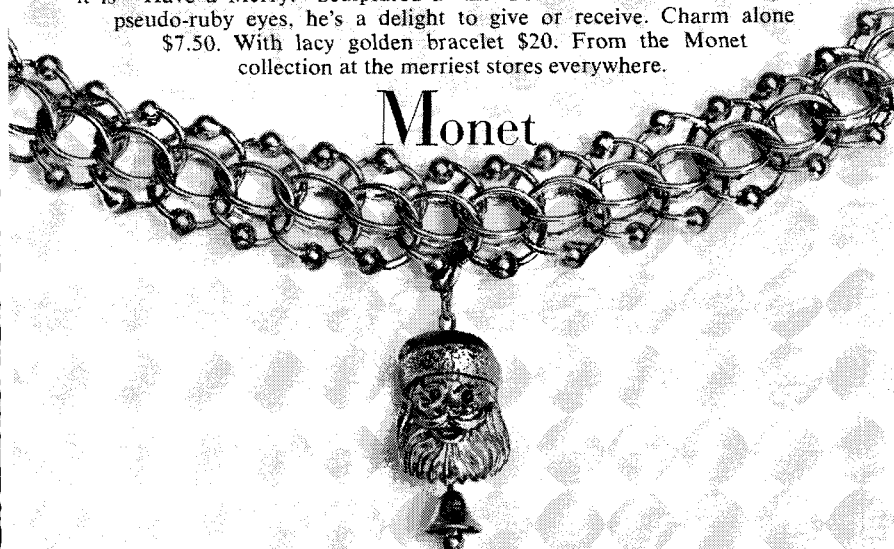
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

MY apologies to you, your readers, Lady Antonia Fraser, and Mr. Anthony Lewis for my goof—"gaffe" might be better in such flossy company—in reducing (while reviewing her book in *The New Yorker*) a peer's daughter to a mere "Mrs." The mistake was unforgivable, inasmuch as the jacket of her book, "A History of Toys," mentioned that the author's father is the Earl of Longford, and every American knows by now that one title in the family means a cluster of troublesome little titles around it. I have often wondered why we Yanks suffer brain fatigue when confronted by forms of address in the peerage, particularly since other British usages are far more disturbing—for instance, the peculiar English refusal to give a surgeon a medical handle. Nothing seems more terrifying than the prospect of being operated on by a man you call "Mr.," like Mr. Roberts. But I suspect that the mutations of noble nomenclature daunt us because we are already exhausted by efforts to keep track of the two kinds of famous Americans who usually change names in the course of their lives. I mean, of course, movie stars and Indians. After we have worn ourselves out trying to memorize the real name of Tony Curtis and the milk name of Sitting Bull, it is too much to start in on Sunderlands growing up into Marlboroughs and Hartingtons that turn into Devonshires. Yet, great as our difficulties are, I cannot imagine any confusion greater than that of United Kingdom Americanists when they try to sort out who is called Honorable in the United States. American Hons, of course, are practically anybody—but not everybody—who has ever held a government job outside civil service, including recalled ambassadors and redistricted assemblymen, but the exceptions (former sheriffs, for instance) must be truly bewildering.

After the apology, a dissent. I was distressed by Mr. Lewis's reference to the "Anglicization of American book reviewing," and to the future he suggests of title pages' becoming titles pages indeed, spotted up, like court balls, with their authors' orders, decorations, and insignia. Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral are Kingdoms, but Letters have always been a Republic. So I subscribe myself, if I may,

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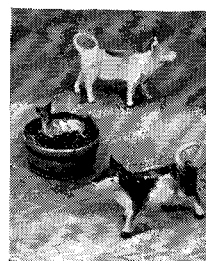
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BOOKS

The Fire Last Time

AS by now almost everyone knows, William Styron's "The Confessions of Nat Turner" (Random House) deals with a brief slave revolt that took place in the late summer of 1831 in Southampton County, a remote corner of southeastern Virginia. The uprising was a ragged affair, doomed from the start. It involved seventy-five Negroes and resulted in the killing of fifty-five whites; most of the insurgent slaves were hacked down or executed. The body of Nat Turner, begetter and ring-leader, was taken from the gallows, its flesh was boiled into grease, and small leather keepsakes were made of the skin. In Richmond, in 1832, T. R. Gray issued a pamphlet entitled "The Confessions of Nat Turner." Several other accounts of the mutiny were written, among them William Sidney Drewry's "The Southampton Insurrection." Though strategically puerile, the revolt of Nat Turner sent a shock of fury and baffled alarm through the South comparable to the one occasioned a generation later by John Brown's raid. It was the only organized rebellion, however short-lived, in the annals of American Negro slavery.

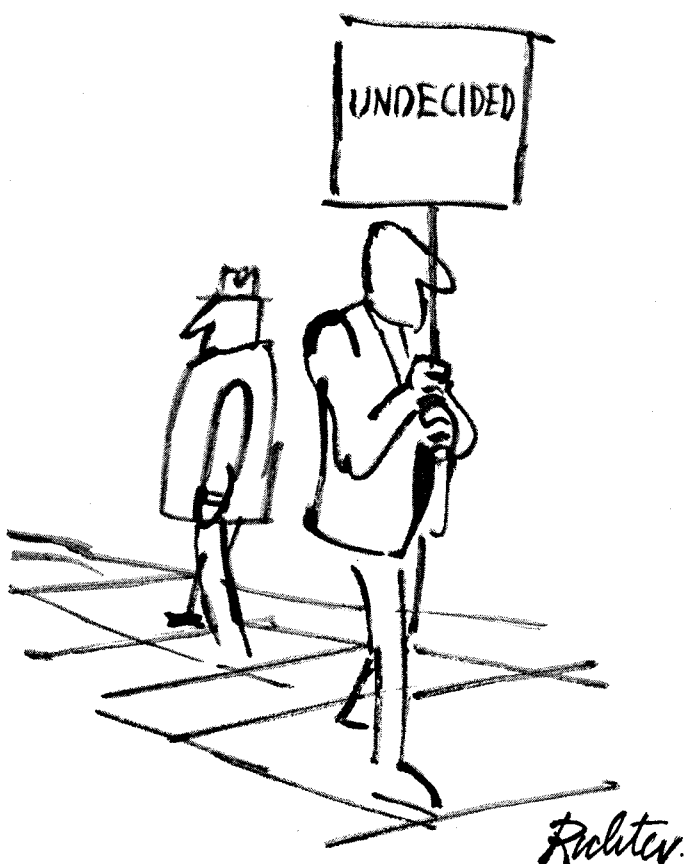
Mr. Styron grew up not far from Southampton County and thought to make of Nat Turner the subject of his first novel. Instead, he produced "Lie Down in Darkness," a marvellously dense and vehement statement of what it is like to come of age Southern and haunted. This was followed by "The Long March" and that much criticized but revealing tale of Europe and America in their postwar, post-Thomas Wolfe interaction—"Set This House on Fire." After which Mr. Styron embarked on a long silence and the theme that had from the first been ripening in his consciousness. "The Confessions of Nat Turner" is a return home, a falconlike gyiring toward the point of departure which is characteristic of a number of American novelists (among

Hemingway's last projects was a novel set in the Michigan of his boyhood). Is it merely fanciful to note how clear and symbolic a design lurks in Mr. Styron's earlier titles? Nat Turner lies in a great darkness, seeks to make the long march to the local and celestial Jerusalem, and leaves houses burning in his wake. But two forces more recent than Mr. Styron's initial impulse have acted on the book. It is difficult to listen to Nat Turner's canny, self-baring, or impassioned tone without hearing at the same time the voice of Mr. James Baldwin. The other modifier is, of course, recent history—the coming of the storm that now blows across American life. The crisis of civil rights, the new relationships to each other and to their own individual sensibilities that this crisis has forced on both whites and Negroes (as yet, we capitalize the one but not the other) give Mr. Styron's fable a special relevance. This is a book about a small fire last time in the light, at once revelatory and magnifying, of the great blaze now.

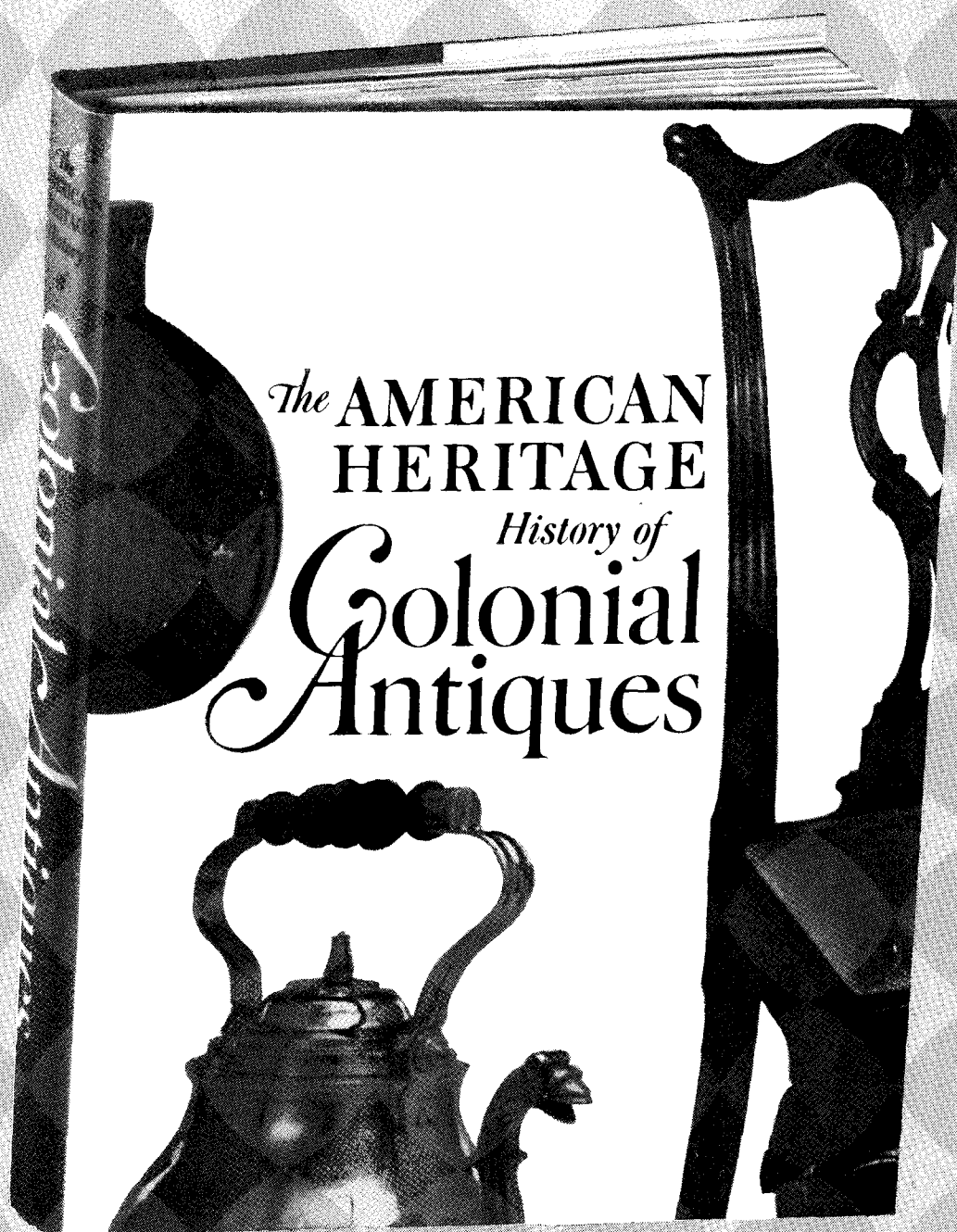
The narrative is set in a flashback older than Victor Hugo's "Last Days of a Condemned Man," older even than the monitory thieves' pamphlets of the seventeenth century. During the

five days preceding his execution, Nat Turner reviews the confession he has dictated to T. R. Gray, his inquisitor, spokesman before the court, and final intimate. Gray is not seeking to rack his doomed client. He is baffled by the fact that Turner has himself killed only one white person—the flower of genteel Virginian girlhood, Margaret Whitehead—and that he feels no remorse for the general butchery: "You mean to tell me that now, after all these here months, your heart ain't touched by the agony of an event like that?" Seeking to answer these queries, not to Mr. Gray so much as to himself, Nat lets his memory play over the past. On the verge of a mean death, he settles accounts inwardly. We eavesdrop on this long dialogue of spirit and self as we do on the actual exchanges—garrulous, pungent, broken by long silences—between the white man and the black.

A blackness heavier than the lost African past or the drowsy, storm-brooding Virginian nights has gone into the forging of Nat Turner. It is more than the inevitable posture of bondage, with its "unspeakable bootlicking Sambo, all giggles and smirks and oily, snivelling servility." It is more than the shock of seeing a mother acquiescent in partial rape or fellow-slaves chastised in petty or savage ways. It is an inner night accepted by both master and slave: to his owners the Negro is by God's definition a creature "who cannot spell *cat*," whom molasses and the lash keep in a condition just short of humanity. The Negro accepts this devaluation, not consciously but because the very words through which he forms his needs and croons his content are borrowed; the image he finds in his mirror has been put there by the white man. To a Negro slave, narcissism is subjection. But little Nathaniel is fortunate. Samuel Turner, his master, rejoices in his nascent powers, in his learning to read—a wonder of stealth and illumination finely rendered by Mr. Styron. Nat's study of Scripture and reveries of eloquence are fostered. At



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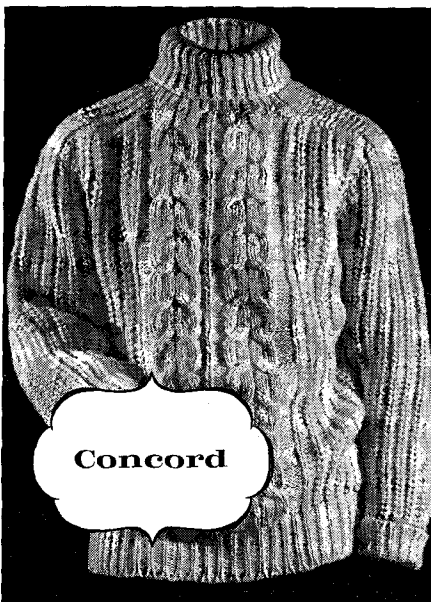


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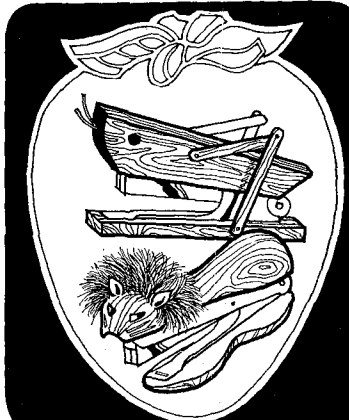
Turner's Mill, the child becomes "a grinning elf in a starched jumper who gazed at himself in mirrors, witlessly preoccupied with his own ability to charm." Plans are laid for his further training and, ultimately, for his emancipation. Nat passes into the mulatto zone of the half-free, into that sweet and cruel place of special acceptance where white masters have often cajoled and unmanned their more talented colonial subjects. But the South is visited by economic blight, and Nat finds himself thrown suddenly into the pit of common hell. First with the Reverend Eppes, who, his homosexual advances thwarted, reduces Nat to a worn chattel; then with Thomas Moore, an illiterate brute of a farmer. "I had never felt a whip before, and the pain of it when it came, coiling around the side of my neck like a firesnake, blossomed throughout the hollow of my skull in an explosion of light." By that searing light, Nat Turner lets his "exquisitely sharpened hatred for the white man" ripen to a purpose. He resolves to capture the armory in Jerusalem, the all too suitably named county seat, and transform a handful of tormented menials, cowering in a barbecue pit on Sunday afternoons and conspiring in dim, apocalyptic hatred, into the "majestic black army of the Lord!"

Mr. Styron has set himself the obviously formidable task of representing—no, of finding a credible poetic counterpart to—the mentality of an inspired Negro slave who lived briefly and died grimly a hundred and thirty-six years ago. "I have allowed myself the utmost freedom of imagination in reconstructing events," says Mr. Styron. What he means by "events" are necessarily the feelings, surges of memory, and introspective musings of Nat Turner. Here the reality available to the novelist, the sole means whereby he can convey his re-creative authority to the reader, is that of style. In few other recent novels has idiom borne so large a weight. We believe in Nat Turner's modes of speech, in the world of his words, or we do not believe in him at all. Mr. Styron has not attempted to offer a facsimile of the diction of a Tidewater Negro of the eighteen-thirties, though flashes of dialect and subliterate parlance do come through when minor characters speak. He has tackled the problem that always confronts the serious writer of historical fiction, be he Thackeray or Robert Graves: the working out of a credible linguistic convention, of a cadence and turn of phrase remote from yet susceptible to the undertones and pressures

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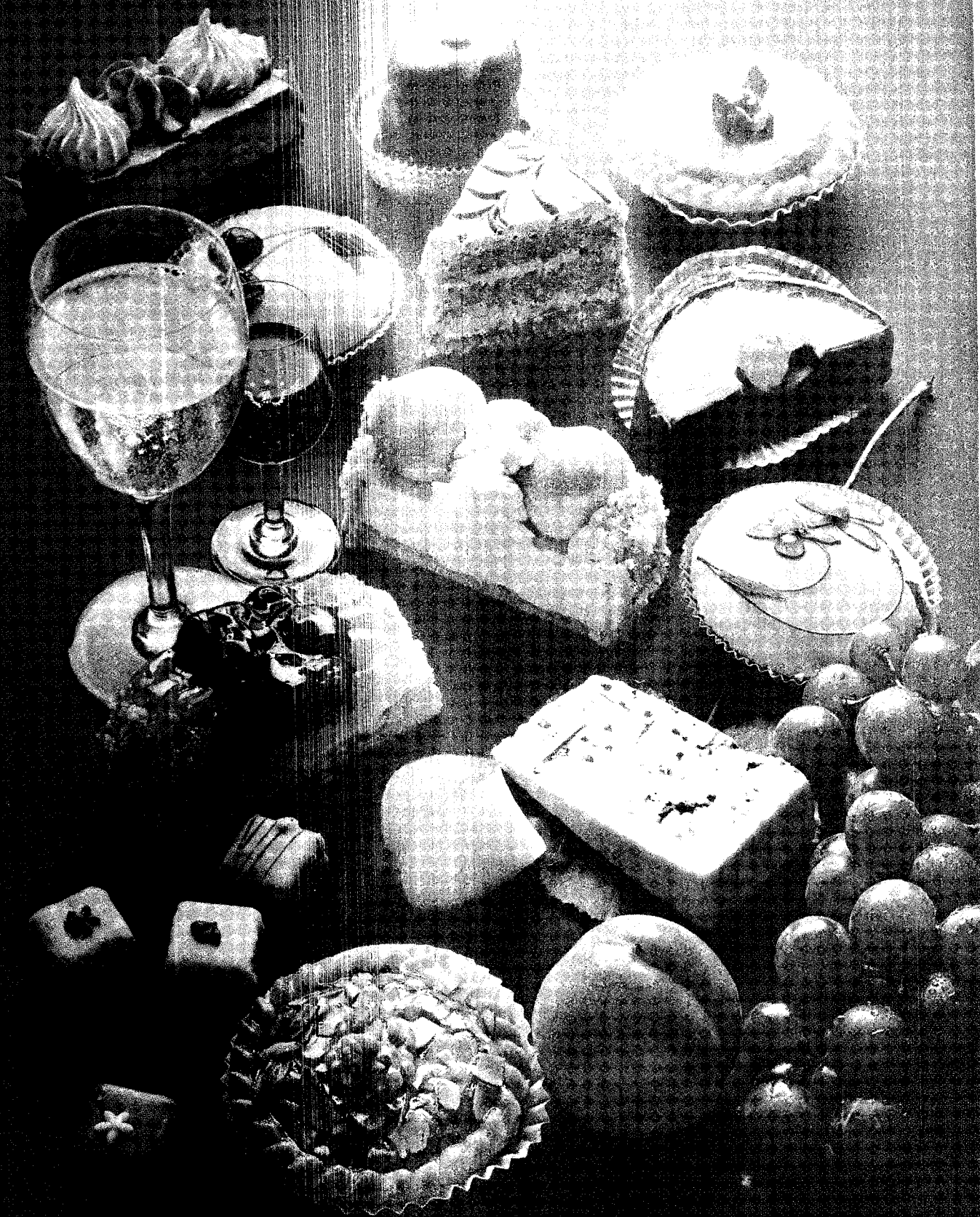
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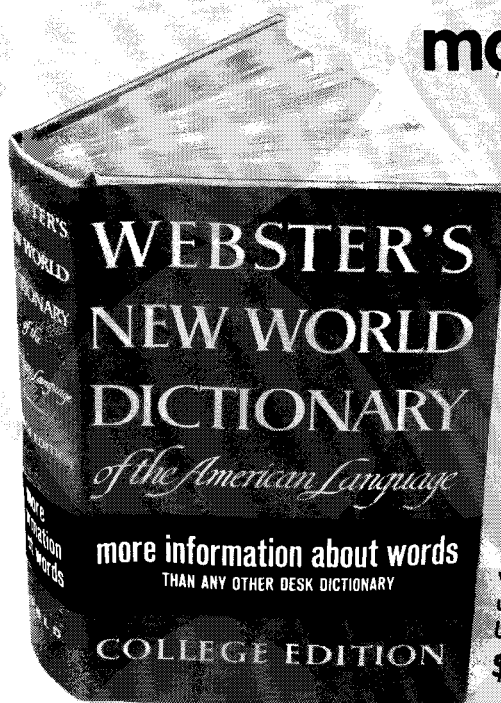
of the modern. It is fascinating to watch Mr. Styron at work. Several strands are visible. There is Mr. Styron's ability, salient in everything he writes, to make violent feeling pictorial, to accumulate words toward a graphic crescendo. There is a level of formal Latinity, of Miltonic sonorities, eroded by time and provincial usage, that governed the speech of high feeling in the Old Dominion. Principally, we find a constant echo of the Authorized Version and Book of Common Prayer. Nat Turner's conceptions, the timber of which he builds an apocalyptic world inside himself in order to ignite others with something of its visionary flame, are Biblical throughout. Job and Ezekiel possess his tongue. This is historically plausible and is, indeed, reflected in what we have of Nat Turner's own speech. But it proves effective at a deeper level as well. It relates the novel to other moments in American consciousness and prose in which the syntax of the Jacobean Bible, compressed by Puritan intensity or loosened and made florid by political rhetoric, served to define the new world. From Cotton Mather to Faulkner and James Baldwin, Biblical speech has set a core of vision and public ornament inside the American language.

One of the subtlest things in the book is Nat's feverish recollection of a buggy ride through the countryside with young Margaret Whitehead. She is brimming with unrealized, teasing sensuality. Nat Turner's nerves are tautened to near madness:

On she prattled in her whispery voice, love-obsessed, Christ-crazed, babbling away in an echo of all the self-serving platitudes and stale insipid unfelt blather uttered by every pious capon and priestly spinster she had listened to since she was able to sit upright, misty-eyed and rapt and with her little pantalettes damp with devotion, in a pew of her brother's church. She filled me with boredom and lust—and now, to still at least the latter emotion, once and for all, I let her constant rush of words float uncaptured through my mind, and with my eyes on the horse's bright undulating rump, concentrated on a minor but thorny problem that was facing me at the very outset of my campaign.

His killing of the girl at the climax of the revolt is an enactment both literal and symbolic of the crazed yearnings that assail him in the "ferny coolness" of the woods. As she leans against him, Nat Turner feels the electric passage across his cheek of Margaret's chestnut-colored hair: "During that moment I heard her breathing and our eyes met in a wayward glint of light that seemed to last much longer than any mere glance exchanged be-

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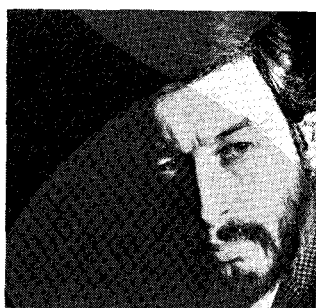


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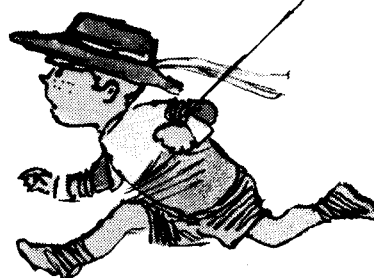
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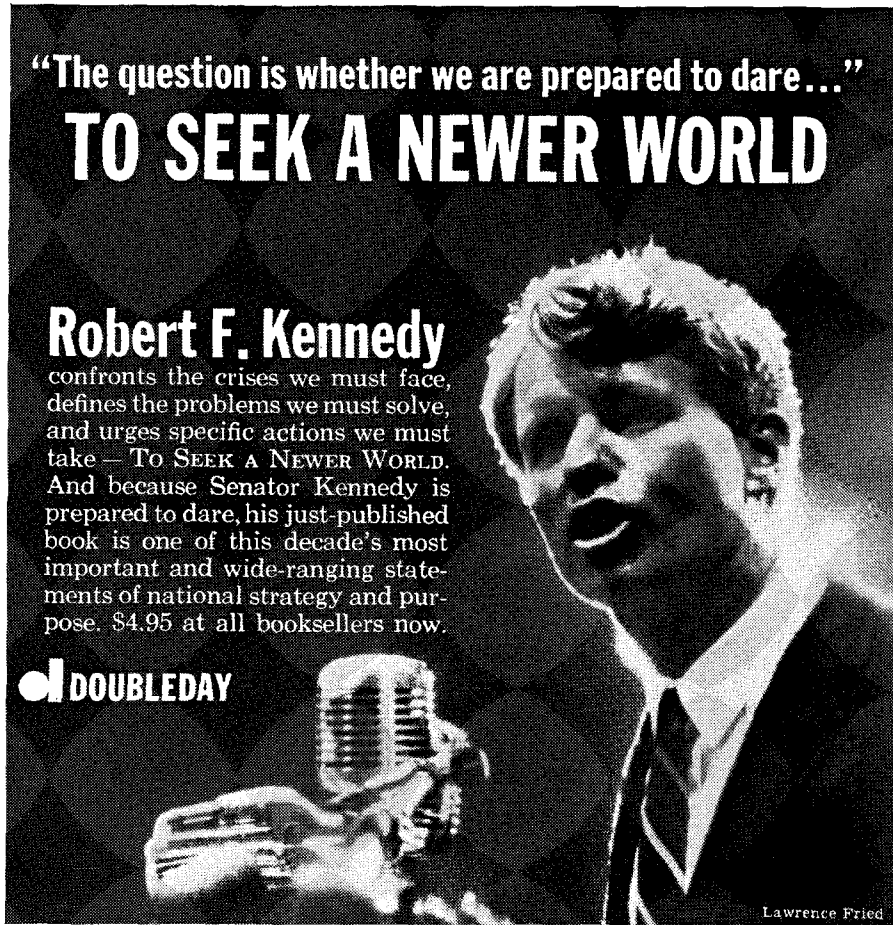
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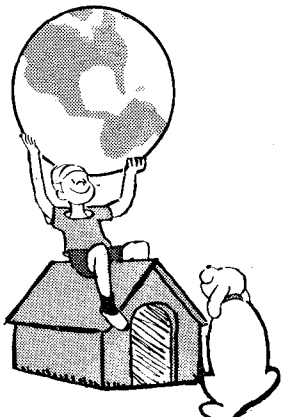
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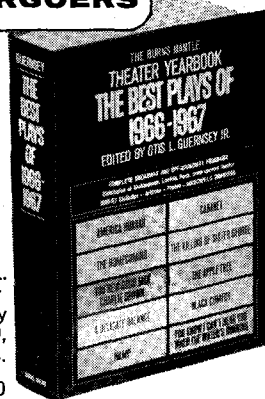
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tween two strangers journeying of a summer afternoon to some drowsy dwelling far off in the country." The whole episode recalls a nocturnal dog-cart ride, tense with unfulfilled desire and stifled sensuality, in "Parade's End." The echo of Ford Madox Ford is probably relevant. The ceremonious intensity of Ford's style seems to have influenced both William Styron and Allen Tate. And it is precisely beside Tate's great novel of the broken South, "The Fathers," that we can most fairly set "The Confessions of Nat Turner."

The question now is this: Would a Negro recognize Nat Turner for one of his own, would he find Mr. Styron's fiction authentic to his own experience? The literate Negro of today, one gathers, finds little save embarrassment and *mauvaise foi* in the masks devised for him by Faulkner. Whatever the answer, the question does not infirm the intelligence, the imaginative generosity of Mr. Styron's novel. He has every artistic right to make of his Nat Turner less an anatomy of the Negro mind than a fiction of complex relationship, of the relationship between a present-day white man of deep Southern roots and the Negro in today's whirlwind. The essential imaginative need in this beautiful, honest book arises from a white sensibility exploring its own social, racial future by dramatizing, necessarily in its own terms, the Negro past. It is something like this Styron may have in mind when he says that he wished "to produce a work that is less an 'historical novel' in conventional terms than a meditation on history."

Nevertheless, the question nags. Nor would a review by Mr. Baldwin give a representative reply (a great gift is like leprosy; it isolates a man or makes him member of a special community). How many Negro "common readers," in Virginia Woolf's positive sense of the phrase, will this novel reach, how many will tell us of their response? What will they make of Mr. Styron's use of a white man—the brilliantly drawn Jeremiah Cobb—as the agent of Nat's awakening, as the goad to Nat Turner's vision of a possible revolt? Or of Mr. Styron's insistence, tactful and ironic as it is, on the role played by loyal Negro slaves in the crushing of Turner's insurrection? ("I had caught sight for the first time of Negroes in great numbers with rifles and muskets at the barricaded veranda, firing back at us with as much passion and fury and even skill as their white owners and overseers who had gathered there to block our passage into Jerusalem.") As

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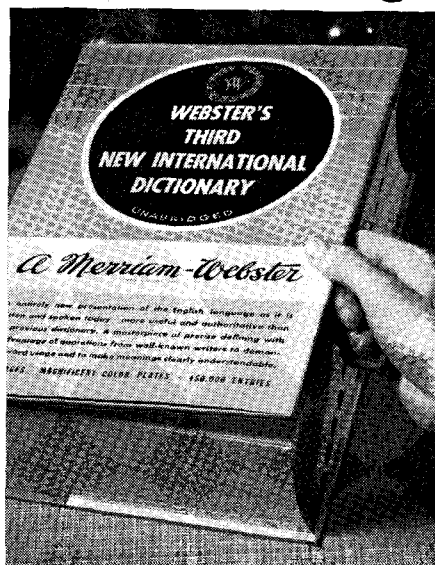
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one asks them, such questions seem to carry their own charge of relevant sadness. A few years ago, the hope of a natural dialogue between white and Negro, engaging such values as are implicit in Mr. Styron's narrative, seemed in closer reach than it does today. Now, at moments, the intimation of a gap across which sudden violence or hysterical intimacy offers the only bridge is as vivid as it was to Nat Turner. Nat's decision to root out of his mind forever the one white man to whom he stood in a relationship of love is all too suggestive of those spurts of harsh mockery or curtains of silence that so many Negroes now interpose between themselves and those who would be friends, allies, travellers down the same long road. "1831," writes Mr. Styron, "was, simultaneously, a long time ago and only yesterday." Or only tomorrow. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, by Diana Athill (Viking). Miss Athill's novel is very good, as far as it goes. It is the briskly told but quite sad story of a beautiful and talented girl whose evasiveness with herself about herself is total. Her name is Meg Bailey, and she is the only child of an extremely poor provincial clergyman. We see her first as a schoolgirl of sixteen, and last when she is twenty-seven and has become a successful illustrator in London. Her love affairs prove only that she is unable to love a man who is not somebody else's husband, and her final decision about her life, which seems to end the book on a triumphant note, is understandable but pitiable, because of the spirit in which she makes it. This is a first-person story, and the scene for the most part is Oxford and London.

GENERAL

POST-WAR YEARS: 1945-54, by Ilya Ehrenburg, translated from the Russian by Tatiana Shebunina, in collaboration with Yvonne Kapp (World). These sad memoirs are permeated by the bewilderment, relief, and guilt of a survivor. As Ehrenburg chronicles his own life, he tells of the death and defamation of many of his friends during the postwar cultural, political, and anti-Semitic purges, and wonders why he was spared. His book suggests a few explanations. One is that he worked in the Communist "peace" move-

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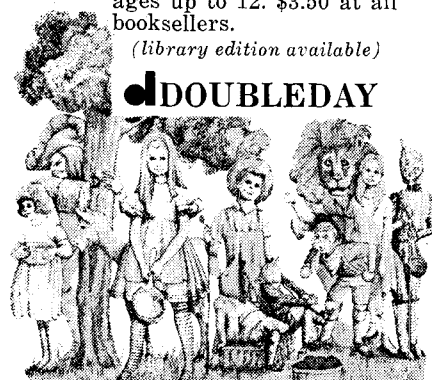
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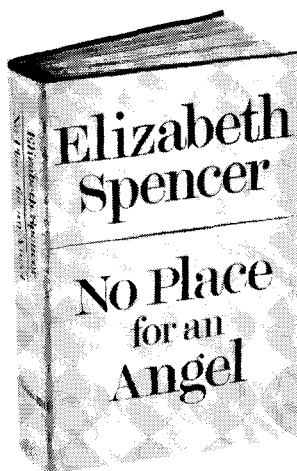


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ment, and therefore spent much time abroad, producing, with genuine conviction, the propaganda that Stalin wanted for foreign consumption. (Some passages, by the way, are a weird mirror image—for instance, Ehrenburg describes how he and his political allies mounted a desperate campaign to save Western Europe from, of all things, the Marshall Plan.) Then, too, Ehrenburg's naïveté may have helped save him—for his is the naïveté of a propagandist who is himself ever persuadable, ever vulnerable to propaganda. He mentions a humiliating incident in which he was sent to show a Danish bacteriologist "a certain document" from Korea and was kindly told that the material in the document was absurd. Ehrenburg did not particularly resent having been deceived by his own team. He seems to have accepted the humiliations heaped on him (and on other Russian writers and artists) as a fair price for building a brave new world. (He frequently stops to reassure himself and his readers that Bolshevism has indeed improved Russia.) As one reads his amorphous discussions with himself, one begins to doubt whether, after a lifetime amid terminological inexactitudes, he was capable of knowing in these later years what he actually saw. His passages about his visit to the United States in 1946 are filled with odd misapprehensions—a white baby has a Negro "wet nurse;" American citizens carry "passports" for domestic travel that bear their racial identification. Nevertheless, his book (despite a so-so translation and indifferent editing) is affecting, precisely because Ehrenburg was neither a great writer nor a brave man but a slightly better-than-average fellow trying to cope with unspeakable circumstances.

A PRIVATE DISGRACE: LIZZIE BORDEN BY DAYLIGHT, by Victoria Lincoln (Putnam). As a child, the author lived down the street from Lizzie Borden in Fall River, Massachusetts, and her family belonged to the same narrow circle of rich Yankees as the Bordens, the Bordens' friends, and several figures in Lizzie's trial. In this factual book, Miss Lincoln has drawn on her intimate knowledge of these personalities and of daily life in Fall River. She has also done extensive research; even at this late date she adds some important new material. The result is the best book, and the last word, on this legendary case. Miss Lincoln

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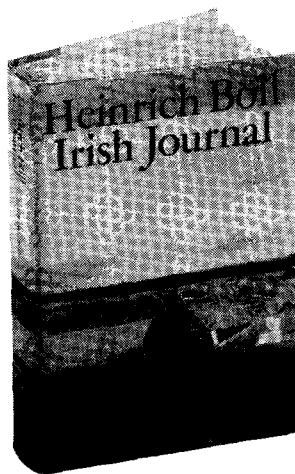
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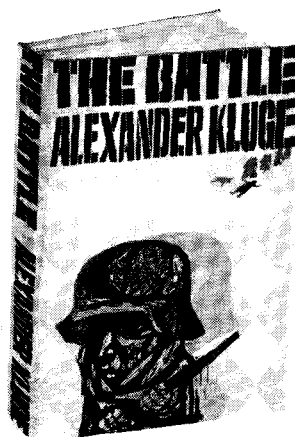
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does much more than provide a wholly convincing solution. Her remarkable portrait of a mill town and its people makes us see the passions of classic tragedy—love and hate—expressing themselves, in New England's Indian summer, as passionate greed and equally passionate propriety.

MY OWN RIVER KWAI, by Pierre Boulle, translated from the French by Xan Fielding (Vanguard). The author's adventures in Southeast Asia during the Second World War. An engineer on a Malaysian rubber plantation, he joined the French Army in Indo-China, and after the fall of France became a secret agent for the Free French, assigned to infiltrate what is now Vietnam. In a somewhat visionary effort to get to Hanoi by shooting the rapids of the Nam-Na River on a homemade bamboo raft, he was captured by the Vichy French and sentenced to life imprisonment for treason. After two unpleasant years in a prison camp, he escaped and was rescued by a British plane. As a result of all this, he decided that he was incapable of holding any normal job, and so he became a writer. It is an interesting story, told in a most disjointed and mysterious fashion.

THE REPUBLICAN ESTABLISHMENT: THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE G.O.P., by Stephen Hess and David S. Broder (Harper & Row). A brisk, informative collaboration between a political scientist (Hess) and a political journalist (Broder). The two men take as their point of departure the Republican Party's comeback since its defeat in 1964, and the assurance—or, anyhow, the hope—offered by the 1966 elections: that, as the Republican Governor of Washington put it, the Republican Party will stay in contention and be able to give Americans "the luxury of choice." The authors travelled extensively to interview Party leaders and workers, as well as Republican officeholders, all over the United States, and they draw full-length portraits of four potential Presidential nominees: Romney, Nixon, Percy, and Reagan. The book is fair-minded and knowledgeable but never cynical. The authors' approach, which mixes sharpness, idealism, practicality, and humor, is just right for appreciating American politics.

So EXCELLENT A FISHE, by Archie Carr (Natural History Press). Mr. Carr is a professor of zoology at the

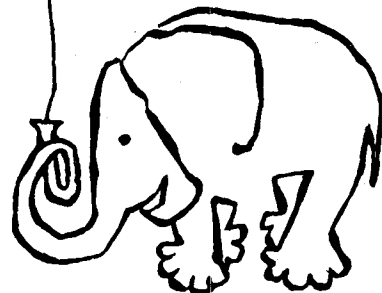
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University of Florida whose particular professional interest is sea turtles—green, leatherback, loggerhead, ridley, and hawksbill turtles. These are the commercially valued sources of calipee (for soup), eggs, tortoiseshell, and an entirely fanciful aphrodisiac. In this book (which carries the imprimatur of the American Museum of Natural History), the author continues the study of the largely labyrinthine ways of the *Chelonia*, which he began in his notable "The Windward Road" of 1956. The life cycles of the five kinds of sea turtle are still incompletely charted, but the years since 1956 have produced new information about the nesting habits of green turtles and the behavior of the tiny hatchlings from their emergence from the shell to their disappearance into the sea, and it is the studies from which this knowledge came that Mr. Carr chiefly details here. He also has some absorbing things to say about the apparently extraordinary navigational talents of the five species. Photographs and endpaper maps.

THE COURTESANS, by Joanna Richardson (World). Twelve fashionable Parisian *grandes horizontales* of the Second Empire. They are curiously alike. They all rose from grinding, and usually provincial, poverty to wealth, extravagance, and notoriety; they all were as much, or more, admired for their wit as for their beauty; they all gave elegant, salon-like dinners, attended by people like Émile de Girardin, the Goncourt brothers, Dumas fils, Théophile Gautier, Arsène Houssaye, and Baudelaire; and they all had hearts of stone. There is thus a certain sameness in Miss Richardson's portraits, but her projection of the period and the geography of the classic demimonde has a pleasantly dusty charm. Illustrated with many drawings, paintings, and photographs, some in full color. Ten dollars and ninety-five cents.

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A MOST CONTAGIOUS GAME, by Catherine Aird (Doubleday). In the field of murders and mysteries, Catherine Aird is a shining new star. She writes extremely well about the kind of "ordinary," talkative, interested people no sensible reader can resist. In this book, she gives us a quiet little English village, Easterbrook, where Thomas Harding, fifty-two years old and still full of the ambition and

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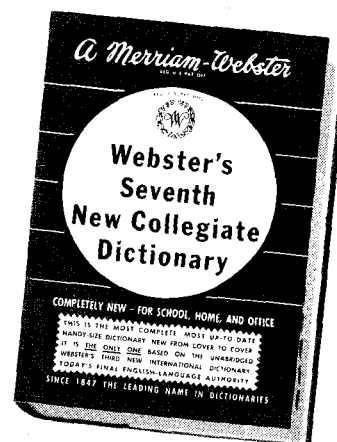


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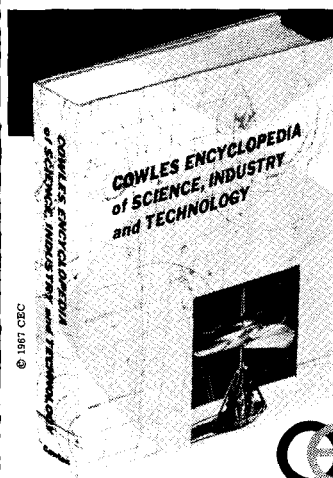
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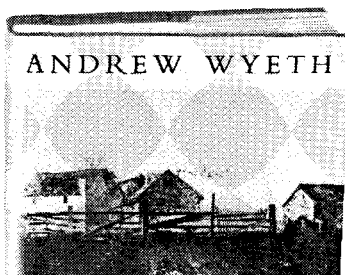
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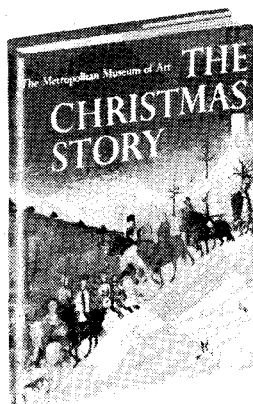
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curiosity that carried him to the top in London commerce, finds himself living in retirement, thanks to a troublesome heart. Thomas and his wife, Dora, are wealthy, and their new home is the manor house of Easterbrook, a fine old Tudor dwelling that has been restored in a rather curious manner that sets Thomas to wondering, and soon to investigating. There are three murders here, two of them very old and one of them very recent. Thomas Harding is highly capable at his new game of detective work, and Miss Aird is a most ingenious lady.

THIRD GIRL, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). M. Hercule Poirot is back, limbering up his mustaches as he waits, without impatience, for the strange but on the whole admirable English to bring him a new problem—one involving murder perhaps. "*Nom d'un nom d'un nom*," Poirot says, and the chase is on. We are in London—in Poirot's flat, in Mrs. Ariadne Oliver's flat, and in the smart but somehow not quite right flat where three good-looking young working ladies live together. Then we are in the charming village of Long Basing. Poirot makes some telephone calls, including one to Scotland Yard. Mrs. Oliver fusses with the clues, which are wriggling furiously, for Norma Restarick is causing questions to be asked. Norma, who is very young and not bad-looking, although she needs a wash, has unsettled M. Poirot by a remark she made to him on page 5, and the great man is *sur son mettle*, as we Agatha Christie fans like to say.

MEMORANDUM

To: All Institution Directors
ATTN: Business Officers
FROM: Mr. G—
Asst. Director of Business Administration
SUBJECT: Business Management Memorandum #1858

This is to advise that Business Management Memorandum #1858 was never issued. Please mark your records accordingly.—*Communication distributed within the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene.*

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The most solo hours in the chair have been credited to Hollings, who has sat through 159 hours, eight minutes of senatorial speech-making since Jan. 10. Spong has been struck with the gavel for 90 hours, 45 minutes.—*Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson in the Chicago Daily News.*

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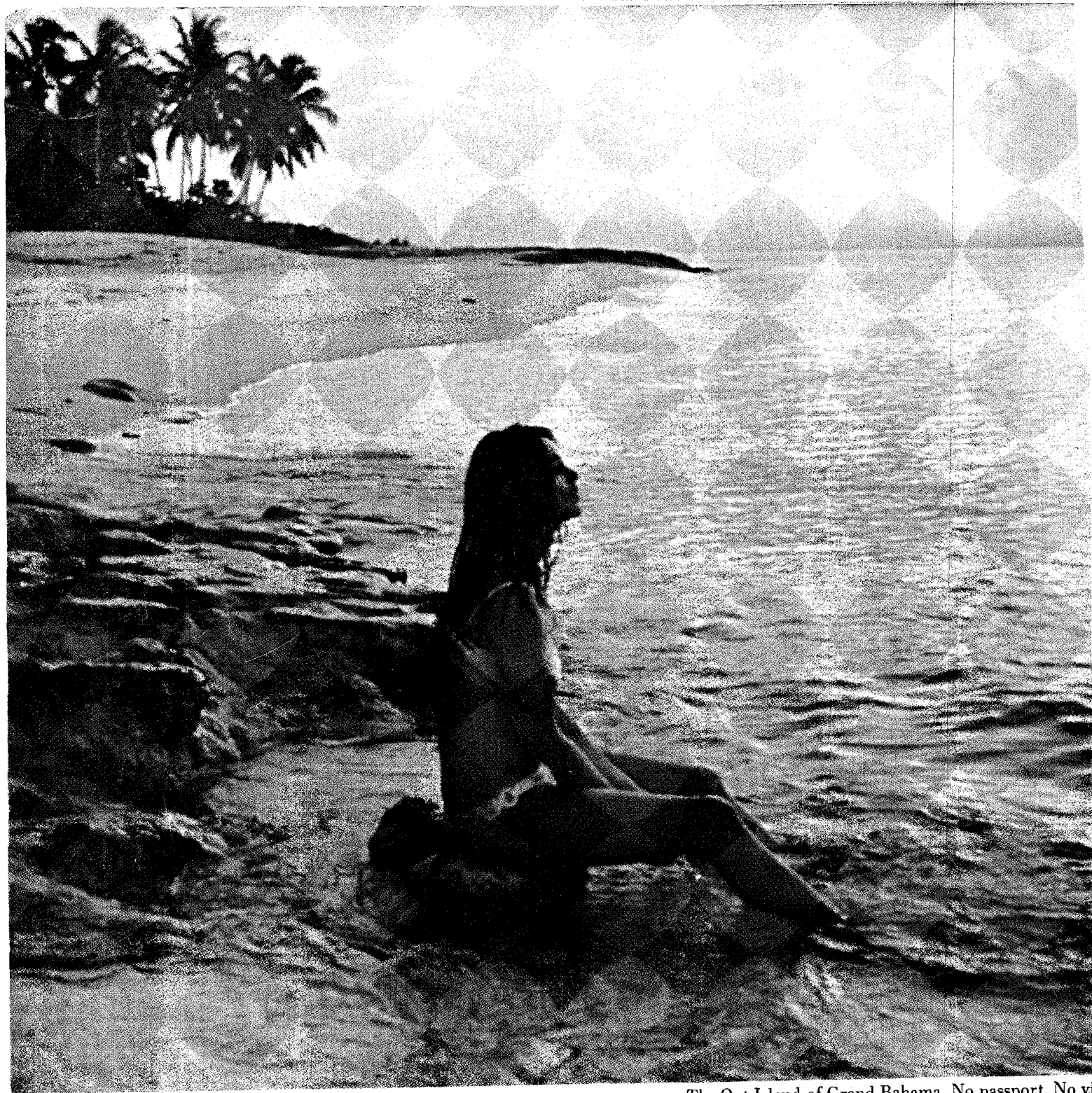
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